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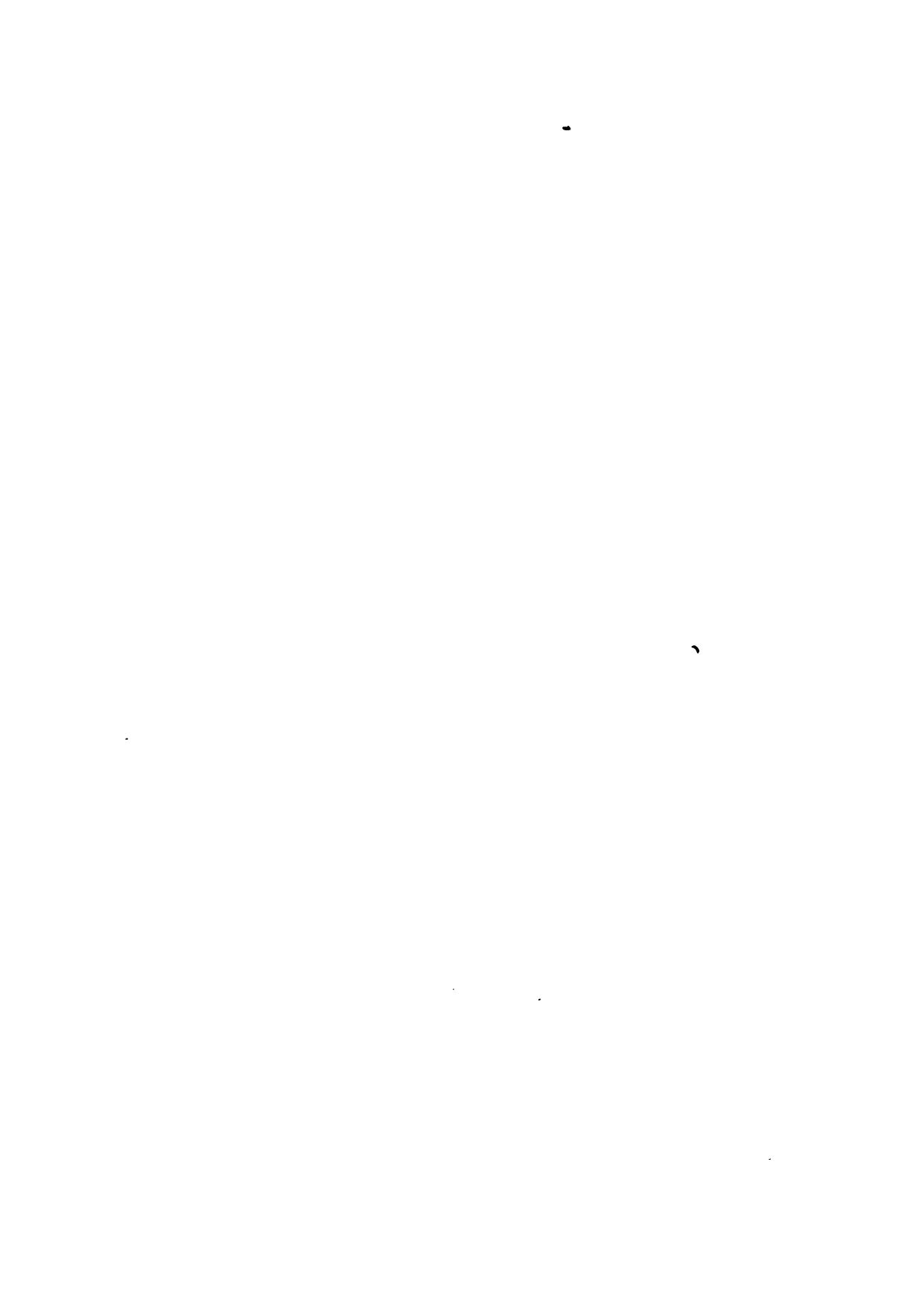
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*LEADING POETS
OF SCOTLAND*

BY

W. J. KAYE, M. A.





THE LEADING POETS OF SCOTLAND.



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The Leading Poets OF Scotland

FROM EARLY TIMES.

(ILLUSTRATED).

BY

WALTER J. KAYE, M.A.

PRINCIPAL OF ILKLEY COLLEGE, YORKSHIRE.

London:

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1891.

APM 4459





The Right Hon. The MARQUIS OF LORNE, K.T. &c. &c.

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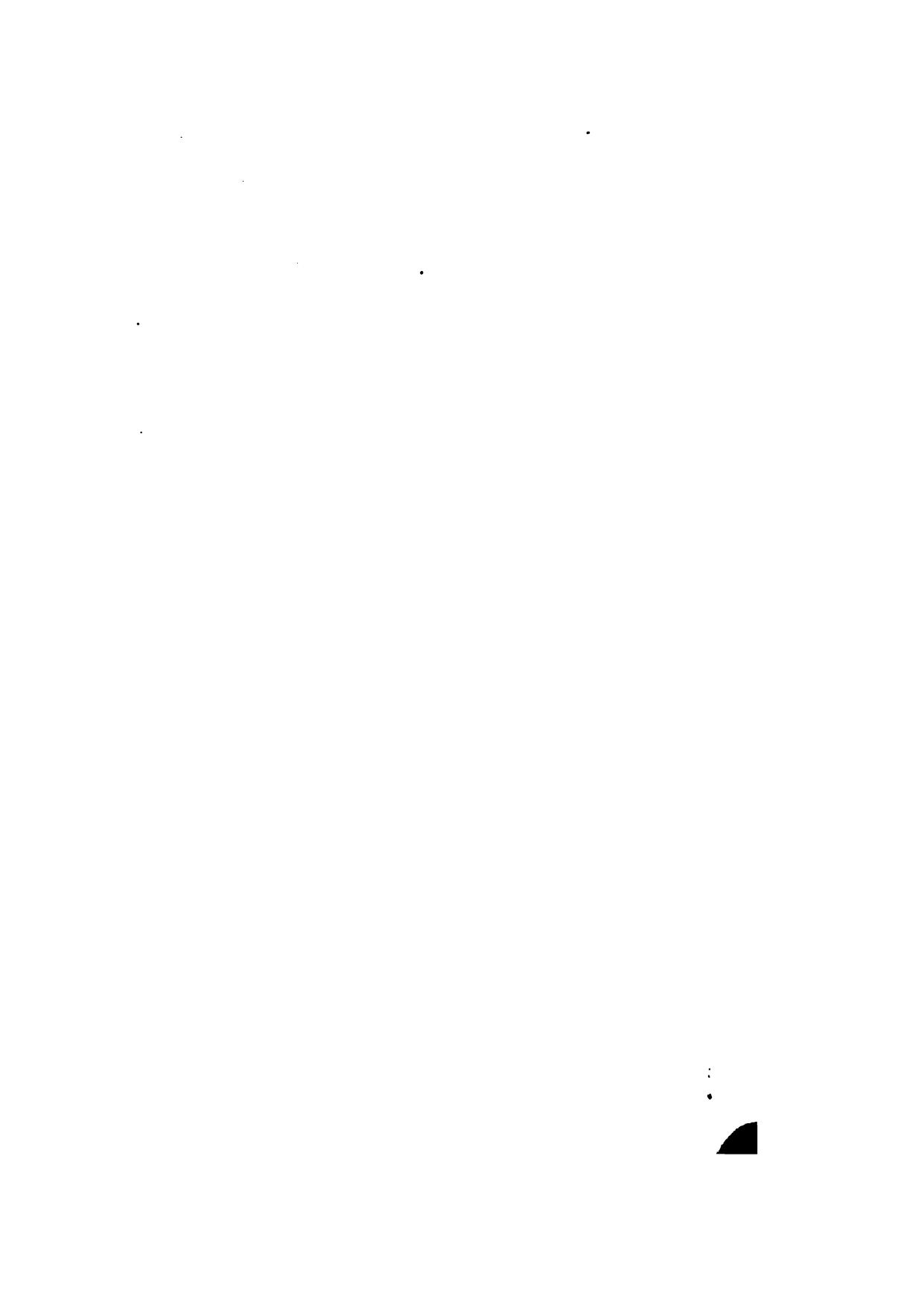
FOR HIS CHARACTER AS BRITISH NOBLEMAN,

AND AS A

TOKEN OF ADMIRATION FOR HIS GENIUS AS A TRUE POET,

BY HIS OBLIGED AND GRATEFUL SERVANT,

WALTER JENKINSON KAYE.





WALTER J. KAYE, M.A. Trin. Coll. Dublin.

❖ PREFACE. ❖

PERHAPS no country in the world offers such a field for poetic research, so interesting and so varied, as is to be found amongst the Bards of Scotland. Their name is legion; but though so many, the work of selection has been a pleasurable task. Some poets are nature's own true nobility; their words tell forth in sober measure of the worth and nobleness of character breathing in their inmost souls. The one aim of their easy flowing metric utterances wells out from the experience of full hearts, and gives to their countrymen and the world, hearty cheer, earnest sympathy, and grateful comfort; or draws lessons and pictures from the "grand auld hills," the flocks and herds, the flowers, the sea, as with a master hand. Kindliness and the gentler touches of love indeed abound, and are lisped in words simple and natural. Scotland rivals the land and age of Homer in committing to memory's page the songs of well-beloved bards.—No one can be happy without a friend, and not unfrequently a book proves to be a friend indeed. When we are able to take up a volume in moments of weariness and over-pressure, and dip here and there, and find that others both in the far and near past were "men of like passions" with ourselves, then our spirits are revived, we are cheered and encouraged to struggle on in life's work, and so endeavour bravely to do our duty.

Our special endeavour has been to bring together not so much the words which breathe the "softer" passion, nor yet those which carry us into the din of war, but rather to cull, as far as possible, the fresh stirring verses, suited to youth or more advanced years, encouraging to manly thought and action, inspiring for the battle of life.

With this aim kept steadily in view with regard to specimens of poetry, we also venture to hope that the life-sketches will be of interest and value, showing as they do in many cases, that to become eminent in any line of life, a man must perseveringly work and overcome opposing difficulties, and that there is no royal road to success.

Some of the sketches are brief, and some of the metrical extracts are of necessity short, or the volume would have grown far beyond the dimensions originally purposed. But we venture to believe the biographies will be found reliable, and the poems such as will offer a fair sample of the authors' style and quality.

A popular edition of the Poets of Scotland was not to be had in a cheap form when this edition was first advertised, but two or three have since been announced. Literature has made rapid progress during the past forty or fifty years, and to be unacquainted with the lives and writings of our poets is now considered almost a culpable fault.

This volume has been in preparation since the early part of the year. From many writers well known in literary circles we have received assistance and advice, and we would here heartily thank the numerous friends who have so ably aided in the work. Especially would we gratefully acknowledge the courtesies and favours rendered by interviews and letters, from Her Majesty the Queen, the Duke of Devonshire, K.G. F.R.S., Lord Lorne, K.T., Sir Chas. King, Bart., Sir Edwin Arnold, K.C.S.I., Sir Theodore Martin, K.C.B., Professor J. S. Blackie, Professor Patrick Geddes, Professor J. M. D. Meiklejohn, Henry Byron Reed, M.P., Alfred Austin, Esq., J.P., Dr. George Macdonald, Dr. James, Rev. Dr. Wright, Canon West, A. E. Ellison, F.S.A., and P. Cowell, Esq. It would be impossible for us to over-estimate the genuine assistance of our friends—Dr. Chas. F. Forshaw, during the progress of the work, in revision of proofs, preparing the index, &c., of Mr. Butler Wood in helpful suggestions and innumerable kindnesses, and of Dr. Richard Garnett of the British Museum; their genial manner in furthering our work, and evident hearty interest manifested in it, will never be forgotten.

WALTER J. KAYE.

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December, 1891.

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HENRY ADAMSON.

DIED 1639.

BY CHAS. F. FORSHAW, LL.D. D.D.S.

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AND OTHER POEMS," ETC., ETC.

SUFFICIENT matter for a life of this poet, in proportion to the value and worth of his poems, it is impossible to obtain. What little is known of him appears in the preface to a very elaborate edition of his "Muses Threnodie," issued by the Scotch antiquary, James Cant; two volumes, 1774. The date of our author's birth is enveloped in a mist of considerable obscurity. He was the son of James Adamson, of Perth (where he is supposed to have been born), who had been Dean of Guild in 1600, and Provost in 1610 and 1611. The full title of the volume whereby Adamson is entitled to figure in these pages is "The Muses Threnodie, or Mirthfull Mourning on the Death of "Master Gall. Containing varietie of pleasant poetical descriptions, morall "instructions, historical narrations, and Divine observations, with the most "remarkable antiquities of Scotland, especially at Perth." (Edinburgh, 1638; 4-to). The multifarious contents of the volume fulfil to a nicety, and amply justify this lengthy title. Immediately before the elegy, is a humorous delineation in rhymed octosyllabic verse, of the curiosities, which the owner whimsically termed his "gabions" in Mr. George Ruthven's closet. The elegy itself gives a long account of the antiquities of Perth and neighbourhood, with a description of the Gowry Conspiracy; Ruthven and Gall are introduced as speakers, and the "Gabions" are made to bear a part. It was

chiefly owing to the encouragement and advice of William Drummond [q.v.] of Hawthornden (author of "The History of Scotland, under the five Jameses," and of several volumes of poems), that Adamson published his work. In 1639, the year after its publication, the author died suddenly. He had been trained for the pulpit, though there is no record of his ever having been ordained.

The Muses' Threnodie.

EXT. 4TH MUSE.

When Edward Langshanks Scotland did surprise,
 The strength first did he take as Christian wise ;
 But his chief strength to keep both south and north,
 Lowlands and Highlands on this side of Forth,
 Perth did he chuse, and strongly fortifie
 With garrison of foot and cavalrie.
 And what the former times could not outred,
 In walls and fowsils ; these accomplished.*
 Then after worthy Wallace first expelled them,
 And for to leave these walls by force compelled them
 Whom after foughten was that fatal field,
 Wofull Falkirk, envie did force to yield
 Up his government : to Perth then came,
 And in the nobles presence quatre the same.
 Lean fac'd envie doth often bring a nation
 To civill discord, shame and desolation.
 Such bitter fruit we found, to all confusion
 At once did run, was nothing but effusion
 Of guiltlesse blood : our enemies did take
 Our strength again, and all things went to wrake.
 Such was our woefull state, unto the time
 That brave king Robert Bruce, came to this clime,
 Most happily, yet small beginnings had,
 For many years before this land he fred
 From enemies rage, till wisely he at length
 By soft recoiling recollected strength ;
 Then came to Perth, and did the same besiege
 And take, who through pursuit and cruel rage
 Killed Scots and English ; all were in it found,
 Brake down the walls, them equall'd to the ground.

* After Falkirk, 1298.

HUGH AINSLIE.

1792—1878.

BY THE REV. CHAS. ROGERS, LL.D. F.S.A. F.R.H.S.

EDITOR, "THE MODERN SCOTTISH MINSTREL," LATE
HISTORIOGRAPHER TO THE ROYAL
HISTORICAL SOCIETY, ETC.

HUGH AINSLIE was born on the 5th April, 1792, at Bargeny Mains, in the parish of Dailly, and county of Ayr. Receiving the rudiments of education from a private teacher in his father's house, he entered the parish school of Ballantrae, in his tenth year, and afterwards became a pupil in the academy of Ayr. A period of bad health induced him to forego the regular prosecution of learning, and having quitted the academy, he accepted employment as an assistant gardener on the estate of Sir Hew Dalrymple Hamilton. At the age of sixteen he entered the writing chambers of a legal gentleman in Glasgow, but the confinements of the office proving uncongenial, he took a hasty departure, throwing himself on the protection of some relatives at Roslin, near Edinburgh. His father's family soon after removed to Roslin, and through the kindly interest of Mr. Thomas Thomson, Deputy Clerk Register, he procured a clerkship in the General Register House, Edinburgh. For some months he acted as amanuensis to Professor Dugald Stewart, in transcribing his last work for the press.

Having entered into the married state, and finding the salary of his office in the Register House unequal to the comfortable maintenance of his family, he resolved to emigrate to the United States, in the hope of bettering his circumstances. Arriving at New York in July 1822, he made purchase of a farm in that state, and there resided the three following years. He next made a trial of the social system of Robert Owen, at New Harmony, but abandoned the project at the close of a year. In 1827 he entered into partnership with Messrs. Price and Wood, brewers in Cincinnati, and set up a branch of the establishment at Louisville. Removing to New Albany, Indiana, he there built a large brewery for a joint-stock company, and in 1832 erected in that place similar premises on his own account. The former was ruined by the great Ohio flood in 1832, and the latter perished by fire in 1834. He paid a brief visit to Scotland in 1864, and died at Louisville 11th March 1878. Early imbued with a love of song, Mr. Ainslie composed verses when a youth on the mountains of Carrick. Ainslie's best known book originated by its title, what is now an accepted descriptive name for the part of Scotland associated with Burns. It is "A Pilgrimage to the Land of Burns," (1820) and consists of a narrative interspersed with sprightly lyrics. A collection of the poet's Scottish songs and ballads, of which the most popular is "The Rover of Loch Ryan," appeared in New York in 1855.

The Hameward Sang.

EACH whirl of the wheel,
 Each step brings me nearer
 The hame of my youth—
 Every object grows dearer
 Thae hills and thae huts,
 And thae trees on that green,
 Losh ! they glower in my face
 Like some kindly auld frien'.

E'en the brutes they look social,
 As gif they would crack ;
 And the sang o' the birds
 Seems to welcome me back.
 Oh, dear to our hearts
 Is the hand that first fed us,
 And dear is the land
 And the cottage that bred us.

And dear are the comrades
 With whom we once sported,
 And dearer the maiden
 Whose love we first courted.
 Joy's image may perish,
 E'en grief die away ;
 But the scenes of our youth
 Are recorded for aye.

The Lads an' the Land far Awa'.

WHEN I think on the lads an' the land I ha'e left,
 An' how love has been lifted, an' friendship been reft ;
 How the hinnie o' hope has been jumbled wi' ga',
 Then I sigh for the lads an' the land far awa'.

When I think on the days o' delight we ha'e seen,
 When the flame o' the spirit would spark in the een ;
 Then I say, as in sorrow I think on ye a',
 Where will I find hearts like the hearts far awa' ?

When I think on the nights we ha'e spent hand in hand,
 Wi' mirth for our sowther, and friendship our band,
 This world it gets dark ; but ilk night has a daw',
 And I yet may rejoice in the land far awa' !

THOMAS AIRD.

1802—1876.

BY WALTER J. KAYE, M.A.

THOMAS AIRD was the second son of James Aird and his wife, Isabella Paisley. He was born at Bowden, Roxburghshire, 28th August, 1802, and died at Castle Bank, Dumfries, April 25th, 1876. Educated at the Parish School of Bowden, Aird early evinced a striking love for literature. In 1816 his tutors considered him sufficiently advanced to proceed to the University at Edinburgh. There he made the acquaintance of Thomas Carlyle. While still a student he became private tutor in the family of a Mr. Anderson, farmer, of Crosscleugh, Selkirkshire, where he frequently met James Hogg [q.v.] the Ettrick Shepherd. His friends endeavoured to persuade him to join the Church of Scotland, but he preferred to devote himself at Edinburgh to the profession of letters. In 1826 his first work appeared—"Martzoufie, a tragedy in three acts, with other Poems." This volume, however, neither attracted much notice nor met with that success to which its genuine poetic worth entitled it. In 1827 he contributed several articles to Blackwood's Magazine, and also produced his "Religious Characteristics," a series of prose essays displaying much religious fervour, which Professor Wilson [q.v.] reviewed in very laudatory terms. Professor Wilson was shortly afterwards introduced to Aird, to whom he proved of the greatest service. In 1830 appeared Aird's "Captive of Fez," a long narrative poem in five cantos. In 1832 James Ballantyne died, and Aird was chosen to succeed him in the editorship of the "Edinburgh Weekly Journal." This post he only occupied for one year. In 1835 he left Edinburgh to undertake the editorship of the "Dumfriesshire and Galloway Herald," to which Professor Wilson had recommended him—a post he filled for twenty-eight years. In 1845 he issued his "Old Bachelor in the Scottish Village," a prose delineation of Scottish character, with descriptive sketches of the seasons. This book met with immense success, and in 1857 a second edition was called for. In 1848 he prepared for the press a collected edition of his poems, which added considerably to his reputation. Many of them appealed to the religious instincts of his countrymen, and others showed a weird imagination. In 1852 Aird edited, with a memoir, the works of his friend, David Macbeth Moir [q.v.]; but after this date he suffered much from ill-health, and his literary efforts were confined to contributions to his newspaper. Aird never married; he lived an unostentatious life, rarely quitting Dumfries, except to visit his brother James at Dundee. During his literary career he made a large circle of friends, who always spoke of him in enthusiastic terms. With Carlyle he maintained an intimacy until his death, and, so long as Carlyle paid an annual visit to his friends near Dumfries, Aird met him yearly. Carlyle said of his poetry, that "He found everywhere a healthy breath as of mountain breezes; a native manliness, veracity and geniality which . . . is withal so rare, just now, as to be doubly and trebly precious." Amongst his friends he numbered

Motherwell [q.v.], De Quincy, and Lockhart. In 1856 he received a visit from the Rev. A. P. Stanley, M.A., afterwards Dean of Westminster. He was a devoted admirer of Burns and Scott. In 1841 he presided at the annual dinner given at Dumfries by the Burns Club, and in 1859 took an active part in organising the celebration of Burns' centenary. In 1871 he presided at Dumfries at the banquet given in honour of the centenary of Sir W. Scott. In 1878 Aird's poems reached a fifth edition, and to that edition the Rev. Jardine Wallace contributed a full memoir of the author.

The Goldspink and Thistle.

OUR marly road is cracked and white,
There they be the spink and thistle.
O, the seed ! but O, the bristle !
Hovering on the bursting head
(Rough, the more to make him tinkle,
Rough, the more to make him twinkle) ;
The goldspink hangs : the down is shed :
October, in thy windy light.

How sweet to think,
You little spink,
Far back in the abysses deep,
Where thought conditioned fails to sweep,
Rose all-a-flutter on the central mind !
Pleased with thy archetypal delicate tinklings,
Pleased with thy golden twinklings,
To show thee best,
For man a zest,
He hung thee on the thistle in the wind.

The Shepherd's Dog.

LOVED and loving, God her trust,
The shepherd's wife goes dust to dust ;
Their dog, his eye half sad, half prompt to save,
Follows the coffin down into the grave.
Behind his man he takes his drooping stand
The clods jar hollow on the coffin lid :
Startled, he lifts his head ;
To that quick shudder of the master's pain,
He thrusts his muzzle deep into his hand,
Solicitous, deeper, yet again.

No kind old pressure answers ; shrinking back,
 Apart, perplexed with broken ties,
 Yet loyal, grave-ward, down he lies,
 His muzzle flat along the snowy track.
 The mourners part ! The widowed shepherd goes
 Homeward, yet homeless, through the mountain snows.
 Him follows slowly, silently,
 That dog. What a strange trouble in his eye—
 Something beyond relief !
 Is it the creature yearning in dumb stress
 To burst obstruction up to consciousness
 And fellowship in reason's grief ?

The Swallow.

THE little comer's coming, the comer o'er the sea,
 The comer of the summer, all the sunny days to be ;
 How pleasant, through the pleasant sleep, thy early twitter
 heard—
 Oh, swallow by the lattice ! glad days be thy reward.

Thine be sweet morning, with the bee that's out for honey-dew,
 And glowing be the noontide, for the grass-hopper and you ;
 And mellow shine, o'er day's decline, the sun to light thee home,
 What can molest thy airy nest ? sleep till the morrow come.

The river blue, that lapses through the valley, hears thee sing,
 And murmurs much beneath the touch of thy light dipping
 wing ;
 The thunder-cloud, over us bow'd in deeper gloom is seen,
 When quick relieved it glances to thy bosom's silvery sheen.

The silent power that brings thee back, with leading strings of
 love,
 To haunts where first the summer sun fell on thee from above,
 Shall bind thee more to come, aye to the music of our leaves,
 For here thy young, where thou hast sprung, shall glad thee in
 our eaves.

ROBERT ALLAN,

1774—1841.

BY WALTER J. KAYE, M.A.

THIS true poet of nature was born at Kilbarchan, Renfrewshire, on the 4th November, 1774. His father was a flax dresser, and our bard was the third of a family of ten children. By trade a muslin weaver, he early in life began to write songs, chiefly in the Scottish dialect, often composing them at the loom, and he received from Tannahill [q.v.] (who, like himself, was a Renfrewshire weaver and song writer), both praise and encouragement. In fact with Tannahill, Allan lived on terms of the most cordial friendship. He contributed several songs to the "Scottish Minstrel" (1820), and the editor (R. A. Smith) set the majority of them to music. The same year a number of Allan's poems appeared in a volume entitled "The Harp of Renfrewshire." His first and only volume of poems was issued in 1836, under the editorship of Robert Burns Hardy, a Glasgow teacher of elocution. Naturally, Allan was of a genial and kindly disposition, but in the winter of life he became peculiarly irritable; he fancied that his poetic gifts had not been fully appreciated, and this feeling became so deeply rooted in his mind that he decided on leaving the land "which he deemed had not sufficiently estimated his genius." Accordingly, in direct opposition to the advice and wishes of his friends, he sailed for New York in his 67th year. He survived the passage, however, only six days, and died at New York, June 1st, 1841. His poems as a rule are pure and elevated in sentiment, melodious and pathetic, and entitle their author to an honourable position as a writer of Scottish song.

The Thistle and the Rose.

THERE grew in bonnie Scotland
A thistle and a briar,
And aye they twined and clasp'd,
Like sisters kind and dear;
The rose it was sae bonnie,
It could ilk bosom charm,
The thistle spread its thorny leaf,
To keep the rose frae harm.
A bonnie laddie tended
The rose baith ear' and late:
He water'd it, and fanned it,
And wove it with his fate;
And the leal hearts of Scotland
Prayed it might never fa',
The thistle was sae bonny green,
The rose sae like the snaw.
But the weird sisters sat
Where Hope's fair emblems grew;
They drapt a drap upon the rose
O' bitter blasting dew;

And aye they twined the mystic thread,
 But ere the task was done,
 The snaw-white shade it disappear'd
 And withered in the sun !
 A bonnie laddie tended
 The rose baith ear'an' late ;
 He water'd it, and fann'd it,
 And wove it with his fate ;
 But the thistle tap it wither'd,
 Winds bore it far awa',
 And Scotland's heart was broken,
 For the rose sae like the snaw !

To a Linnet.

CHAUNT no more thy roundelay,
 Lovely minstrel of the grove,
 Charm no more the hours away,
 With thine artless tale of love ;
 Chaunt no more thy roundelay,
 Sad it steals upon mine ear ;
 Leave, O leave thy leafy spray,
 Till the smiling morn appear.
 Light of heart, thou quitt'st thy song.
 As the welkin's shadows low'r ;
 Whilst the beetle wheels along,
 Humming to the twilight hour ;
 Not like thee I quit the scene
 To enjoy night's balmy dream ;
 Not like thee I wake again,
 Smiling with the morning beam.

The Primrose is bonny in Spring.

THE primrose is bonny in spring,
 And the rose it is sweet in June ;
 It's bonnie where leaves are green,
 I' the sunny afternoon.
 It's bonnie when the sun gaes down,
 An' glints on the hoary knowe ;
 It's bonnie to see the cloud
 Sae red in the dazzling lowe.
 When the night is a' sae calm,
 An' comes the sweet twilight gloom ;
 Oh ! it cheers my heart to meet
 My lassie amang the broom.
 When the birds in bush and brake,
 Do quit their blythe e'enning sang,
 Oh ! what an hour to sit
 The gay gowden links amang.

WILLIAM ANDERSON,

1805—1866.

BY CHAS. F. FORSHAW, LL.D.

THIS poet was a native of Edinburgh, in which city he first saw the light on the 10th December, 1805. There he received his early education, and at a suitable age he was placed in a lawyer's office. Whilst there he commenced to pay court to the immortal Nine, and also wrote articles on history, biography, and science. For some years he was assistant manager of the *Aberdeen Journal*, *Witness*, and *Daily Mail* newspapers. He died in London in his sixty-first year, August 2nd, 1866. Amongst his published books are the following: "Poetical Aspirations," 1830; "Landscape Lyrics," 1839; "Popular Scottish Biography;" "Treasury of Nature, Science and Art;" and an extensive and elaborate work which has obtained world-wide fame, "The Scottish Nation," — this latter in 1863 — three volumes; "Odd Sketches;" "The Gift for all Seasons," an annual which contained contributions from Thomas Campbell, Sheridan Knowles, the Countess of Blessington, and Miss Pardoe. He also edited "The Treasury of Discovery, Enterprise and Adventure;" "Treasury of the Animal World;" "Treasury of Ceremonies, Manners and Customs;" and "Treasury of History and Biography." In 1855, his charming poem for children appeared, entitled "The Young Voyager," a poem descriptive of the search after Franklin, which was beautifully illustrated.

The 'Wells o' Weary.

Down in the valley lone
Far in the wild wood,
Bubble forth springs, each one
Weeping like childhood;
Bright on their rushy banks
Like joys among sadness,
Little flowers bloom in ranks—
Glimpses of gladness.

Sweet 'tis to wander forth,
 Like pilgrims at even ;
 Lifting our souls from earth
 To fix them on Heaven ;
 Then in our transport deep,
 This world forsaking :
 Sleeping as angels sleep,
 Mortals awaking !

I'm Naebody Noo,

I'm naebody noo ; though in days that are gane,
 When I'd hooses and lands, and gear o' my ain,
 There war mony to flatter, and mony to praise—
 And wha but mysel' was sae prood in those days !

Ah ! then roun' my table wad visitors thrang,
 Wha laugh'd at my joke, and applauded my sang,
 Though the tane had nae point, and the tither nae glee ;
 But, of coarse, they war grand when comin' frae me.

When I'd plenty to gi'e o' my cheer and my crack,
 There war plenty to come, and wi' joy to partak' ;
 But whenever the water grew scant at the well,
 I was welcome to drink all alone by mysel' !

When I'd nae need o' aid, there were plenty to proffer,
 And noo whan I want it I ne'er get the offer ;
 I could greet whan I think hoo my siller decreast,
 In the feasting o' those who came only to feast.

The fulsome respec' to my gowd they did gi'e,
 I thocht a' the time was intended for me ;
 But whan ever the end o' my money they saw,
 Their friendship like it, also flickered awa'.

My advice was once sought for by folks far and near,
 Sic great wisdom I had ere I tint a' my gear ;
 I'm as weel able yet to gi'e counsel, that's true,
 But I may jist haud my wheesht, for I'm naebody noo.

JOHN ARMSTRONG, M.D.

1732—1779.

BY THOS. WILMOT, L.R.C.P. LOND. M.R.C.S.

HONORARY ASSISTANT MEDICAL OFFICER TO THE BRADFORD INFIRMARY;
LATE HOUSE SURGEON AND HOUSE PHYSICIAN TO THE BRADFORD
INFIRMARY.

DR. ARMSTRONG was born in the parish of Castleton, Roxburghshire, where his father and brother were clergymen. Having completed his education at the University of Edinburgh, he took his degree in physic, February 4th, 1732, "with much reputation." He appears to have courted the Muses while a student. Much of his time, if we may judge from his writings, was devoted to the study of polite literature, and although he cannot be said to have entered deeply into any particular branch, he was more than a superficial connoisseur in painting, statuary, and music. In early life Dr. Armstrong removed to London where, in 1735 he published anonymously an octavo pamphlet entitled "An Essay for abridging the Study of Physic." This was followed by several pamphlets either in prose or verse, some of which enjoyed a rapid and extensive sale. His celebrated poem "The Art of Preserving Health," appeared in 1774 and contributed highly to his fame as a poet. Dr. Warton in his reflections on Didactic Poetry, annexed to his edition of Virgil, observed that "To describe so difficult a thing, gracefully and poetically, as the effects of distemper on the human body, was reserved for Dr. Armstrong. There is a classical correctness and closeness of style in this poem that are truly admirable, and the subject is raised and adorned by numerous poetical images." Dr. Mackenzie, in his "History of Health," bestowed similar praises on this poem, which was indeed everywhere read and admired. In 1746 he was appointed physician to the Hospital for Lame and Sick Soldiers, behind Buckingham House. In 1751 he published his poem on "Benevolence," a production which seems to come from the heart, and contains sentiments which could have been expressed with equal ardour only by one who felt them. In 1753 he produced "Taste: an Epistle to a Young Critic." This is a lively and spirited imitation of Pope, and the first production in which our author began to view men and manners with a splenetic eye. In 1758 his "Sketches: or Essays on various subjects," appeared under the *nom de plume* of Lancelot Temple, Esq. It is supposed that in these articles Dr. Armstrong was assisted by the celebrated John Wilkes, with whom he was on most friendly terms. In 1760 the doctor was appointed physician to the army in Germany, where in 1761 he wrote a poem called "Day," addressed to Mr. Wilkes. After the peace, Dr. Armstrong resided some years in London, where his practice was confined to a small circle, but where he was respected as a man of general knowledge and taste, and an agreeable companion. In 1770 he published two volumes of "Miscellanies," containing most of the articles already mentioned, and

several others of later date. These were "Imitations of Shakespeare and Spenser," "The Universal Almanack," and "The Forced Marriage: a tragedy." In 1771, he published an extraordinary effusion of spleen, under the title of "A Short Ramble through some parts of France and Italy." This ramble he took in company with Mr. Fuseli, the celebrated painter. In 1773, under his own name, and unfortunately for his reputation, appeared a volume of "Medical Essays," in which, "while he condemns theory, he plunges in all the uncertainties of theoretical conjectures." Dr. Armstrong died at his house in Russell Street, Covent Garden, on September 7th, 1779. His death was attributed to contusion of the thigh, whilst getting into the carriage which brought him to town from a visit to Lincolnshire. To the surprise of his friends he left behind him more than £3000, saved out of a very moderate income arising principally from his half-pay. His character is said to have been that of a man of learning and genius, of considerable abilities in his profession, of great benevolence and goodness of heart, and fond of associating with men of parts and genius. He was intimate with Mallet and Thomson [q.v.] and other poets and literary men of that period. His fame as a poet must depend entirely on his "Art of Preserving Health," which, although liable to some of the objections usually offered against didactic poetry, is yet free from the weightiest; and in this respect he may be deemed more fortunate, as he certainly is superior to Philips, Dyer, and Grainger.

An Imitation of Spenser.

Written by desire for the Poet Thomson to be inserted in the Castle of Indolence

FULL many a fiend did haunt this house of rest,
And made of passive wights an easy prey.
Here Lethargy with deadly sleep opprest,
Stretch'd on his back, a mighty lubbard lay,
Heaving his sides, and snored night and day.
To stir him from his traunce it was not eath,
And his half-opened eye he shut straightway:
He led I ween the softest way to death,
And taught withouten pain or strife to yield the breath.

Of limbs enormous, but withal unsound,
Soft, swoll'n, and pale, here lay the Hydropsie;
Unwieldy man, with belly monstrous round
For ever fed with watery supply;
For still he drank, and yet he still was dry,
And here a moping mystery did sit,
Mother of Spleen, in robes of various dye:
She call'd herself the Hypochondriac Fit,
And frantic seem'd to some, to others seem'd a wit.

A lady was she whimsical and proud,
 Yet oft thro' fear her pride would crouchen low.
 She felt or fancied in her fluttering mood
 All the diseases that the vitals know,
 And sought all physic that the shops bestow ;
 And still new leeches and new drugs would try.
 'Twas hard to hit her humour high or low,
 For sometimes she would laugh and sometimes cry,
 Sometimes would waxen wroth, and all she knew not why.

Fast by her side a listless virgin pin'd,
 With aching head and squeamish heartburnings ;
 Pale, bloated, cold, she seemed to hate mankind,
 But loved in secret all forbidden things.
 And here the Tertian shook his chilling wings,
 And here the Gout, half tiger, half a snake,
 Rag'd with an hundred teeth, an hundred stings,
 These and a thousand furies more did shake
 Those weary realms, and kept ease-loving men awake.

We give the concluding lines of Dr. Armstrong's Poem--

The Art of Preserving Health.

A POET he, and touched with heaven's own fire,
 Who, with bold rage or solemn pomp of sounds,
 Inflames, exalts, and ravishes the soul ;
 Now tender, plaintive, sweet almost to pain,
 In love dissolves you ; now in sprightly strains
 Breathes a gay rapture thro' your thrilling breast ;
 Or melts the heart with airs divinely sad ;
 Or wakes to horror the tremendous strings.
 Such was the Bard, whose heavenly strains of old
 Appeas'd the fiend of melancholy Saul.
 Such was, if old and heathen fame say true,
 The man who bade the Theban domes ascend,
 And tam'd the savage with his song ;
 And such the Thracian, whose melodious lyre
 Tun'd to soft woe, made all the mountains weep ;
 Sooth'd even th' inexorable powers of hell,
 And half redeem'd his lost Eurydice.
 Music exalts each joy, allays each grief,
 Expels diseases, softens every pain,
 Subdues the rage of poison and the plague ;
 And hence the wife of ancient days ador'd
 One power of physic, melody, and song.

SIR ROBERT AYTON,

1570—1638.

BY THE REV. A. B. GROSART, LL.D. F.S.A.

EDITOR, "SIBBE'S WORKS"; "THE FULLER WORTHIES' LIBRARY";
"CHERTSEY WORTHIES' LIBRARY," ETC. ETC.

SIR ROBERT AYTON was born at the castle of Kinaldie, in the parish of Cameron, near St. Andrews in 1570. He entered St. Leonard's College in 1584, taking his degree of M.A. in 1588. He obtained his patrimony in 1590, and thereupon went on the usual round of continental travel. He also studied civil law at the University of Paris. According to Thomas Dempster (*Historia Eccles. Gentis Scotorum*) "he long cherished useful learning in France, and left there distinguished proof and reputation of his worth" in certain verses in Latin, Greek, and French. An overlooked book by David Echlin (*Echlinus*) "Periurium Officiosum ad Vere Nobilem et Generosum optimeque de me meritum virum Robertum Aytonum Equitem . . . 1626," more than bears out the laudation of Dempster. He is thus addressed:—

Rarum Aytone decus Britanniarum
Musarum soboles Apollinisque . . .

Ayton returned from the continent in 1603, bringing over with him a Latin poem in hexameters, addressed to James I.: "De Fœlici, et semper Augusto Jacobi VI. Scotiæ Insularumque adiacentium Regis, Imperio nunc recens florentissimis Angliæ et Hiberniæ Sceptris amplificato Roberti Aytoni Scotti Panegyris. Paris 1603." He was cordially received at the English court. He rose at once into royal favour, and shared in the king's lavish, if rather indiscriminate bounty to his fellow-countrymen. He was appointed gentleman of the bedchamber and private secretary to the queen. He received knighthood at Rycot on 30th Aug., 1612. He was sent as ambassador to Germany to deliver the king's "apology" before published anonymously, but now avowed, to all the sovereigns of Europe by its complacent author. On 11th December 1619, he obtained a grant of 500l. per annum on certain "royal profits" (*Docquet Book of Exchequer*) for "thirty-one years;" but in 1620 this was commuted for a life-pension of the same amount. Dr. Charles Rogers has printed a number of his letters on these and other "affairs." In 1623 he was a candidate in competition with Bacon for the provostship of Eton. It fell to Sir Henry Wotton, notwithstanding an application addressed to James by Ayton in verse. This correspondence and casual notices in State and domestic papers show him to have been on intimate terms with the literary men of the period. "Rare Ben" told Drummond [q.v.] of Hawthornden proudly that "Sir Robert Ayton loved him (Jonson) dearly." Aubrey says of him that "he was acquainted with all the wits of his time in England," and that "he was a great acquaintance of Mr. Thomas Hobbes, who told me he made use of him

(together with Ben Jonson) for an Aristarchus, when he drew up his epistle dedicatory for his translation of Thucydides." On the death of James I. in 1625, all his offices and honours were continued to him by Charles I. and Queen Henrietta Maria. In 1633-4 he is found mixed up with a "patent" quarrel. In 1636 he was appointed Master of the Royal Hospital of St. Katherine, with £200 a-year. He was also made Master of Requests and of Ceremonies and Privy Councillor. In his various offices, and on receiving his successive advances, it was acknowledged in his lifetime that "he conducted himself with such moderation and prudence that when he obtained high honours in the palace, all held he deserved greater." He died at Whitehall, February 1637-8 in his sixty-ninth year, having a few days before prepared his will. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, and his great monument, which includes his life-like bust, remains with us unto this day. He is thus entered in the register of Westminster:—"1637-8, Feb. 28, Sir Robert Aeton, secretary to His Majesty, near the steps ascending to King Henry VII's Chapel."

On Woman's Inconstancy.

I LOVED thee once, I'll love no more;
Thine be the grief as is the blame;
Thou art not what thou wast before,
What reason I should be the same?

He that can love unloved again,
God send me love my debts to pay,
While unthrifts fool their love away.

Nothing could have my love o'erthrown,
If thou hadst still continued mine;
Yea if thou hadst remained thy own,
I might perchance have yet been thine.
But thou thy freedom did recall,
That it thou mightst elsewhere enthrall;
And then how could I but disdain
A captive's captive to remain?

When new desires had conquered thee,
And changed the object of thy will,
It had been lethargy in me,
Not constancy, to love thee still;
Yea, it had been a sin to go
And prostitute affection so,
Since we are taught no prayers to say
To such as must to others pray.

Yet do thou glory in thy choice,
 Thy choice of his good fortune boast ;
 I'll neither grieve nor yet rejoice,
 To see him gain what I have lost ;
 The height of my disdain shall be,
 To laugh at him, to blush for thee ;
 To love thee still, but go no more
 A begging at a beggar's door.

The Korzaken Mistress,

I DO confess thou'rt smooth and fair,
 And I might have gone near to love thee ;
 Had I not found the slightest prayer
 That lips could speak had power to move thee :
 But I can let thee now alone,
 As worthy to be loved by none.

I do confess thou'rt sweet, yet find
 Thee such an unthrift of thy sweets.
 Thy favours are but like the wind,
 Which kisses everything it meets,
 And since thou canst love more than one,
 Thou'rt worthy to be loved by none.

The morning rose, that untouched stands,
 Armed with her briers, how sweet she smells ;
 But plucked and strained through ruder hands,
 Her sweet no longer with her dwells ;
 But scent and beauty both are gone,
 And leaves fall from her, one by one.

Such fate, ere long, will thee betide,
 When thou hast handled been a while,
 Like fair flowers to be thrown aside ;
 And thou shalt sigh, when I shall smile,
 To see thy love to every one
 Hath brought thee to be loved by none.



PROF. WM. E. AYTOUN, D.C.L.

1813—1865.

BY SIR THEODORE MARTIN, K.C.B. LL.D. J.P. ETC.

LORD RECTOR OF ST. ANDREW'S UNIVERSITY, AUTHOR OF
"THE LIFE OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE LATE
PRINCE CONSORT," ETC.

THIS poet, born in Edinburgh on 21st June, 1813, was the son of Roger Aytoun, writer to the Signet, and of Joan Keir. Through both father and mother he belonged to old Scottish families, his progenitors on the father's side being the Aytouns of Inchdairnie in Fifeshire, and the Edmonstounes, formerly of Edmonstoune and Ednam, and afterwards of Corehouse in Lanarkshire, and on the mother's side the Keirs of Kinmouth and West Rhynd in Perthshire. Among his ancestors he counted Sir Robert Ayton, who followed James VI. to England, and was attached to the court till his death in 1638, when he was buried in Westminster Abbey, having been a friend of all the leading men of letters in London, including Ben Jonson and Hobbes of Malmesbury, and himself taken rank among them as a poet. In that character he is chiefly known as the reputed author of two songs, which Burns worked into more modern shape, one of them being "Should auld acquaintance be forgot," the song, of all others, dear to Scotchmen. [*See Ayton or Aytoun, Sir Robert.*] Both Aytoun's parents were of literary tastes, and by his mother he was early imbued with a passion for ballad poetry and an imaginative sympathy for the royal race of Stuart. She had seen much of Sir Walter Scott in his boyhood and youth, and supplied his biographer, Lockhart, with many of the details for his life of Scott. Her knowledge of ballad lore was great, and was very serviceable in enabling her son to fill up gaps, and to correct false readings when preparing his edition of the "Ballads of Scotland" in 1858. Aytoun was educated at the Edinburgh academy and university, and wrote verses fluently and well while still a student. At the age of seventeen he published a small volume called "Poland, Homer, and other Poems," in which the qualities of his later style were already apparent. He thought of going to the English bar, but after a winter in London, attending the courts of law, he abandoned this intention. Aytoun disliked the idea of following his father's profession, but after a residence of some months at Aschaffenburg, where he devoted himself with enthusiasm to the study of German literature, he returned to Edinburgh. Having no fortune, he put aside the thought of devoting himself to literary pursuits, resumed his place in his father's office, and was admitted as a writer of the Signet in 1835. The discipline of his legal practice was of great use in giving him a power of mastering the details of political and other questions

which was of distinct service to him at a later period. In 1840 he was admitted to the Scottish bar, which had more attraction for him than the irksome monotony of a solicitor's practice, and made a fair position for himself there during the years in which he remained in active practice. His heart, however, was in literary pursuits, and he had already begun to feel his way in them by translations from Uhland, Homer, and others, as well as in original poems, which appeared in "Blackwood's Magazine" during the years from 1836 to 1840. Between that period and 1844 he worked together with (Sir) Theodore Martin [q.v.] in the production of what are known as the Bon Gaultier Ballads," which acquired such great popularity that thirteen large editions of them were called for between 1855 and 1877. They were also associated at this time in writing many prose magazine articles of a humorous character, as well as a series of translations of Goethe's ballads and minor poems, which, after appearing in "Blackwood's Magazine," were some years afterwards (1858) collected and published in a volume. It was during this period that Aytoun began to write the series of ballads known as "Lays of the Cavaliers," which first drew attention to him as an original poet, and which have taken so firm a hold of the public that no less than twenty-nine editions of them have appeared, eleven of them since Aytoun's death in 1865. In 1844 he became one of the staff of "Blackwood's Magazine," to which he continued till his death to contribute political and other articles on a great variety of subjects with unflagging industry and variety of resource. Among these were several tales, in which Aytoun's humour and shrewd practical sense were conspicuous. Of these perhaps the most amusing were "My first Spec in the Biggleswades," and "How we got up the Glenmutchkin Railway, and how we got out of it"; and they had a most salutary effect in exposing the rascality and folly of the railway mania of 1845. People laughed, but they profited—for a time—by the lessons there read to them. In 1845 Aytoun was appointed professor of rhetoric and belles lettres in the university of Edinburgh. Here he was in his element; and he made his lectures so attractive that he raised the number of students from 30 in 1846 to upwards of 1,850 in 1864. His professorial duties did not interfere with his position at the bar, and in 1852 when the Tory party came into power they requited his services as a political writer by appointing him sheriff of Orkney. In the following year Oxford conferred on him the honorary degree of D.C.L. The duties of Aytoun's sheriffship did not engross much of his time. These, and his work as professor, both most conscientiously discharged, left him leisure for literary work. In 1854 he produced the dramatic poem "Firmilian," perhaps the most brilliant of his works, which was written in ridicule of the extravagant themes and style of Bailey, Dobell, and Alexander Smith. It was, however, so full of imagination and fine rhythmical swing, that its object was mistaken, and what was meant for caricature was accepted as serious poetry. In 1856 Aytoun published "Bothwell," a poetical monologue dealing with the relations between the hero and Mary Queen of Scots. It contained many fine passages, and three editions of it were published. In 1858 he published a collection, in two volumes, of the "Ballads of Scotland," carefully collated and annotated, of which four editions, the last in 1860, have been published. In 1861 his novel of "Norman Sinclair" was published: it had already appeared in "Blackwood's Magazine," and is interesting for its pictures of

Society in Scotland, as Aytoun saw it in his youth, and for many passages which are, in fact autobiographical. About this time Aytoun's health began to fail, and his spirits had sustained a shock, from which he never wholly recovered, in the death (15th April, 1859) of his wife, the youngest daughter of Prof. Wilson [q.v.] (Christopher North), whom he had married in April, 1849, and to whom he was devotedly attached. He sought relief in hard work, but life had thenceforth lost much of its zest for him. Being childless, its loneliness became intolerable, and in December 1863 he married again. But by this time his constitution was seriously shaken, and on the 4th August, 1865, he died at Blackhills, near Elgin, whither he had gone in the hope of recruiting his health. Aytoun's life had been, upon the whole, a happy one. He was of a genial, kindly disposition, full of playfulness, and of original and cultured humour, warmly esteemed by his friends, and constant in his attachments to them. Nature and education fitted him for a man of letters, and he took delight in the very varied literary labours by which his free and facile pen enriched the pages of "Blackwood's Magazine," and added a few books to literature of permanent interest. His published works are:—1. "Poland, Homer, and other Poems"; Edinburgh, 1832. 2. "The Life and Times of Richard the First"; London, 1840. 3. "Lays of the Cavaliers"; Edinburgh, 1848, 29th edition 1883. 4. "Bon Gaultier's Ballads"; (jointly with Theodore Martin) 1855, 13th edition 1877. 5. "Bothwell"; London, 1856. 6. "Firmilian"; 1854. 7. "Poems and Ballads of Goethe"; (jointly with Theodore Martin), London, 1858. 8. "Ballads of Scotland"; 2 vols. London, 1858, 4th edition 1870. 9. "Nuptial Ode to the Princess Alexandra"; London, 1863. 10. "Norman Sinclair"; 3 vols. London, 1861.

To Britain.

HALT! shoulder arms! recover! as you were!
 Right wheel! eyes left! Attention! Stand at ease!
 O Britain! O my country! words like these
 Have made thy name a terror and a fear
 To all the nations. Witness Ebro's banks,
 Assaye, Toulouse, Nivelle, and Waterloo,
 Where the grim despot muttered *Sauve qui peut*?
 And Ney fled darkling—silence in the ranks;
 Inspired by these, amidst the iron crash
 Of armies, in the centre of his troop
 The soldier stands—unmovable, not rash—
 Until the forces of the foeman droop;
 Then knocks the Frenchman to eternal smash,*
 Pounding them into mummy. Shoulder, hoop!

* This sentiment is now happily eradicated from the English mind, and the two great peoples cultivate the most friendly relations.—ED.

The old Scottish Cavalier.

COME, listen to another song,
Should make your heart beat high,
Bring crimson to your forehead,
And the lustre to your eye :
It is a song of olden time,
Of days long since gone by,
And of a baron stout and bold
As e'er wore sword on thigh !
Like a brave Scottish cavalier,
All of the olden time !

He kept his castle in the north
Hard by the thundering Spey ;
And a thousand vassals dwelt around,
All of his kindred they.
And not a man of all that clan
Had ever ceased to pray
For the royal race they loved so well,
Though exiled far away,
From the steadfast Scottish Cavaliers ;
All of the olden time !

His father drew the righteous sword
For Scotland and her claims,
Among the loyal gentlemen
And chiefs of ancient names,
Who swore to fight or fall beneath
The standard of King James,
And died at Killiecrankie Pass,
With the glory of the Græmes,
Like a true old Scottish cavalier,
All of the olden time !

He never owned the foreign rule
No master he obeyed ;
But kept his clan in peace at home
From foray and from raid ;
And when they asked him for his oath,
He touched his glittering blade,
And pointed to his bonnet blue,
That bore the white cockade :
Like a leal old Scottish cavalier,
All of the olden time !



At length the news ran through the land—

The Prince had come again !

That night the fiery cross was sped

O'er mountain and through glen ;

And our old Baron rose in might

Like a lion from his den,

And rode away across the hills

To Charlie and his men,

With the valiant Scottish cavaliers,

All of the olden time !

He was the first that bent the knee

When the standard waved abroad,

He was the first that charged the foe

On Preston's bloody sod ;

And ever in the van of fight,

The foremost still he trod,

Until on bleak Culloden's heath

He gave his soul to God,

Like a good old Scottish cavalier

All of the olden time !

Oh ! never shall we know again

A heart so stout and true—

The olden times have passed away,

And weary are the new ;

The fair white rose has faded

From the garden where it grew,

And no fond tears, save those of heaven,

The glorious bed bedew,

Of the last old Scottish cavalier,

All of the olden time !

Extract from Bothwell.

THE tear was in Queen Mary's eye,
As forth she held her hand.

“ Then is the time of parting nigh !

For Bothwell, my command

Is that you go and save a life

That else were lost in useless strife.

Farewell ! We shall not meet again ;

But I have passed such years of pain—

So many partings have I known,

That this poor heart has callous grown.

Farewell ! If anything there be

That moves you when you think on me,

Believe that you are quite forgiven

By one who bids you pray to Heaven !

No soul alive so innocent

But needs must beg at Mercy's door—

Farewell!" She passed from out the tent.
O God—I never saw her more !
Was it a dream ? or did I hear
A yell of scorn assail my ear,
As frantic from the host I rode ?
The very charger I bestrode
Rebelled in wrath against the rein,
And strove to bear me back again !
Lost, Lost ! I cared not where I went—
Lost, Lost ! And none were there,
Save those who sought in banishment
A refuge from despair.
How fared the rest ? I do not know,
For I was maddened with my woe.
But I remember when we sailed
From out that dreary Forth,
And in the dull of morning hailed
The headlands of the North :
The hills of Caithness wrapped in rain,
The reach of Stromas isle,
The Pentland where the furious main
Roars white for many a mile—
Until we steered by Shapinsay,
And moored our bark in Kirkwall Bay.
Yet not in Orkney would they brook
The presence of their banished Duke.
The castle gates were shut and barred ;
Up rose in arms the burgher guard ;
No refuge there we found.
But that I durst not tarry long,
I would have ta'en that castle strong,
And razed it to the ground !
North, ever north ! We sailed by night,
And yet the sky was red with light,
And purple rolled the deep.
When morning came, we saw the tide
Break thundering on the rugged side
Of Sumburgh's awful steep ;
And, weary of the wave, at last
In Bressay Sound our anchor cast.
O faithless were the waves and wind !
Still the avenger sped behind.
No rock so rude, no isle so lone,
That I might claim it as my own.
A price was set upon my head ;
Hunted from place to place I fled ;
Till chased across the open seas,
I met the surly Dane.
These were his gifts and welcome—these
A dungeon and a chain !

LADY GRIZEL BAILLIE.

1665—1746.

BY THE REV. A. B. GROSART, LL.D. F.S.A.

LADY GRIZEL BAILLIE, poetess, was the eldest daughter of Sir Patrick Hume (or Home), afterwards first earl of Marchmont, and was born at Redbraes Castle, Berwickshire, on the 25th of December, 1665. So early as her twelfth year she gave proof of a singularly mature character; for when she had not yet entered her teens, she was entrusted by her father with a perilous duty. Her father was the bosom friend of the illustrious patriot, Robert Baillie of Jerviswood; and the latter being imprisoned, Sir Patrick Hume was specially anxious to communicate with him by letter. He dared not himself attempt to gain admission; but he employed the services of his daughter, 'little Grizel.' To her the all-important letter was handed over with the charge to deliver it personally, and to bring back as much intelligence from the state prisoner as possible. She contrived to deliver the letter and carry back grateful and useful messages from her father's friend. In the performance of this task she had to consult with the prisoner's own son, George Baillie of Jerviswood, who fell in love with her, and married her some years later, on September 17th, 1692.

The same womanly heroism and self-possession were shown by young Grizel on behalf of her own father. As the trial of Robert Baillie of Jerviswood—described in the contemporary broad-sheets and elsewhere—attests, Sir Patrick Hume boldly went to the court and, wherever he could, interfered in defence of his great friend, sometimes blunting with rare skill the edge of manufactured 'false witness,' to the rage of the prosecutors. He was equally with Baillie a suspected man; and, the troopers having taken possession of his house, Redbraes Castle, he had to hide in the vaults of the neighbouring Polwarth parish kirk. Thither at midnight, his brave little daughter was wont to carry her father's food, contriving at the dinner-table to drop into her lap as much of victuals as she well could.

On the death, by hanging, of Baillie of Jerviswood, the Hume family fled to Holland. They settled at Utrecht, Sir Patrick passing as a Dr. Wallace. In the 'Memoirs' of Lady Murray of Stanhope, Lady Grizel's daughter, delightful glimpses are obtained of the bright though straitened life in Holland. Grizel was the manager of the humble establishment, and she used to tell in her old age that those years in Holland were about the happiest of all their lives.

At the Restoration, Lady Grizel was offered the post of maid of honour to the Princess of Orange. She preferred returning to Scotland, where, as already stated, she was married to her girlhood's love. George Baillie died at Oxford August 6th, 1738, after forty-six years of an incomparable married life. They had issue one son, who died in childhood, and two daughters: Grizel, who married Sir Alexander Murray of Stanhope; and Rachel, who married Charles, Lord Binning. From the latter are descended the earls of Haddington who represent to-day the great historic house of Baillie of Jerviswood and Mellerstain. There are few more charming 'Memoirs' than that named of our Lady Grizel by her daughter. It was originally appended to Rose's Observations on Fox's historical work on James II., and afterwards republished in a thin quarto by Thomas Thomson (1822). From earliest youth Grizel was wont to write in verse and prose. Her daughter had in her possession a manuscript volume with varied compositions, 'many of them interrupted, half writ, some broken off in the middle of a sentence.' Some of her Scottish songs appeared in Allan Ramsay's [q.v.] 'Tea-Table Miscellany' and other collections of Scottish songs. One has passed into the song-literature of Scotland imperishably—'And werna my heart light I wad dee.' Its sudden inspiration,' says Tyler, 'has fused and cast into one perfect line, the protest of thousands of stricken hearts in every generation' (Tyler and Watson's *Songstress of Scotland*). She died December 6th, 1746, in her eighty-first year, and was buried beside her husband at Mellerstain. Judge Burnet (Monbaddo) wrote an inscription for her monument.

Were na my Heart licht.

THERE was ance a May,¹ and she lo'ed na men ;
 She biggit her bonny bower down i' yon glen,
 But now she cries, dool ! and well-a-day !
 Come down the green gait, and come here away.

When bonny young Johnny cam' ower the sea,
 He said he saw naething sae lovely as me ;
 He hecht² me baith rings and mony braw things ;
 That werena my heart licht I wad dee.

He had a wee titty³ that lo'ed na me,
 Because I was twice as bonny as she,
 She raised such a pother 'twixt him and his mother,
 That werena my heart licht I wad dee.

1.—A maid.

2.—Offered or proffered.

3.—Sister.

The day it was set, and the bridal to be :
 The wife took a dwam,¹ and lay down to dee ;
 She maned and she graned out o' dolour and pain,
 Till he vowed he never wad see me again.

His kin was for ane of a higher degree,
 Said, what had he to do with the like of me ?
 Albeit I was bonny, I wasna for Johnny :
 And werena my heart licht I wad dee.

They said I had neither cow nor calf,
 Nor dribbles o' drink rins through the draff,²
 Nor pickles o' meal rins through the mill-ee ;
 And werena my heart licht I wad dee.

His titty she was baith wily and slee,
 She spied me as I cam owre the lea ;
 And then she cam in and made a loud din ;
 Believe your ain een an he trow na me.

His bonnet stood aye fu' round on his brow³ ;
 His auld aye looked aye as weel as some's new ;
 But now he lets 't wear ony gait it will hing,
 And casts himself dowie upon the corn-bing.³

And now he gaes daunerin about the dykes,
 And a' he dow dae is to hound the tykes ;
 The live-long nicht he ne'er steeks his ee,
 And werena my heart licht I wad dee.

Were I young for thee as I hae been
 We should hae been gallopin' down on yon green,
 And linkin' it on yon lily-white lea ;
 And wow ! gin I were but young for thee.

1.—Took an ill turn ; a sickness.

2.—Grains.

* This stanza and the concluding ones, somewhat altered, were applied by Burns to himself in his latter days, when the Dumfries gentry held aloof from the poet. See *Lockhart's Life of Burns*.

3.—A heap of grain enclosed or bordered off.

JOANNA BAILLIE,

1762—1851.

BY GEORGE BARNETT SMITH, F.R.G.S.

AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE OF QUEEN VICTORIA," "W. E. GLADSTONE,"
"JOHN BRIGHT," ETC.

JOANNA BAILLIE, dramatist and poet, was descended from an ancient Scotch family. She was born at the manse of Bothwell, Lanarkshire, Sep. 11th, 1762. Although in infancy she was very delicate, she lived to the great age of 88 years. Her sister, to whom Joanna addressed a memorable birthday ode, was still more remarkable for her longevity, dying in 1861 at the age of 100 years. The Baillie family claimed among their progenitors on the male side the great patriot, Sir William Wallace. The mother of Joanna Baillie was the sister of William and John Hunter. The youth of Joanna was spent at Bothwell amidst scenes which deeply impressed the imagination of the future dramatist. But while, as daughter of the minister of Bothwell, she had many opportunities for studying character, unfortunately, in the manse itself, 'repression of all emotions seems to have been the constant lesson.' In 1769 Dr. Baillie was appointed to the collegiate church of Hamilton. Before she was ten years of age Joanna Baillie afforded striking proofs of courage; but she was somewhat backward in her studies, although her intellect was unusually keen. At the age of ten she was sent to a school in Glasgow, and here her faculties were rapidly developed. She excelled in vocal and instrumental music, and evinced a decided talent for drawing. She had also a great love for mathematics; her argumentative powers, too, were unusually strong. She was early distinguished for her skill in acting and composition, being especially facile in the improvisation of dialogue in character.

In 1776 her father was appointed professor of divinity in the university of Glasgow, and removed to the house provided for him at the university. But two years later Dr. Baillie died, and his widow and daughters retired to Long Calderwood, in Lanarkshire; Matthew Baillie, the only son, proceeded to Balliol College, Oxford. In 1783 Dr. William Hunter died in London, leaving to Matthew Baillie the use of his house and his fine museum and collections. The following year Mrs. Baillie and her daughters joined Matthew Baillie in London, remaining with him until he married, in 1791, Miss Denman, sister of lord chief justice Denman.

It was in London that Joanna Baillie's genius first displayed itself. She published anonymously, in 1790, a small volume of miscellaneous poems, entitled 'Fugitive Verses,' which received considerable encouragement. But her genius had not yet discovered its true channel. 'It was whilst imprisoned by the heat of a summer afternoon, and seated by her mother's side engaged in needle-work, that the thought of essaying dramatic composition burst upon

her.' The first play she composed, 'Arnold,' does not survive; but in 1798 she issued the first volume of her 'Plays on the Passions,' entitled 'A Series of Plays; in which it is attempted to delineate the stronger passions of the mind, each passion being the subject of a tragedy and a comedy.' The volume contained 'Basil,' a tragedy on love; the 'Trial,' a comedy on the same subject; and 'De Monfort,' a tragedy on hatred. The work was published anonymously, but its author was immediately sought after. Samuel Rogers reviewed it as the work of a man, and Sir Walter Scott [q.v.] was at first suspected of being the author. By one or two critics the volume was severely attacked; but it brought the author an acquaintance with Scott himself, which ripened into a warm friendship, lasting 'uninterruptedly for more than half a century.'

Yet the 'Plays on the Passions' attracted the notice of John Kemble, who determined to produce 'De Monfort' at Drury Lane Theatre, with himself and Mrs. Siddons in the chief characters. Every care was given to the representation of the tragedy, for which the Hon. F. North wrote a prologue, and the Duchess of Devonshire an epilogue. It was produced with much splendour in April 1800, but it failed to obtain a firm grasp upon the public. It ran, however, for eleven nights. It has been said that the passage in the play descriptive of Jane de Monfort formed the best portrait ever drawn of Mrs. Siddons herself; and 'it is probable that John Kemble and his sister had been present to the mind of Joanna when she composed the tragedy of "De Monfort."' The opinion of Mrs. Siddons upon the play may be gathered from an expression uttered by her in conversation with the author: 'Make me some more Jane de Monforts.'

Undeterred by adverse criticism, Miss Baillie, in 1802, issued a second volume of 'Plays on the Passions.' It included a comedy on 'Hatred,' a tragedy (in two parts) on 'Ambition,' and a comedy on the same passion. The comedy on 'Hatred,' with music, was produced at the English Opera House; but the tragedy on 'Hatred,' notwithstanding its admittedly fine passages, was too unwieldy for stage production.

Shortly after the appearance of this volume Mrs. Baillie and her daughters went to live at Hampstead; but in 1806 Mrs. Baillie died. The sisters then rented a new house in the neighbourhood of Hampstead Heath, and this house they continued to occupy until they died. They were visited by many friends eminent in letters, in science, in art, and in society, and they were on very intimate terms with their neighbour, Mrs. Barbauld. Scott looked forward to a visit to his friends at Hampstead as one of the greatest of his pleasures, and Lord Jeffrey wrote, under date April 28th, 1840: 'I forgot to tell you that we have been twice out to Hampstead, to hunt out Joanna Baillie, and found her the other day as fresh, natural, and amiable as ever, and as little like a tragic muse.' Two years later the whig editor again saw her (she being then eighty years of age), when he described her as 'narrowcious in health and spirits, and youthful freshness and simplicity of feeling, and not a bit deaf, blind, or torpid.' Geniality and hospitality were the characteristics of the two sisters during their residence at Hampstead, and even when one became an octogenarian and the other a nonagenarian they could enter keenly into the various literary and scientific controversies of the day.

In 1804, Joanna published a volume of 'Miscellaneous Plays,' containing two tragedies, 'Rayner,' and 'Constantine Paleologus.' These plays

were constructed more upon the usual lines, and the dramatist stated in her apology for their appearance, that she wished to leave behind her a few plays, some of which might continue to be acted 'even in our canvas theatres and barns;' while she also desired to keep her name in the remembrance of lovers of the drama generally. The motive of the tragedy 'Rayner' was to exhibit a young man of an amiable temper, tempted to join in the proposed commission of a detestable deed, and afterwards bearing himself with diffidence and modesty. The play had been written many years before. The scene of the tragedy was laid in Germany, and its turning point was the crime of murder. Between the two tragedies was placed a comedy, the 'Country Inn.' The second tragedy, 'Constantine Paleologus,' was written in the hope of being produced at Drury Lane, with Kemble and Mrs. Siddons in the principal characters; but those great actors declined to produce it. The subject of the play was taken from Gibbon's account of the siege of Constantinople by the Turks. But more than five of her plays were produced on the stage. Amongst these was 'Constantine Paleologus,' which, while declined at Drury Lane, was produced at the Surrey Theatre as a melodrama under the title of 'Constantine and Valeria;' Valeria being an imaginary conception intended for Mrs. Siddons. The play was also produced at Liverpool, Dublin, and Edinburgh, in every case to large houses and with much success. Of the production in Edinburgh, in 1820, the writer herself, then on a last visit to her native land, was a gratified spectator.

In 1810 Miss Baillie produced her play of the 'Family Legend.' It was founded upon a Highland tradition relating to the feud between the lord of Argyle and the chieftain of Maclean. The tragedy, with a prologue by Sir Walter Scott, was brought out under Scott's auspices at the Edinburgh theatre. Henry Mackenzie, author of the 'Man of Feeling,' wrote an epilogue. The play had a genuine success. 'You have only to imagine,' wrote Scott to Miss Baillie, 'all that you could wish, to give success to a play, and your conceptions will still fall short of the complete and decided triumph of the "Family Legend." Everything that pretended to distinction, whether from rank or literature, was in the boxes; and in the pit such an aggregate mass of humanity as I have seldom, if ever, witnessed in the same place.' The tragedy was played for fourteen nights on the first representation, and it was produced on several subsequent occasions. Its success induced the managers of the Edinburgh theatre to revive the author's tragedy of 'De Monfort,' and in describing the reception of this drama one who was present wrote that 'the effect produced was very great; there was a burst of applause when the curtain fell, and the play was announced for repetition amid the loudest applause.' In 1815 the 'Family Legend' was produced for the benefit of Mrs. Bartley at Drury Lane Theatre, and in 1821 Mr. Kean brought forward 'De Monfort' again on the same stage.

In 1812 appeared a third series of 'Plays on the Passions,' consisting of two tragedies and a comedy on the subject of 'Fear,' and a musical drama on 'Hope.' By the publication of this volume Miss Baillie showed that she had abandoned her old ideas. The first of these new plays had for its principal character a woman under the dominion of superstitious fear. In the second drama the fear of death was made the actuating principle of a hero of tragedy. The hero of the third play, a comedy on 'Fear,' is represented as timid, and endeavouring to conceal his fear by a boastful affectation of

gallantry. 'Metrical Legends,' the next work by Joanna Baillie, appeared in 1821. The poems were suggested by her visit to Scotland in the previous year. The patriot Wallace is the principal personage in one poem, and Lady Griselda Baillie in another. There were also included some dramatic ballads cast in the ancient mould. 'Poetic Miscellanies,' published in 1823, contained poems by Sir Walter Scott, Miss Catherine Fanshawe, Mrs. Hemans, and others. This collection of poems, which was made with a charitable object, had a very satisfactory pecuniary result. A deep affliction overtook the sisters Baillie in 1823 by the death of their brother, Dr. Matthew Baillie, who was tended by Joanna during his last illness with the utmost solicitude. The drama of the 'Martyr,' by Joanna Baillie, was published in 1826, though it had been written some time before. The play relates to the martyrdom of Cordenius Maro, an officer of the imperial guard of Nero, who had been converted to the christian faith. Miss Baillie accepted the unitarian view of Christ; and in her seventieth year put forward a publication on this question, entitled 'A view of the general Tenor of the New Testament regarding the Nature and Dignity of Jesus Christ.' In this work she clearly expressed her assent to the views held by Milton and others.

In 1836 Miss Baillie published three volumes of 'Miscellaneous Plays,' which, at the time of their composition, she had intended for posthumous publication. Three of these dramas were in continuation of the 'Plays on the Passions,' and completed the series. They consisted of a tragedy and a comedy illustrating the passion of jealousy, and a tragedy on the subject of remorse. An interesting circumstance is connected with two of the dramas. It appears that Sir Alexander Johnston, chief justice of Ceylon, being desirous of raising the minds of the inhabitants of that island, and of eradicating their vices by writings directed to that end, turned to the drama as being specially adapted to the purpose. Miss Baillie's 'Martyr' he had already seen and welcomed as an auxiliary, and, in response to his desire for a second drama of the same nature, the author wrote the 'Bride.' Both dramas were translated into the Cingalese language. In the second play the writer endeavoured to set forth the christian principle of the forgiveness of injuries. Of the miscellaneous dramas, two were brought out simultaneously at Covent Garden and Drury Lane respectively; the younger Kemble appearing in the 'Separation' at the former house, and Vandenhoff in the tragedy of 'Henriquez' at the latter. They had but a partial success, and it would have been strange had the result been otherwise, considering the writer's adhesion to her former principles of construction and her lack of knowledge of stage requirements.

Miss Baillie continued to write after she had reached a very advanced age, some of the poems in her new collection of 'Fugitive Verses' having been produced when she was verging upon fourscore years. As the end of life approached she was prepared to meet it. 'On Saturday, the day preceding that of her death, which occurred February 23rd, 1851, Joanna expressed a strong desire to be released from life. She retired to bed as usual, complained of some uneasiness, and sank till the following afternoon, when, without suffering, in the full possession of her faculties, with sorrowing relations around her, in the act of devotion, she expired' (*Prefatory Memoir to Collected Works*). 'Joanna Baillie was under the middle size; but not diminutive, and her form was slender. Her countenance indicated high talent,

worth, and decision. Her life was characterised by the purest morality.' The prominent features of her character, which impressed all with whom she came in contact, were her consummate integrity, her moral courage, her freedom from affectation, and a never-failing charity in all things.

The Maid of Llanwellyn.

I'VE no sheep on the mountain, nor boat on the lake,
 Nor coin in my coffer to keep me awake,
 Nor corn in my garner, nor fruit on my tree—
 Yet the maid of Llanwellyn smiles sweetly on me.

Soft tapping, at eve, to her window I came,
 And loud bay'd the watch-dog, loud scolded the dame ;
 For shame, silly Lightfoot ; what is it to thee,
 Though the maid of Llanwellyn smiles sweetly on me ?

Rich Owen will tell you, with eyes full of scorn,
 Threadbare is my coat, and my hosen are torn :
 Scoff on, my rich Owen, for faint is thy glee
 When the maid of Llanwellyn smiles sweetly on me.

The farmer rides proudly to market or fair,
 The clerk, at the alehouse, still claims the great chair ;
 But of all our proud fellows the proudest I'll be,
 While the maid of Llanwellyn smiles sweetly on me.

For blithe as the urchin at holiday play,
 And meek as the matron in mantle of gray,
 And trim as the lady of gentle degree,
 Is the maid of Llanwellyn who smiles upon me.

Good Night! Good Night!

THE sun is sunk, the day is done,
 E'en stars are setting one by one ;
 Nor torch nor taper longer may
 Eke out the pleasures of the day ;
 And since, in social glee's despite,
 It needs must be, Good night, good night !

The bride into her bower is sent
 And ribbald rhyme and jesting spent ;
 The lover's whisper'd words and few
 Have bade the bashful maid adieu ;
 The dancing-floor is silent quite—
 No foot bounds there, Good night, good night !

The lady in her curtain'd bed,
 The herdsman in his wattled shed.
 The clansman in the heather'd hall,
 Sweet sleep be with you, one and all !
 We part in hope of days as bright
 As this now gone—Good night, good night !

Sweet sleep be with us one and all !
 And if upon its stillness fall
 The visions of a busy brain,
 We'll have our pleasures o'er again ;
 To warm the heart, to charm the sight,
 Gay dreams to all ! Good night, good night !

Though richer swains thy love persue.

THOUGH richer swains thy love persue,
 In Sunday gear and bonnets new ;
 And every fair before thee lay
 Their silken gifts, with colours gay—
 They love thee not, alas ! so well
 As one who sighs, and dare not tell ;
 Who haunts thy dwelling night and noon,
 In tatter'd hose and clouted shoon.

I grieve not for my wayward lot,
 My empty folds, my roofless cot ;
 Nor hateful pity, proudly shown,
 Nor alter'd looks, nor friendship flown ;
 Nor yet my dog, with lanken sides,
 Who by his master still abides ;
 But how wilt thou prefer my boon,
 In tatter'd hose and clouted shoon ?

ARCHDEACON JOHN BARBOUR.

1316—1395.

BY ROBERT CHAMBERS, LL.D.

AUTHOR OF "TRADITIONS OF EDINBURGH," "POPULAR
RHYMES OF SCOTLAND," "DICTIONARY OF EMINENT SCOTSMEN,"
CYCLOPÆDIA OF ENGLISH LITERATURE," "LIFE OF
ROBERT BURNS," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CONTEMPORARY with Chaucer and Gower was the northern minstrel, JOHN BARBOUR. The date of his birth is unknown, but he is found exercising the duties of Archdeacon of Aberdeen in 1357. That he was a man of talent and learning may be assumed from his having been chosen by the Bishop of Aberdeen to act as his commissioner at Edinburgh when the ransom of David II. was debated; and also from the circumstance that he twice visited England with scholars, for the purpose of studying at Oxford (1357 and 1364); that in 1365 he obtained a passport to 'travel through England with six companions on horseback towards St. Denis and other sacred places,' and that in 1368 he again received permission to travel through England with two servants. At home, Barbour enjoyed royal favour. In 1373, he was clerk of audit of the household of King Robert II. and one of the auditors of exchequer. In 1375, his epic poem, *The Bruce*, was in progress. In 1377, a sum of ten pounds was paid to Barbour by the king's command, as the first reward, it would seem, for the composition of the poem. This gift was followed, at the interval of a few months, by a grant to Barbour from the king of a perpetual annuity of twenty shillings. Barbour wrote another poem, now lost, called *The Brut*, relating the descent and history of the Stuarts from the fabulous King Brut, or Brutus. His reward for this second work seems to have been a pension for life of ten pounds a year. The pension was payable in two moities—one at Whitsunday, the other at Martinmas. The last payment which Barbour received was at Martinmas 1394—so that he must have died between that date and Whitsunday 1395. The precise day of his death was probably the 13th of March, on which day Barbour's anniversary continued to be celebrated in the cathedral church of St. Machar, at Aberdeen, until the Reformation—the expense of the service being defrayed from the perpetual annuity granted to the father of Scottish poetry by the first of the Stuart kings, in 1378, 'pro compilacione Libri de Gestis illustrissimi principis quondam Domini Regis Roberti de Brus,' Barbour's poem of *The Bruce* is valuable as a monument of our early language, and as a storehouse of historical incidents. But though he set himself to write a 'soothfast story,' the poet begins by departing widely from history. He confounds Bruce the grandfather with Bruce the grandson, and makes him reject the crown said to have been offered to him by Edward I.! Of course, he also conceals the fact that the grandson had sworn fealty to Edward, and done homage to Baliol. He desired to present in Bruce a true hero and patriot tramping down oppression and vindicating the sacred rights of his country, and all that could militate



against this design was excluded. Almost all the personal traits and adventures of Bruce—whatever gives individuality, life, and colour to his history—will be found in the pages of Barbour. The old poet's narrative of the wanderings, trials, sufferings, and fortitude of the monarch; the homely touches of tenderness and domestic feeling interspersed, as well as the knightly courtesy and royal, intrepid bearing, which he paints in lively colours, have tended greatly to endear and perpetuate the name of the Scottish sovereign. The character and exploits of Bruce's brave associates, Randolph and Douglas are also finely drawn; and the poem contains many vividly descriptive passages, and abounds in dignified and pathetic sentiment. Humour it has none. The language is fully as intelligible as that of Chaucer. It does not appear that the Scottish poet had seen the works of his southern contemporary. One would have wished that the bards had met, each the representative of his country's literature, and each enjoying the favour and bounty of his sovereign. Barbour's poem, we may add, is in the octo-syllabic verse, and consists of about 14,000 lines. It has been well edited by Dr. Jamieson (1820), and by Professor Cosmo Innes (1856).

Barbour makes no mention of Wallace. So ardent a worshipper of freedom might have been expected to strike a note in honour of one who sacrificed life itself in pure devotion to that cause. But to recall Wallace would have jarred with his unqualified eulogy of Bruce, and was not necessary towards the unity of his design. His poem begins with the story of the Bruce, and ends with the burial of his heart at Melrose.

Apostrophe to Freedome.

Al FREDOME is a nobill thing !
 Freedome mayse man to haiff liking !
 Freedome all solace to man giffis :
 He levys at ese that frely levys !
 A noble hart may haiff name ese,
 Na ellys nocht that may him plese,
 Gyff fredome faillythe : for fre liking
 Is yearnyt our all othir thing
 Na he, that ay hase levyt fre,
 May nocht knaw weill the propyrte,¹
 The angyr, na the wrechyt dome,
 That is cowplyt to foule thyrdome.²
 Bot gyff he had assayit it,
 Than all perquer³ he suld it wyt ;
 And suld think fredome mar to pryse
 Than all the gold in wrold that is.

¹ Quality or Nature.

³ Exactly (Fr. *par cœur*, by heart).

² Thraldom.

Bruce's Address to his Army at Bannockburn.

On Sunday then, in the morning,
 Weil soon after the son rising,
 They heard their mass commonaly ;
 And mony them shrave¹ full devoutly,
 That thocht to die in that mêlée,
 Or then to make their country free !
 To God for their right prayed they :
 Their dined nane of them that day ;
 But, for the vigil of Sanct Jhane,
 They fasted, water and bread ilk ane.
 The king, when that the mass was done,
 Went forth to see the potis² soon,
 And at his liking saw them made,
 On either side right weill braid.
 It was pitied, as I have tauld,
 If that their faes on horse would hald
 Forth in that way, I trow they sal
 Nocht weill escape for-outen a fall.
 Throughout the host then gart³ he cry
 That all should arm them hastily,
 And busk them on their best manner ;
 And when they assembled were,
 He gart array them for the fight :
 And syne gart cry oure all on height,
 That wha soever he were that fand
 His heart nocht sicker⁴ for to stand
 To win all or die with honour,
 For to maintain that stalwart stour,
 That he betime should hald his way ;
 And nane should dwell with them but they
 That would stand with him to the end,
 And tak the ure⁵ that God would send.
 Then all answered with a cry,
 And with a voice said generally
 That name for doubt of deid⁶ should fail
 Quhill⁷ discomfit were the great battaile.

¹ Made Confession.² Caused, ordered.³ Chance (Fr. *esr*, hazard).² The holes which had been dug in the field.⁴ Secure.⁶ None for fear of death.⁷ Till.

JAMES BALLANTINE.

1808—1877.

By CHAS. F. FORSHAW, LL.D.

THIS esteemed writer of Scottish Songs was born at West Port, Edinburgh, June 11th, 1808. His father was a brewer, who died at an early age in 1818. Our poet was thus early thrown upon his own resources—the little education he received in childhood was from a devoted mother. He was essentially a self-taught man, and the proud position he at one time held was due entirely to his own indefatigable exertions. When barely in his teens, young Ballantine was apprenticed to a house painter in his native city, and very soon he became thoroughly competent. In his twentieth year, he commenced the study of anatomy at the University of Edinburgh—this added greatly to his professional improvement. Shortly after this, he turned his attention to the art of painting on glass, which at that time had greatly degenerated, and before long Ballantine became one of the most distinguished artists in that department; in fact, the position, which glass-painting at present holds, is chiefly owing to his good taste and archaeological researches. When the designs and specimens of glass-painting for the windows of the House of Lords were publicly competed for, the Royal Commissioners of Fine Arts adjudged those produced by Ballantine as the best which were exhibited, and the execution of the work was entrusted to him. In 1845 appeared his "Treatise on Stained Glass," which has been translated and published in Germany, and still retains its popularity. At an early age he began to woo the muse, some of his most popular pieces having been composed about his sixteenth year. His first appearance in print was in the pages of "Whistle Binkie"—this, before he was twenty. In 1843, his well-known and still deservedly-popular work "The Gaberlunzie's Wallet" was published in monthly numbers, illustrated by the late Alexander Ritchie. This contained some of his finest lyrics. "The Miller of Denhaugh" was issued in the year following, and contained some really fine specimens of his songs and ballads. In 1856, Messrs. Constable & Co., of Edinburgh, published an edition of his poems. His "Songs with Music" was issued nine years later. Ballantine died on December 18th, 1877. The late Rev. Dr. Chas. Rogers said of him:—"He is the poet of the affections, a lover of the beautiful and tender among the humbler walks of life, and an exponent of the lessons to be drawn from familiar customs, common sayings, and simple character."

Ae gude Turn deserves anither.

YE maunna be proud, although ye be great,
 The puirest bodie is still your brither ;
 The king may come in the cadger's gate—
 Ae gude turn deserves anither.

The hale o' us rise frae the same cauld clay,
 Ae hour we bloom, ae hour we wither ;
 Let ilk help ither to climb the brae—
 Ae gude turn deserves anither.

The highest among us are unco wee,
 Frae Heaven we get a' our gifts thegither ;
 Hoard na, man, what ye get sae free !—
 Ae gude turn deserves anither.

Life is a weary journey alane,
 Blythe's the road when we wend wi' ither ;
 Mutual gi'eing is mutual gain—
 Ae gude turn deserves anither.

Bonnie Bonaly.

BONNIE Bonaly's wee fairy-led stream,
 Murmurs and sobs like a child in a dream ;
 Falling where silver light gleams on its breast,
 Gliding through nooks where the dark shadows rest,
 Flooding with music its own tiny valley,
 Dances in gladness the stream o' Bonaly.

Proudly Bonaly's grey-brow'd castle towers,
 Bounded by mountains, and bedded in flowers ;
 Here hangs the blue bell, and there waves the broom ;
 Nutured by art, rarest garden sweets bloom ;
 Heather and thyme scent the breezes that dally,
 Playing amang the green knolls o' Bonaly.

Pentland's high hills raise their heather-crown'd crest,
 Peerless Edina expands her white breast,
 Beauty and grandeur are blent in the scene.
 Bonnie Bonaly lies smiling between ;
 Nature and Art, like fair twins, wander gaily ;
 Friendship and love dwell in bonnie Bonaly.

The mair that ye Work, aye the mair will ye Win.

Be eident, be eident, fleet time rushes on,
Be eident, be eident, bricht day will be gone ;
To stand idle by is a profitless sin :
The mair that ye work, aye the mair will ye win.

The earth gathers fragrance while nursing the flower,
The wave waxes stronger while feeding the shower,
The stream gains in speed as it sweeps o'er the linn :
The mair that ye work, aye the mair will ye win.

There's nought got by idling, there's nought got for nought—
Health, wealth, and contentment by labour are bought ;
In raising yourself, ye may help up your kin :
The mair that ye work, aye the mair will ye win.

Let every man aim in his heart to excel,
Let every man ettle to fend for himself' ;
Aye nourish ye stern independence within :
The mair that ye work, aye the mair will ye win.

Ilka Blade o' Grass keps its ain drap o' Dew.

CONFIDE ye aye in Providence, for Providence is kind,
And bear ye a' life's changes wi' a calm and tranquil mind.
Tho' press'd and hemm'd on ev'ry side, ha'e faith and ye'll win
through,
For ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

Gin reft frae friends, or crost in love, as whiles nae doubt ye've
been,
Grief lies deep hidden in your heart, or tears flow frae your een ;
Believe it for the best, an' trow there's gude in store for you,
For ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

In lang lang days o' Simmer, when the clear and cludless sky
Refuses ae wec drap o' rain to Nature parch'd an' dry,
The genial night wi' balmy breath, gars verdure spring anew,
An' ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

So lest 'mid Fortune's sunshine we should feel owre proud an'
hie,
An' in our pride forget to wipe the tear frae poortith's ee ;
Some wec dark cluds o' sorrow come, we ken na whence or how,
But ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

J A M E S B E A T T I E . L L . D .

1735—1802.

By REV. JAMES McCOSH, LL.D. D.D.

LATE PROFESSOR OF LOGIC AND METAPHYSICS, QUEEN'S COLLEGE,
BELFAST; PRESIDENT NEW JERSEY COLLEGE, U.S.; AUTHOR OF "THE
SCOTTISH PHILOSOPHY, BIOGRAPHICAL, EXPOSITORY, AND CRITICAL,
FROM HUTCHESON TO HAMILTON," ETC., ETC.

JAMES BEATTIE, the poet and moral philosopher, was born 25th October, 1735, in a house at the north-east end of Laurencekirk, a village in the heart of the How of the Mearns in Kincardineshire. His father kept a small retail shop, and rented a small farm in the neighbourhood. He was educated at the parish school, and displayed an early taste for reading, especially books of poetry. In 1749 he entered Marischal College, Aberdeen, where he competed for, and received a bursary, where his classical tastes were at once discerned by Dr. Blackwell, and where, in future years, he studied philosophy under Dr. Gerard. In 1753 he was appointed schoolmaster of the parish of Fordoun, about six miles from Laurencekirk. He had all along a taste for the beauties of nature, and his poetical genius was kindled, and may have been partly guided into the direction which it took, by the peculiar scenery of that part of Kincardineshire, where a fine rich plain is seen stretching out, with the lofty Grampians as a background. It is reported of him, that at this period of his life he would saunter in the fields the livelong night, contemplating the sky, and marking the approach of day, and that he was particularly fond of wandering in a deep and finely-wooded glen in the neighbourhood of Fordoun. While at this place, he secured friends and patrons in the parish minister, in Lord Monboddo, and Lord Gardenstone. He seems to have attended divinity lectures during several winters at Aberdeen, with a view to the ministry, but he soon relinquished the pursuit. In 1757 he stood a competitive examination for the office of usher in the grammar-school of Aberdeen, and was defeated; but so satisfied were the judges of his qualifications, that, on the office falling vacant the following year, he was appointed to it without any further examination. In this more public position his literary abilities became known, and through the influence of some influential friends whom he had acquired, he was installed professor of moral philosophy and logic in Marischal College in 1760. About this time he became a member of a literary society, or club, where he associated with such eminent men as Reid, Campbell, Dr. John Gregory, and Gerard. In the year of his appointment to the chair, he published a small book of poems, entitled "Original Poems and Translations," which at once secured him a wide reputation as a true poet, and a man of high literary taste. As professor, he lectured and examined two or three hours every day, from November to April, on pneumatology, embracing psychology and natural theology, speculative

and practical ethics, economics, jurisprudence, politics, rhetoric and logic, with readings in Cicero and others of the ancient philosophers. As a moral philosopher, he felt himself called on to oppose the scepticism of which Hume was the champion. It appears from letters of Dr. John Gregory, published in Forbes' Life of Beattie, that atheism and materialism were at that time in high fashion, and were spouted by many who used the name of Hume, but who had never read his works, and who were incapable of understanding them. Dr. Reid was, meanwhile, examining the foundations of philosophy which Hume had turned to a sceptical use, and published in 1764 his "Inquiry into the Human Mind, on the Principles of Common Sense." Beattie followed in 1770 with the "Essay on the Nature and Immutability of Truth, in opposition to Sophistry and Scepticism." This work was his principal study for four years; he wrote it three times over, and some parts of it oftener. His object is—first, to trace the several kinds of evidence and reasoning up to their first principles, and in this part of the treatise he dwells largely on the difference between reason (reasoning) which perceives truth in consequence of a proof, and intuition, which perceives immediately; second, to show that his sentiments are in accordance with true philosophy, and the principles of the most eminent philosophers; and third, to answer sceptical objections. This work is not so profound or original as that of Reid. He errs in underestimating and disparaging Hume: he thought the sceptics unworthy of any kind of reserve or deference, and maintained that their reasonings were not only false, but ridiculous, and that their talents as philosophers and logicians were absolutely contemptible. He appeals, with Reid, to common sense, or intuition, as he frequently calls it; but his language and mode of argumentation are loose, and he is incapable of thoroughly estimating and stating the nature and laws of the necessary convictions of the mind. But the book is pointed and acute, and is very pleasantly written, and it had so rapid a sale, that in 1771 a second edition is demanded, and shortly after there are proposals to translate it into French, Dutch, and German. While engaged in these severer labours, he was at the same time cherishing what was evidently to him the more congenial occupation—his taste for poetry. So early as 1766 he is labouring, in the style and stanza of Spenser, at a poem, in which he proposes to give an account of the birth, education, and adventures of one of the old minstrels. The first book of the "Minstrel" was published anonymously in 1771, and the second book, with his name attached and a new edition of the first, in 1774. The personal incidents worthy of being recorded in his remaining life are not numerous. In 1767 he had married Miss Mary Dunn, who was afflicted with a tendency to mental disease, which broke out first in a distempered mind, and afterwards in open insanity, which greatly distressed the husband, and compelled him at last to provide for her living separate from him. His quiet life was varied by several visits paid to London, where, as he became known by his works, he received considerable attention, and was introduced to many literary men of eminence. On two several occasions he had the honour of an interview with George III., who had a great admiration of the character and object of his works, and granted him a pension. His defences of religion were highly prized by several of the bishops and a number of the clergy of the Church of England, and he was offered a rich living if he would take orders in that church. This he declined, not because he disapproved of the doctrine or worship of the Episcopal

Church, but he was apprehensive that by accepting preferment in the church he "might strengthen the hands of the gainsayer, and give the world some ground to believe that the love of the truth was not quite so ardent or so pure as he had pretended." In 1773 Oxford University conferred a degree upon him, Presbyterian though he was. In the same year he was offered the chair of moral philosophy in Edinburgh, but declined it, as he preferred Aberdeen as his sphere, and was indisposed to go to a place where he would be in the heart of those whom he had attacked. His declining days were embittered by trials which sank deep into his soul, such as the state of his wife, and the death, first of one and then the other of his sons. He died on October 5, 1802. The following are the titles with the dates of his works—"Poems," 1760; "Essay on Truth," 1770; "Minstrel," book i., 1771; book ii., 1774; "On Poetry and Music," "On Laughter and Ludicrous Composition," "On Classical Learning," 1776; "Dissertations on Memory and Imagination," "On Dreaming," "On the Theory of Language," "On Fable and Romance," "On the Attachments of Kindred," "On Illustrations of Sublimity," 1783; "Evidences of Christianity," 1786; "Elements of Moral Science," 1790-93. His poems will ever hold a place in the classical poetry of Great Britain. His "Minstrel" and his "Hermit" are exquisite poems of their kind. His prose works do not show much depth of thought, but are characterized by much ease and elegance. In his "Theory of Language" he argues strongly that speech is of divine origin. In his "Dissertation on the Imagination," he holds the theory, afterwards defended by Alison and Jeffrey, that the feeling of beauty arises from association of ideas. In person he was of the middle size, with something of a slouch in his gait, and in latter years he was inclined to corpulency. He had dark eyes, and a mild and somewhat pensive look. There is an account of his life and writings in a work of three volumes by Sir W. Forbes. This account contains many of his letters, which are full of criticisms of no great profundity, and display at once the amiabilities and weaknesses of the author.

To the Right Honourable Lady Charlotte Gordon,
DRESSED IN A TARTAN SCOTCH BONNET, WITH PLUMES.

WHY, lady, wilt thou bind thy lovely brow
With the dread semblance of that warlike helm,
That nodding plume, and wreath of various glow,
That graced the chiefs of Scotia's ancient realm ?
Thou know'st that Virtue is of power the source,
And all her magic to thy eyes is given ;
We own their empire, while we feel their force,
Beaming with the benignity of heaven.
The plumpy helmet, and the martial mien,
Might dignify Minerva's awful charms ;
But more resistless far th' Idalian queen—
Smiles, graces, gentleness, her only arms.

Elegy.

TIRED with the busy crowds, that all the day
Impatient throng where Folly's altars flame,
My languid powers dissolve with quick decay,
Till genial Sleep repair the sinking frame.

Hail, kind reviver ! that canst lull the cares,
And every weary sense compose to rest,
Lighten th' oppressive load which anguish bears,
And warm with hope the cold desponding breast.

Touched by thy rod, from Power's majestic brow
Drops the gay plume ; he pines a lowly clown ;
And on the cold earth stretched the son of Woe
Quaffs Pleasure's draught, and wears a fancied crown.

When roused by thee, on boundless pinions borne,
Fancy to fairy scenes exults to rove,
Now scales the cliff gay-gleaming on the morn,
Now sad and silent treads the deepening grove ;

Or skims the main, and listens to the storms,
Marks the long waves roll far remote away ;
Or mingling with ten thousand glittering forms,
Floats on the gale, and basks in purest day.

Haply, ere long, pierced by the howling blast,
Through dark and pathless deserts I shall roam,
Plunge down th' unfathomed deep, or shrink aghast
Where bursts the shrieking spectre from the tomb :

Perhaps loose Luxury's enchanting smile
Shall lure my steps to some romantic dale,
Where Mirth's light freaks th' unheeded hours beguile,
And airs of rapture warble in the gale.

Instructive emblem of this mortal state !
Where scenes as various every hour arise
In swift succession, which the hand of Fate
Presents, then snatches from our wondering eyes.

Be taught, vain man, how fleeting all thy joys,
 Thy boasted grandeur, and thy glittering store ;
 Death comes, and all thy fancied bliss destroys,
 Quick as a dream it fades, and is no more.

And, sons of Sorrow ; though the threatening storm
 Of angry Fortune overhang awhile,
 Let not her frowns your inward peace deform ;
 Soon happier days in happier climes shall smile.

Through Earth's thronged visions while we toss forlorn,
 'Tis tumult all, and rage, and restless strife ;
 But these shall vanish like the dreams of morn,
 When Death awakes us to immortal life.

The Hermit,

AT the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
 And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
 When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
 And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove :
 'Twas thus, by the cave of the mountain afar,
 While his harp rung symphonious, a hermit began ;
 No more with himself or with nature at war,
 He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man.

" Ah ! why, all abandoned to darkness and woe,
 Why, lone Philomela, that languishing fall ?
 For Spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
 And sorrow no longer thy bosom enthrall.
 But if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay,
 Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to mourn ;
 O soothe him, whose pleasures like thine pass away :
 Full quickly they pass—but they never return.

" Now gliding remote, on the verge of the sky,
 The Moon half-extinguished her crescent displays :
 But lately I marked, when majestic on high
 She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
 Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
 The path that conducts thee to splendour again :
 But man's faded glory what change shall renew ?
 Ah, fool ! to exult in a glory so vain !

“ ‘Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more :
 I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you ;
 For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
 Perfumed with fresh fragrance, and glittering with dew ;
 Nor yet for the ravage of Winter I mourn ;
 Kind Nature the embryo blossom will save :
 But when shall Spring visit the mouldering urn ?
 O when shall it dawn on the night of the grave ?”

“ ‘Twas thus, by the glare of false science betrayed,
 That leads, to bewilder, and dazzles, to blind,
 My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward to shade,
 Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.
 ‘O pity, great Father of light,’ then I cried,
 ‘Thy creature, who fain would not wander from Thee ;
 Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride :
 From doubt and from darkness Thou only canst free.’

“And darkness and doubt are now flying away ;
 No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn.
 So breaks on the traveller, faint, and astray,
 The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
 See Truth, Love, and Mercy, in triumph descending,
 And nature all glowing in Eden’s first bloom !
 On the cold cheek of Death smiles and roses are blending,
 And Beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.”

Epitaph, intended for Himself.

ESCAPED the gloom of mortal life, a soul
 Here leaves its mouldering tenement of clay,
 Safe, where no cares their whelming billows roll,
 No doubts bewilder, and no hopes betray.

Like thee, I once have stemmed the sea of life ;
 Like thee, have languished after empty joys ;
 Like thee, have laboured in the stormy strife ;
 Been grieved for trifles, and amused with toys.

Yet, for a while, 'gainst Passion’s threatful blast
 Let steady Reason urge the struggling oar ;
 Shot through the dreary gloom, the morn at last
 Gives to thy longing eye the blissful shore.

Forget my frailties, thou art also frail ;
 Forgive my lapses, for thyself may’st fall ;
 Nor read, unmoved, my artless tender tale,
 I was a friend, O man ! to thee, to all.

FRANCIS BENNOCH, F.R.S.L. F.S.A.

By BUTLER WOOD.

CHIEF LIBRARIAN, FREE LIBRARY, BRADFORD; FELLOW OF THE YORKSHIRE
LITERARY SOCIETY; MEMBER OF THE BRADFORD PHILOSOPHICAL
SOCIETY: MEMBER OF COUNCIL, BRADFORD HISTORICAL
AND ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY; ETC., ETC., ETC.

FRANCIS BENNOCH was born at Drumcool, in Durisdeer Parish, Dumfries-shire, on the 25th of June, 1812. At the age of sixteen he left his birthplace and went to London, where he was employed in one of the mercantile houses in the City. When he was twenty-five, he entered into partnership and commenced business as a silk merchant. In this venture he was successful and realized a large fortune, which, however, he was soon fated to lose. Subsequently his attention was directed to foreign commercial transactions, and these turned out so well that he was more than able to retrieve his former position. Being of a philanthropic disposition, he engaged in many schemes of benevolence connected with the city of London, where he was widely known and greatly respected. In his early life he associated with Wordsworth, Allan Cunningham, Samuel Rogers, Hawthorne, and many other literary celebrities of the time. Jerdan, too, was his friend, as may be seen from the passages in his autobiography. Bennoch was particularly bountiful in his aid to struggling artists and men of letters, many of whom, including the unfortunate Haydon, and Miss Mitford, were indebted to him for counsel and assistance. He published "The Storm, and other Poems": London, 1841; which passed into a second edition; and some other minor works at a later date. In 1877 appeared "Poems, Lyrics, and Sonnets," London, with portrait, and memoir of the author. Bennoch contributed many pieces in prose and verse to the "Dumfries Courier," besides other periodicals and newspapers. He was a member of the Society of Antiquaries, Royal Society of Literature, and the Society of Arts, while in his business relations he was a member of many Companies, and Chairman of others. He died at London in June, 1890, at the ripe age of seventy-eight.

My Books,

I LOVE my books as drunks love their wine ;
 The more I drink the more they seem divine ;
 With joy elate my soul in love runs o'er,
 And each fresh draught is sweeter than before !
 Books bring me friends where'er on earth I be,
 Solace of solitude,—bonds of society !

I love my books ! they are companions dear,
 Sterling in worth, in friendship most sincere ;
 Here talk I with the wise in ages gone,
 And with the nobly gifted of our own :
 If love, joy, laughter, sorrow, please my mind,
 Love, joy, grief, laughter in my books I find.

An Appeal for Peace,

During the Franco-German war.

O LUST of Conquest, Power, and Fame,
 Ambition, Wealth, and Pride !
 What evils follow in your train ;
 For you have millions died !
 Alas ! alas ! for bonny France !
 Her rivers Loire and Seine
 Run red with blood ; their sunny banks
 Are reeking with the slain.

O Europe, lift your mighty voice,
 And bid the carnage cease !
 From out the sea-walled citadel,
 O England plead for peace !
 Plead for the helpless, homeless ones,
 Childhood and hoary years ;
 Plead for the orphan's piteous cry,
 The wailing widow's tears.

Republic, Council, Kaiser, King,
 Forget not this DECREE,
 Each loving life your lust destroys
 Heaven will demand of thee ;
 Command, O God, Thou King of Kings,
 Break angry passions down ;
 That PEACE, and LOVE, and BROTHERHOOD
 May all the nations crown.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

BY RICHARD GARNETT, LL.D.

KEEPER OF THE PRINTED BOOKS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM, AUTHOR
OF THE LIVES OF "CARLYLE," "EMERSON," ETC., ETC., ETC.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE, emeritus Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh, claims, beyond most writers of the age, the distinction of versatility, not merely in subject, but in mental constitution. A Celt by temperament, a Greek by education and study: these conflicting factors of character seem alternately to prevail with him, and it is difficult to decide whether he can be best classed or will be best remembered as poet, philosopher, or practical politician. The teaching of Greek and the cultivation of Greek literature have been the official training of his life, but his Celtic affections and instincts, and his indomitable energy, restless and unbroken as ever at the age of eighty-two, have continually carried him into by-paths, followed up with so much ardour as to seem for the time the main purpose of his existence. Born at Glasgow in July 1809, Professor Blackie is by a few days the senior of Lord Tennyson. He supplemented his Aberdeen and Edinburgh training by study at Gottingen, Berlin, and Rome, and at the age of twenty-five evinced the energies which have ever distinguished him by a translation of *Faust*. At the same time he was called to the Scottish Bar, a profession which it is supposed he did not find congenial, since in 1841 he forsook it for the Professorship of Humanity in Marischal College, Aberdeen; a charge which seems to indicate that he must have paid considerably more attention to classical than to legal studies. His career at Marischal College must have been eminently successful, for in 1852 we find him elevated to one of the greatest educational positions Scotland has to bestow—the Greek professorship at Edinburgh—which he held for thirty years, retiring in 1882. His promotion may probably have been assisted by the fine translation of "Æschylus" he had published in the previous year, which still ranks among the two or three best in the language. The metrical form adopted for his version of the *Iliad* (1866) is, we think a mistake, but it deserves to be represented, and was no doubt better adapted to the translator's idiosyncracy than one admitting of greater polish. His "Songs and Legends of Ancient Greece," (1857); "Horæ Hellenicae," (1874); and "Wise men of Greece," (1887) are also interesting contributions to classical study; while his "Language and Literature of the Highlands" (1875) is still more important, because more peculiarly his own. His enthusiasm for the Highlands was

evinced yet more energetically in his persevering and successful efforts to procure the endowment of a Celtic chair, and in numerous discourses, letters, and peregrinations, undertaken mostly after his resignation of his Greek professorship, at an age when most men think only of repose. But Professor Blackie is indefatigable and indomitable: and the eccentricities of manner which have sometimes prevented a man of the most earnest convictions being taken quite seriously are mellowed by a ripe, ethical wisdom, sweet, sane, and living. These are especially manifested in his "Discourses in Beauty," (1852) and his "Self-Culture" (1873) the latter in the opinion of many, the most valuable of his writings.

Momenis.

IN the beauty of life's budding,
 When young pulses beat with hope,
 And a purple life is flooding
 Round thoughts blossoms as they ope.
 When the poets song is dearest,
 And, where sacred anthems swell,
 Every word of power thou hearest
 Holds thy spirit like a spell ;
 O these are moments, fateful moments,
 Big with issue—use them well !

When a sudden gust hath tumbled
 Hope's bright architecture down ;
 When some prouder fair hath humbled
 Thy proud passion with a frown ;
 When thy dearest friends deceive thee,
 And cold looks thy love repel,
 And the bitter humours grieve thee
 That make God's fair earth a hell,
 O these are moments, trying moments
 Meant to try thee—use them well !

When a flash of truth hath found thee,
 Where thy foot in darkness trod,
 When thick clouds dispart around thee,
 And thou standest nigh to God.
 When a noble soul comes near thee
 In whom kindred virtues dwell,
 That from faithless doubts can clear thee
 And with strengthening love compel ;
 O these are moments, rare fair moments ;
 Sing and shout, and use them well !

When a haughty threat hath cowed thee
 And with weak, unmanly shame,
 Ignoble thou hast bowed thee
 To the terror of a name ;
 And then God holds the mirror
 Where thy better self doth dwell,
 And thou dost start with terror,
 And thy tears gush like a well ;
 O these are moments, blessed moments,
 Weep and pray and use them well !

In the pride of thy succeeding,
 When beneath thy high command,
 Every soul must own the leading
 Of thy strong controlling hand ;
 When wide cheers of acclamation,
 Round thy march of triumph swell,
 And the plaudits of a nation
 Every thought of fear expel ;
 O these are moments, slippery moments,
 Watch and pray and use them well !

When the term of life hath found thee,
 And thou smilest upon fate,
 And the golden sheaves around thee
 For the angels' sickle wait ;
 When the pure love thou achievest
 Doth the mortal pang expel,
 And a shining track thou leavest
 To dear friends that love thee well ;
 O these are moments, happy moments,
 Bless God, with whom all issues dwell !

Advice to a Favourite Student on Leaving College.

DEAR youth, grey books no blossoms bear ;
 Thou hast enough of learning ;
 For life's green fields thy march prepare
 And take my friendly warning.
 I would not have thee longer stay,
 To read of others' striving ;
 Wield thine own arm !—the only way
 To know life is by living.

The brain's a small part of a man ;
 Thought has wide dominions ;
 Thou canst not lift the smallest stone
 By speculation's pinions.
 Who learns an art by lifeless rule
 Through mists will still be blinking ;
 The subtlest thinker is a fool,
 Who spins more webs of thinking.

The times are feverish ; mark me well !
 Have faith and patience by thee ;
 Unless thou curl into thy shell,
 Thou'l find enough to try thee.
 But that's a weak device. I know
 Thou'l face it free and fearless ;
 But O ! beware the greater foe,
 A spirit proud and prayerless !

I love a bold and venturous boy,
 Who, full of fresh devotion,
 Launches with large and liberal joy
 On life's wide-rolling ocean.
 But there are rocks ; and blind to steer
 Where thoughtless folly's merit :
 Clothe thou thy force with holy fear,
 And keep a watchful spirit.

Where eager crowds contend for pelf,
 The seller and the buyer,
 Each one free range seeks for himself
 And cares for nothing higher.
 Make honey in an ordered hive,
 Nor join the lawless scramble,
 Of men, with whom in life to thrive
 Is with good luck to gamble.

We live in days when all would climb
 With hot, high-strung employment ;
 Some rage in prose, some writhe in rhyme,
 All hate a calm enjoyment.
 Freedom's the watchword of the hour ;
 But O ! 'tis melancholy,
 When every bubbling brain has power
 To drown calm thought with folly !

The age is full of talkers. Thou
 Be silent for a season,
 Till slowly-ripening facts shall grow
 Into a stable reason.

Pert writhings fling crude fancies round
 As wanton whim conceits them,
 Pleased when from fools the echoed sound
 Of their own folly greets them.

Nurse thou, where eager babble spreads,
 A quiet brooding nature,
 Nor strive by lopping taller heads,
 To raise thy lesser stature.
 Eschew the cavilling critic's art,
 The lust of loud reproving ;
 The brain by knowledge grows, the heart
 Is larger made by loving.

All things we cannot know. At sea
 As when a good ship saileth,
 Our steps within the planks are free,
 Beyond all cunning faileth.
 So man as by a living bond
 Of circling powers is bounded ;
 Within the line is ours, beyond
 The sharpest wit's confounded.

What things thou knowest, nicely know
 With curious fine dissection ;
 The smallest mite can something show
 That chains thy rapt inspection.
 Where all with holy caution move,
 In God thy life is moving ;
 All things with reverent patience prove,
 'Tis God's will thou art proving.

What thing thou doest, bravely do ;
 When Heaven's clear call hath found thee,
 Follow ! with fervid wheels pursue,
 Though thousands bray around thee !
 Yet keep thy zeal in rein ; despise
 No gentle preparation ;
 Flash not God's truth on blinking eyes,
 With reckless inspiration !

Farewell ! my brave, my bright-eyed boy !
 And from the halls of learning
 Thy face, my long familiar joy,
 Take, with this friendly warning.
 And when with weighty truth thou'rt fraught,
 From life, the earnest preacher,
 Think sometimes with a kindly thought
 On me, thy faithful teacher.

REV. THOMAS BLACKLOCK, D.D.

1721—1791.

BY LESLIE STEPHEN, M.A.

LATE EDITOR "CORNHILL MAGAZINE;" FORMERLY CLARK LECTURER IN
ENGLISH LITERATURE, TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE;
EDITOR "THE DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY," ETC., ETC., ETC.

THOMAS BLACKLOCK, poet, was born at Annan, Dumfriesshire, in 1721. His parents were natives of Cumberland, poor but well educated. His father was a bricklayer. When six months old he lost his sight by an attack of smallpox. His misfortune and his gentle disposition won much sympathy. His friends read poetry to him, especially Spenser, Milton, Prior, Addison, Pope, and A. Ramsay. He acquired a little Latin, and at the age of twelve attempted to write poetry himself. His father was killed by an accident when the son was nineteen. Meanwhile his manuscripts were handed about and gained some attention. Dr. Stevenson, an eminent physician at Edinburgh, brought him to that city in 1741, and supported him entirely at the grammar school for four years. Upon the rebellion of 1745 he retired to Dumfries, and lived with a Mr. McMurdo, who had married his sister; he afterwards returned to Edinburgh to study at the university. In 1746 he had published an octavo volume of poems. A second edition of these was published in the winter of 1753-4. Blacklock had meanwhile become known to David Hume, who exerted himself to serve the young man by circulating his poems and recommending their author for tutorships or similar employments. In December 1754, Hume, who had been appointed librarian in 1752 by the Faculty of Advocates at a salary of 40l., had a dispute as to the management of the library. He was unwilling to give up his right to use the books, and therefore showed his indignation by giving to Blacklock a 'bond of annuity' for the salary, whilst retaining the office. Hume resigned the office two years afterwards. (BURTON'S *Hume*, i. 393; ii. 18). Meanwhile he had written a long and interesting account of Blacklock to Joseph Spence, the friend of Pope (printed in Burton, i. 388, and Spence's *Anecdotes*, 448). Blacklock, we learn from this, had been patronised by Stevenson and Provost Alexander; he had learnt Latin and Greek, and would have been made professor of Greek at Aberdeen but for a timidity which disqualified him for managing boys. He had made 100 guineas by the last edition of his poems; he had a bursary of 6l. a year; and Hume with some friends had allowed him twelve guineas a year for five years. Thirty pounds a year, added Hume, would make this 'man of fine genius' easy and happy. Spence had already seen Blacklock's

poems, Hume having sent some copies to Dodsley for distribution among men of taste, and had undertaken to bring out an edition by subscription. An 'Account of the Life, Character, and Poems of Mr. Blacklock, Student of Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh,' written by Spence, appeared in 1754, and was prefixed to an edition of the poems in 1756. All reference to Hume is avoided in the account; and Spence insisted upon the omission of a complimentary mention of Hume in an ode on 'Refinements in Metaphysical Philosophy.' Blacklock resisted, but Hume, accidentally hearing of the controversy, authorised Spence to make the omission (Burton, i. 436). 'That foolish fellow, Spence,' said Johnson to Boswell (5 Aug. 1763), 'has laboured to explain philosophically' how Blacklock achieved an impossibility, *viz.*, to describe visible objects without sight. The explanation, indeed, is easy, for Blacklock's poems are mere echoes of the poetical language of his time, and show little more than a facility for stringing together rhymes. He would, we are told, dictate thirty or forty verses as fast as they could be written down. Whilst doing so he acquired a trick of nervous vibration of his body which became habitual.

By Hume's advice, Blacklock abandoned a project of lecturing on oratory, and studied divinity. He was licensed as a preacher in 1759. In 1762 he married Miss Sarah Johnston, daughter of a surgeon in Dumfries, and about the same time was presented by the crown, on the application of Lord Selkirk, to the ministry of Kircudbright. The parishioners objected to him on account of his blindness, and Blacklock, whose nervous timidity was much tried by the controversy, retired after two years' legal dispute, receiving a small annuity from the parish. He returned to Edinburgh in 1764, and took pupils to board in his house. Amongst them was Joseph, eldest son of Hume's elder brother, John Hume of Ninewells (Burton, ii. 399). For some unexplained reason Blacklock became alienated from Hume, who at this time was still trying to help him. In 1770 he published in the 'Edinburgh Courant' a brief analysis of Beattie's 'Essay on Truth,' directed against Hume's principles (Forbes' *Beattie*, i. 173, 218). He continued to take pupils till growing infirmity caused his retirement in 1787.

In 1767 the University and Marischal College of Aberdeen conferred upon him the degree of D.D. at the suggestion of Beattie, who had exchanged complimentary verses with him, and who became his friend and correspondent. He wrote a letter (4 Sept. 1786) to Burns upon the first appearance of the poems. Burns says that this letter induced him to give up his intended emigration, and to go to Edinburgh, where Blacklock received him kindly and introduced him to many friends. Some complimentary poems afterwards passed between the two. He died 7th July, 1791, after a week's illness. He seems to have been very amiable, playful, and kindly to the young, though subject to nervous depression. A curious story is told by Anderson (*British Poets*, vol. xi.) of his joining a party in a state of somnambulism. He was fond of music and carried a flageolet in his pocket, the use of which he said had been suggested to him in a dream. A 'Pastoral Song,' set to music by him, appeared in 1774.

Besides the above works he published—1. *Paraclesis, or Consolations deduced from Natural and Revealed Religion*; two dissertations, the first (erroneously) supposed to have been composed by Cicero, now rendered into English, the last originally written by Dr. Blacklock, 1767. 2. *Translation*

from the French of Armand of two discourses on the Spirit and Evidences of Christianity, with a dedication from his own pen, 1768. 3. 'The Graham, an heroic ballad in four cantos,' 1774. This poem, intended to promote harmony between Scotch and English, was thought unworthy of a place in his works. He wrote an article on blindness for the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and perhaps one on poetry. A conversation with Johnson is given in the "Tour to the Hebrides," and a letter of Blacklock's to Boswell in regard to it is given in an appendix to later editions. He also wrote, in 1756, an "Essay towards Universal Etymology," in verse; and in 1773 a satire called "A Panegyric upon Great Britain." An edition of his poems was published in 1793, with a life by Henry Mackenzie, the 'man of feeling.' He left a translation (never published) of the Abbé Haüy's work on the education of the blind.

To Dr. Beattie.

O, WARM'D by inspiration's brightest fire,
For whom the Muses string their fav'rite lyre,
Tho' with superior genius blest, yet deign
A kind reception to my humbler strain.

When florid youth impell'd, and fortune smil'd,
The vocal art my languid hours beguil'd :
Severer studies now my life engage ;
Researches dull, that quench poetic rage.

From morn to ev'ning destin'd to explore
Th' verbal critic and the scholiast's lore ;
Alas ! what beam of heav'nly ardour shines
In musty lexicons and school divines ?

Yet to the darling object of my heart,
A short but pleasing retrospect I dart ;
Revolve the labour of the tuneful quire,
And what I cannot imitate, admire.

O could my thoughts with all thy spirit glow ;
As thine harmonious, could my accents flow ;
Then, with approving ear, might'st thou attend,
Nor in a Blacklock blush to own a friend.

To the Rev. Dr. Ogilvie.

DEAR to the Muses and their tuneful train,
 Whom, long pursu'd, I scarce at last regain ;
 Why should'st thou wonder, if, when life declines,
 His antiquated lyre thy friend resigns.
 Haply, when youth elate with native force,
 Or emulation fires the generous horse,
 He bounds, he springs, each nerve elastic strains,
 And if not victor, some distinction gains ;
 But should the careless master of the steed
 Cherish no more his mettle nor his speed,
 Indignantly he shuns all future strife,
 And wastes in indolent regret his life.
 Such were his efforts, such his cold reward,
 Whom once thy partial tongue pronounc'd a Bard ;
 Excursive on the gentle gales of Spring,
 He rov'd, whilst favour imp'd his timid wing ;
 Exhausted genius now no more inspires,
 But mourns abortive hopes and faded fires ;
 The short-liv'd wreath, which once his temples grac'd
 Fades at the sickly breath of squeamish taste ;
 Whilst darker days his fainting flames immure
 In cheerless gloom and Winter premature.
 But thou, my friend, whom higher omens lead,
 Bold to achieve and mighty to succeed,
 For whom fresh laurels in eternal bloom
 Impregnate heav'n and earth with rich perfume ;
 Pursue thy destin'd course, assert thy fame,
 Ev'n providence shall vindicate thy claim ;
 Ev'n Nature's wreck, resounding thro' thy lays,
 Shall in it's final crash proclaim thy praise.

Ode to Aurora.

Of Time and Nature eldest born,
 Emerge, thou rosy-finger'd morn,
 Emerge, in purest dress array'd,
 And chase from heav'n night's envious shade,
 That I once more may, pleas'd, survey,
 And hail Melissa's natal day.

Of Time and Nature eldest born,
 Emerge, thou rosy-finger'd morn,
 In order at the eastern gate
 The Hours to draw thy chariot wait ;
 Whilst Zephyr, on his balmy wings,
 Mild Nature's fragrant tribute brings,
 With odours sweet to strew thy way,
 And grace the bland, revolving day.

But as thou lead'st the radiant sphere,
 That gilds its birth and marks the year,
 And as his stronger glories rise,
 Diffus'd around th' expanded skies,
 Till cloth'd with beams serenely bright,
 All heav'n's vast concave flames with light ;
 So, when, thro' life's protracted day,
 Melissa still pursues her way,
 Her virtues with thy splendour vie,
 Increasing to the mental eye ;
 Tho' less conspicuous, not less dear,
 Long may they Bion's prospect cheer ;
 So shall his heart no more repine,
 Bless'd with her rays, tho' robb'd of thine.

Extempore Verses.

THOU, genius of connubial love, attend ;
 Let silent wonder all thy powers suspend ;
 Whilst to thy glory I devote my lays,
 And pour forth all my grateful heart in praise.

In lifeless strains let vulgar satire tell,
 That marriage oft is mixt with Heav'n and Hell,
 That conjugal delight is sour'd with spleen,
 And peace and war compose the varied scene ;
 My Muse a truth sublimer can assert,
 And sing the triumphs of a mutual heart.
 Thrice happy they, who through life's varied tide,
 With equal peace and gentler motion glide ;
 Whom tho' the wave of fortune sinks or swells,
 One reason governs, and one wish impels ;
 Whose emulation is to love the best ;
 Who feel no bliss, but in each other blest ;
 Who know no pleasure but the joys they give,
 Nor cease to love, but when they cease to live :
 If fate these blessings in one lot combine,
 Then let th' eternal page record them mine.

REV. ROBERT BLAIR.

1699—1746.

By EDMUND GOSSE M.A.

CLARK LECTURER IN ENGLISH LITERATURE AT TRINITY
COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE; AUTHOR OF "STUDIES IN THE LITERATURE OF
NORTHERN EUROPE," "SEVENTEENTH CENTURY STUDIES," "FROM
SHAKESPEARE TO POPE: AN ENQUIRY INTO THE CAUSES AND
PHENOMENA OF CLASSICAL POETRY IN ENGLAND."
ETC. ETC. ETC.

ROBERT BLAIR, author of the 'Grave,' was born in Edinburgh in 1699, the eldest son of the Rev. David Blair, a minister of the old church of Edinburgh, and one of the chaplains to the king. His mother's maiden name was Euphemia Nisbet, daughter of Alexander Nisbet of Carfin. Hugh Blair, the writer on oratory, was his first cousin. David Blair died in his son's infancy, on 10 June 1710. Robert was educated at the University of Edinburgh, and took a degree in Holland. Nothing has been discovered with regard to the details of either curriculum. From about 1718 to 1730 he seems to have lived in Edinburgh as an unemployed probationer, having received license to preach, 15 August 1729. In the second part of a miscellany, entitled 'Lugubres Cantus,' published at Edinburgh in 1719, there occurs an 'Epistle to Robert Blair,' which adds nothing to our particular information. He is believed to have belonged to the Athenian Society, a small literary club in Edinburgh, which published in 1720 the 'Edinburgh Miscellany.' The pieces in this volume are anonymous, but family tradition has attributed to Robert Blair two brief paraphrases of scripture which it contains, and Callender, its editor, is known to have been his intimate friend. In 1728 he published, in a quarto pamphlet, a 'Poem dedicated to the Memory of William Law,' professor of philosophy in Edinburgh. This contained 140 lines of elegiac verse. In 1731 Blair was appointed to the living of Athelstaneford in East Lothian, to which he was ordained by the presbytery of Haddington on 5 January of that year. In 1738 he married Isabella, the daughter of his deceased friend, Professor Law; she bore him five sons and one daughter, and survived him until 1774. He possessed a private fortune, and he gave up so much of his leisure as his duties would grant him to the study of botany and of the old English poets. Before he left Edinburgh he had begun to sketch a poem on the subject of the 'Grave.' At Athelstaneford he leisurely composed this poem, and about

1742 began to make arrangements for its publication. He had formed the acquaintance of Dr. Isaac Watts, who had paid him, he says, 'many civilities.' He sent the manuscript of the 'Grave' to Dr. Watts, who offered it 'to two different London book-sellers, both of whom, however, declined to publish it, expressing a doubt whether any person living three hundred miles from town could write so as to be acceptable to the fashionable and the polite.' In the same year, however, 1742, Blair wrote to Dr. Doddridge, and interested him in the poem, which was eventually published, in quarto, in 1743. It enjoyed an instant and signal success, but Blair was neither tempted out of his solitude nor persuaded to repeat the experiment which had been so happy. His biographer says: 'His tastes were elegant and domestic. Books and flowers seem to have been the only rivals in his thoughts. His rambles were from his fireside to his garden; and, although the only record of his genius is of a gloomy character, it is evident that his habits and life contributed to render him cheerful and happy.' He died of a fever on 4th February, 1746, and was buried under a plain stone, which bears the initials R.B., in the churchyard of Athelstaneford. Although he had published so little, no posthumous poems were found in his possession, and his entire works do not amount to one thousand lines.

The 'Grave' was the first and best of a whole series of mortuary poems. In spite of the epigrams of conflicting partisans, 'Night Thoughts' must be considered as contemporaneous with it, and neither preceding nor following it. There can be no doubt, however, that the success of Blair encouraged Young to persevere in his far longer and more laborious undertaking. Blair's verse is less rhetorical, more exquisite, than Young's, and, indeed, his relation to that writer, though too striking to be overlooked, is superficial. He forms a connecting link between Otway and Crabbe, who are his nearest poetical kinsmen. His one poem, the 'Grave,' contains seven hundred and sixty-seven lines of blank verse. It is very unequal in merit, but supports the examination of modern criticism far better than most productions of the second quarter of the eighteenth century. As philosophical literature it is quite without value; and it adds nothing to theology; it rests solely upon its merits as romantic poetry. The poet introduces his theme with an appeal to the grave as the monarch whose arm sustains the keys of hell and death (1-10); he describes, in verse that singularly reminds us of the seventeenth century, the physical horror of the tomb (11-27), and the ghastly solitude of a lonely church at night (28-44). He proceeds to describe the churchyard (45-84), bringing in the schoolboy 'whistling aloud to keep his courage up,' and the widow. This leads him to a reflection on friendship, and how sorrow's crown of sorrow is put on in bereavement (85-110). The poetry up to this point has been of a very fine order; here it declines. A consideration of the social changes produced by death (111-122), and the passage of persons of distinction (123-155), leads on to a homily upon the vain pomp and show of funerals (156-182). Commonplaces about the devouring tooth of time (183-206) lead to the consideration that in the grave rank and precedence (207-236), beauty (237-256), strength (257-285), science (286-296), and eloquence (297-318) become a mockery and a jest; and the idle pretensions of doctors (319-336) and of misers (337-368) are ridiculed. At this point the poem recovers its dignity and music. The terror of death is very nobly described (369-381), and the madness of suicides is scourged in verse which is almost Shakespear-

ian (382-430). Our ignorance of the after world (431-446), and the universality of death, with man's unconsciousness of his position (447-500), lead the poet to a fine description of the medley of death (501-540) and the brevity of life (541-599). The horror of the grave is next attributed to sin (600-633), and the poem closes somewhat feebly and ineffectually with certain timid and perfunctory speculations about the mode in which the grave will respond to the Resurrection trumpet.

The Grave.

WHILST some affect the sun, and some the shade,
 Some flee the city, some the hermitage ;
 Their aims as various as the roads they take
 In journeying through life ;—the task be mine
 To paint the gloomy horrors of the tomb ;
 Th' appointed place of rendezvous, where all
 These travellers meet. Thy succours I implore,
 Eternal King, whose potent arm sustains
 The keys of hell and death. The grave, dread thing !
 Men shiver when thou'rt named : Nature appall'd,
 Shakes off her wonted firmness. Ah ! how dark
 Thy long-extended realms and rueful wastes !
 Where nought but silence reigns, and night, dark night,
 Dark as was chaos, ere the infant sun
 Was roll'd together, or had try'd his beams
 Athwart the gloom profound. The sickly taper,
 By glimm'ring through thy low-brow'd misty vaults,
 Furr'd round with mouldy damps and ropy slime,
 Lets fall a supernumerary horror,
 And only serves to make thy night more irksome.
 Well do I know thee by thy trusty yew,
 Cheerless, unsocial plant ; that loves to dwell
 'Midst skulls and coffins, epitaphs, and worms :
 Where light-heel'd ghosts and visionary shades,
 Beneath the wan cold moon, as fame reports,
 Embodi'd, thick, perform their mystic rounds.
 No other merriment, dull tree, is thine.
 See yonder hallow'd fane ; the pious work
 Of names once fam'd, now dubious or forgot,
 And bury'd 'midst the wreck of things which were ;
 There lie interr'd the more illustrious dead.
 The wind is up ! Hark, how it howls ! Methinks
 Till now I never heard a sound so dreary :
 Doors creak and windows clap, and night's foul bird
 Rook'd in the spire, screams loud : the gloomy aisles,
 Black plaster'd and hung round with shreds of 'scutcheons,

And tatter'd coats of arms, send back the sound
 Laden with heavier airs, from the low vaults,
 The mansions of the dead. Rous'd from their slumbers,
 In grim array the grisly spectres rise,
 Grin horrible, and obstinately sullen,
 Pass and repass, hush'd as the foot of night.
 Again the screech-owl shrieks, ungracious sound !
 I'll hear no more ; it makes one's blood run chill.

Quite round the pile, a row of reverend elms,
 Coeval near with that, all ragged show,
 Long lash'd by the rude winds. Some rift half-down
 Their branchless trunks ; others so thin a-top
 That scarce two crows could lodge in the same tree.
 Strange things, the neighbours say, have happen'd here :
 Wild shrieks have issued from the hollow tombs :
 Dead men have come again, and walk'd about ;
 And the great bell has toll'd, unrung, untouch'd ;
 Such tales their cheer at wake or gossiping,
 When it draws near to witching time of night.

Oft in the lone churchyard at night I've seen,
 By glimpse of moon-shine chequering through the trees,
 The school-boy with his satchel in his hand,
 Whistling aloud to bear his courage up,
 And lightly tripping o'er the long flat stones,
 With nettles skirted and with moss o'ergrown,
 That tell in homely phrase who lie below.
 Sudden he starts, and hears, or thinks he hears,
 The sound of something purring at his heels ;
 Full fast he flies and dares not look behind him,
 Till, out of breath, he overtakes his fellows,
 Who gather round and wonder at the tale
 Of horrid apparition, tall and ghastly,
 That walks at dead of night, or takes his stand
 O'er some new open'd grave ; and, strange to tell,
 Evanishes at crowing of the cock.

The new-made widow too I've sometimes spied,
 Sad sight ! slow moving o'er the prostrate dead :
 Listless, she crawls along in doleful black,
 Whilst bursts of sorrow gush from either eye,
 Fast falling down her now untasted cheek.
 Prone on the lowly grave of the dear man
 She drops ; whilst busy meddling memory
 In barbarous succession musters up
 The past endearments of their softer hours,
 Tenacious of its theme. Still, still she thinks
 She sees him, and indulging the fond thought,
 Clings yet more closely to the senseless turf,
 Nor heeds the passenger who looks that way.

Invidious grave ! How dost thou rend in sunder
 Whom love has knit, and sympathy made one ?

A tie more stubborn far than nature's band.
 Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul ;
 Sweetner of life, and solder of society,
 I owe thee much. Thou hast deserv'd from me,
 Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.
 Oft have I prov'd the labours of thy love,
 And the warm efforts of thy gentle heart,
 Anxious to please. Oh ! when my friend and I
 In some thick wood have wander'd heedless on,
 Hid from the vulgar eye, and sat us down
 Upon the sloping cowslip-cover'd bank,
 Where the pure limpid stream has slid along
 In grateful errors through the under-wood,
 Sweet murmuring ; methought the shrill-tongu'd thrush
 Mended his song of love ; the sooty black-bird
 Mellow'd his pipe, and soften'd every note :
 The eglantine smell'd sweeter, and the rose
 Assum'd a dye more deep ; whilst ev'ry flower
 Vied with its fellow plant in luxury
 Of dress. Oh ! then, the longest summer's day
 Seem'd too, too much in haste ! still the full heart
 Had not imparted half ; 'twas happiness
 Too exquisite to last. Of joys departed,
 Not to return, how painful the remembrance !

Of the Destruction of the Canaanites.

BEHOLD the slaughter of a cursed race !
 Too full of sin to share the acts of grace !
 Whom heaven, with unrelenting fury, slew,
 When Israel's hero, like a tempest, flew
 O'er ravaged cities of the conquered land,
 And o'er each province stretch'd the wide command
 Till at the conquest sun and moon amazed
 Forgot their course and on the carnage gazed.
 Wond'ring they stand, and dreadful vengeance view,
 Yet smile with joy and noble actions show
 Where destined foes, who blindly them ador'd
 Were struck with fear, and spoiled by the sword.
 Too great the success, and too great the fight,
 Th' exploit too glorious for the shades of night.
 Blest dismal day ! when under Heaven's command
 Great Jacob's seed with a victorious hand
 Against the pagan enemies appeared,
 While zeal for God, did bear its own reward,
 Each soldier hereby in the glorious cause,
 Another Samson, or a David was.



REV. HORATIO BONAR, D.D.

1808—1889.

REV. CHARLES ROGERS, LL.D. F.S.A.

THE most popular of living evangelical hymn writers, and an eminent and voluminous theological scholar, Horatius Bonar was born at Edinburgh, on the 19th of December, 1808. His father, Mr. James Bonar, a man of eminent piety and accomplished scholarship, was solicitor of excise, an office now abolished. His ancestors for several successive generations were ministers of the Church of Scotland. He was educated at the High School and the University of his native city. After engaging for some time in missionary labour at Leith, he was ordained to the ministry at Kelso, in November 1837. His first literary efforts appeared in the shape of religious tracts, since published in a volume under the title of "The Kelso Tracts." He next published a work by which he became widely known, "The Night of Weeping," which was followed by other two works of the same series, "The Morning of Joy," and "The Eternal Day." Of his subsequent publications, the more conspicuous are, "Prophetic Landmarks," "The Coming and the Kingdom of the Lord Jesus," "A Stranger Here," "Man; his Religion and his World," "The Story of Grace," "The Blood of the Cross," "Days and Nights in the East, or, Illustrations of Bible Scenes," "Catechisms of the Scottish Reformation," "Fifty-two Short Sermons for Family Readings," "God's Way of Peace: a Book for the Anxious," "God's Way of Holiness," "The Land of Promise: Notes of a Spring Journey from Beersheba to Sidon," "The Desert of Sinai: Notes on a Journey from Cairo to Beersheba," and, "Light and Truth: or, Bible Thoughts and Themes." To these must be added his poetical works, consisting of his "Lyra Consolationis," and "Hymns of Faith and Hope," of which a third series has been published. Dr. Bonar now ministers to the congregation of the Chalmer's Memorial Free Church, Grange, Edinburgh. [The Rev. Dr. Bonar died July 31st, 1889. Ed.]

The Meeting Place.

WHERE the faded flower shall freshen,
 Freshen never more to fade ;
Where the shaded sky shall brighten—
 Brighten never more to shade :
Where the sun-blaze never scorches,
 Where the star-beams cease to chill ;
Where no tempest stirs the echoes
 Of the wood, or wave, or hill :
Where the morn shall wake in gladness,
 And the noon the joy prolong,
Where the daylight dies in fragrance,
 'Mid the burst of holy song :
 Brother, we shall meet and rest
 'Mid the holy and the blest !

Where no shadow shall bewilder,
 Where life's vain parade is o'er,
Where the sleep of sin is broken,
 And the dreamer dreams no more ;
Where the bond is never sever'd,
 Partings, clasplings, sob and moan,
Midnight waking, twilight weeping,
 Heavy noon tide, all are done :
Where the child has found its mother,
 Where the mother finds the child,
Where dear families are gather'd
 That were scatter'd on the wild :
 Brother, we shall meet and rest
 'Mid the holy and the blest !

Where the hidden wound is healed,
 Where the blighted life re-blooms,
Where the smitten heart the freshness
 Of its buoyant youth resumes ;
Where the love that here we lavish
 On the withering leaves of time,
Shall have fadeless flowers to fix on
 In an ever spring-bright clime :
Where we find the joy of loving,
 As we never loved before,
Loving on, unchill'd, unhinder'd,
 Loving once and evermore :
 Brother, we shall meet and rest
 'Mid the holy and the blest !

Where a blasted world shall brighten
 Underneath a bluer sphere,
 And a softer, gentler sunshine,
 Shed its healing splendour here ;
 Where earth's barren vales shall blossom
 Putting on their robe of green,
 And a purer, fairer Eden
 Be where only wastes have been :
 Where a king in kingly glory,
 Such as earth has never known,
 Shall assume the righteous sceptre,
 Claim and wear the holy crown :
 Brother, we shall meet and rest
 'Mid the holy and the blest !

Praise.

PRAISES to Him who built the hills ;
 Praises to Him the streams who fills ;
 Praises to Him who lights each star
 That sparkles in the blue afar.
 Praises to Him who makes the morn,
 And bids it glow with beams new-born ;
 Who draws the shadows of the night,
 Like curtains o'er our wearied sight.
 Praises to Him whose love has given
 In Christ His Son, the Life of heaven ;
 Who for our darkness gives us light,
 And turns to day our deepest night.
 Praises to Him, in grace who came
 To bear our woe, and sin, and shame ;
 Who lived to die, who died to rise
 The God-accepted sacrifice.
 Praises to Him, the chain who broke,
 Opened the prison, burst the yoke ;
 Sent forth its captives glad and free,
 Heirs to an endless liberty.
 Praises to Him who sheds abroad
 Within our hearts the love of God ;
 The Spirit of all truth and peace,
 Fountain of joy and holiness.
 To Father, Son, and Spirit now
 The hands we lift, the knees we bow ;
 To Jah-Jehovah thus we raise
 The sinner's endless song of praise.





SIR WALTER SCOTT.



ROBERT BURNS.



JAMES MONTGOMERY.



JAMES I.



JOHN HOME.



ALLAN RAMSEY.



JAMES BEATTIE, M.A. LL.D. D.C.L.

SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL.

1775—1822.

By J. W. GIBSON, LL.D.

SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL, antiquary and poet, eldest son of James Boswell the biographer, was born on October 9th, 1775, at the family mansion at Auchinleck, Ayrshire, and named after his grandfather, the Scotch judge, then living there. Along with his brother James he was educated at Westminster and Oxford. At his father's death in 1795 he succeeded to Auchinleck, and in the same year commenced the tour of Europe. He wrote, at Leipzig, 'Taste Life's Glad Moments,' a translation of Usteri's poem 'Freu't euch des Lebens.' Being an enthusiastic lover of Burns's poetry, he composed in his native dialect several songs which were exceedingly popular, and in 1803 collected them into a volume, published anonymously, 'Songs chiefly in the Scottish Dialect,' Edin. 8vo. These are very graphic, full of Scotch humour, but coarse at times.

Having settled at Auchinleck, he studied the literature of his country, and imitated the ancient ballad style. In 1803 he published 'The Spirit of Tintoc, or Johnny Bell and the Kelpie,' Edin. 8vo. The same year he published an 'Epistle to the Edinburgh Reviewers,' in verse, by A.B., Edin. 4to. To George Thompson's 'Select Collection of Original Welsh Airs,' Edin. 1809, fol., he contributed five songs. His next book was anonymous, 'Edinburgh, or the Ancient Royalty; a Sketch of Former Manners,' by Simon Gray, Edin. 1810, 12mo. In 1811, with his name affixed, appeared 'Clan Alpin's Vow,' a fragment, Edin. 8vo. (second edition, London, 1817, 8vo). 'Sir Albyn,' a poem, burlesquing the style and rhythm of Scott, was published in 1812. Turning his attention to the literary heirlooms of Auchinleck, in 1811 he published from a manuscript 'A Breefe Memoriall of the Lyfe and Death of Dr. James Spottiswood, Bishop of Clogher in Ireland, . . .' Edin. 4to. and he reprinted from a unique copy of a black-letter

work, originally published by Knox himself, the disputation between Quintine Kennedy, Commendatour of Crosraguell and John Knox, entitled 'Ane Oratioun . . . 1561,' Edin. 1812, 4to. To George Thompson's 'Select Collection of Original Irish Airs,' Edin. 1814, fol., he contributed seven songs, of which 'Paddy O'Rafferty' and 'The Pulse of an Irishman' are well known.

In 1815 he established a private press at Auchinleck. A gossiping letter, telling of his difficulties in the undertaking, addressed to Dibden in 1817, is given in the 'Decameron' along with an engraving of the thatched cottage, his printing office, 'Officina Typographica Straminca.' Here as first fruits, appeared 'The Tyrant's Fall,' a poem on Waterloo, by Alexander Boswell, Auchinleck, printed by A. and J. Boswell, 1815, 8vo; 'Sheldon Haughs, or the Sow is Flitted,' 1816, 8vo. a quaint rendering of an Ayrshire tradition; and the 'Woo'-creel, or the Bull o' Bashun,' 1816, a poem after the manner of Allan Ramsay. This year he contributed some lyrics to Campbell's 'Albyn's Anthology,' Edin. fol. We hear of him continually in the papers of this time. At the annual festival of the Harveian Society of Edinburgh he sang one of his topical songs on the Institution, its founder and members, 'Song . . . Harveian Anniversary,' Edin. 1816, 8vo. The society elected him poet laureate, as is shown by a poem published after his death. 'An Elegiac Ode to the Memory of Dr. Harvey . . . by Sir Alex. Boswell, Poeta Laureatus, Sod. Fil. *Æsculapii*,' in 'Andrew Duncan's Tribute to Raeburn,' Edin. 1824, 8vo. The works issuing under his editorship from his private press were interesting additions to literature. About 1816 appeared 'Dialogus pius et festivus inter Deum (ut serunt) et Evam,' then 'Dialogus inter Solomou et Marcolphum,' and afterwards the Roxburghe work, the 1598 edition of 'Poems by Richard Barnfield,' 1816, 4to. the gift of his brother James. The series of rare reprints for which the press is chiefly noted is that of several old poems issued at intervals in 4to. separate and unpaged, each with 'Finis,' but afterwards grouped in volumes (un-numbered) under the title of 'Frondes Caducæ,' of which a complete set is very scarce. We give abbreviated titles of the works issued:—[Vol. i.] 1816, with engraving of the printing office. 'A Remembrance of Sir Nicholas Bacon . . . (by) George Whetstones.' 'A Remembrance of Judge Sir James Dier . . . (by) George Whetstones.' 'A Remembrance of . . . Lord Thomas, late Earle of Sussex,' 1583. [Vol. ii.] 1816, 'Sir Phillip Sidney, his honourable life . . . by G. W [hetstones].' 'The Mirror of Man, and the Manners of Men . . . by Thomas Churchyard,' 1594, 'A Pleasant Discourse of Court and Wars, by Thomas Churchyard,' 1594. 'A Sad and Solemn Funeral . . . Francis Knowles, Knt., by Thomas Churchyard,' 1596. The latter is called 'Churchyard's Cherrishing.' [Vol. iii.] 1817 (with a neat engraving of Linn-burn Bridge, by Grace Boswell) 'A Fig for Momus, by T. L[odge],' 1595. [Vol. iv.] 1817, 'A Muscall Consort, called Churchyard's Charitie,' 1595. 'A Praise of Poetrie,' 1595. [Vol. v.] 1818, 'The Scottish Soul-dier, by [George] Lawder,' 1629. [Vol. vi.] 1818, 'An Tractat of a part of ye Yngliss Cronikle . . . from Asloan's Manuscript.' [Vol. vii. and last] 1818, 'The Buke of the Chess from a manuscript early in the 16th cent. by Jhois Sloane.' In 1817 Boswell contributed twelve songs to George Thompson's 'Select Collection of Original Scottish Airs,' London, fol., of which 'Good night, and joy be wi' ye a,' 'Jenny's Bawbee,' and 'Jenny dang the Weaver'

are still favourites. In 1819 he succeeded the Rev. James William Dodd as a member of the Roxburghe Club, a well-deserved acknowledgment of his bibliographical reputation.

To Boswell's enthusiasm Scotland is indebted for the monument erected on the banks of the Doon to Robert Burns. With a friend he advertised a meeting at Ayr on a certain day to consider proposals for honouring the memory of the poet. No one came but themselves; they were not daunted, however, a chairman was elected, resolutions were carried *nem. con.*, thanks to the chair voted, and the meeting separated. The resolutions printed and circulated brought in a public subscription of 2,000*l.*, and he laid the foundation-stone of the memorial on Burns's birthday, January 25th, 1820. He was an active magistrate and deputy lieutenant of Argyleshire, and lieutenant-colonel of the Ayrshire cavalry. In 1818 and 1820 he was elected member for Plympton, in Devonshire, and entered on his duties on strict Conservative principles, but accepted the Chiltern Hundreds in 1821. His song 'Long live George the Fourth,' written, composed, and sung by him at Ayr, on the celebration of his majesty's anniversary, July 19th, 1821, was afterwards published, Edin. 1821, fol. In August 1821 he was created a baronet. He married a daughter of David Montgomery, of Lanishaw, a relative of his mother, by whom he had several children. In society he was a general favourite. Croker described him as a high-spirited, clever, and amiable gentleman, of frank and social disposition. Lockhart says that among those who appeared at the 'dinners without the silver dishes (as Scott called them) was Boswell of Auchinleck, who had all his father Bozzy's cleverness, good humour, and joviality, without one touch of his meaner qualities.'

The 'Beacon' (not the 'Warder,' as Allibone, Dibden, and others say) had been started as a Tory paper at this time. Scott contributed without any share in directing it. He withdrew on account of its excesses, and after a short existence, January to August 1821, the committee ordered its extinction. It contained bitter pasquinades against James Stuart of Dunearn (of the house of Moray), a writer to the Signet. Another paper, the 'Glasgow Sentinel,' a continuation of the 'Clydesdale Journal,' took the place of the 'Beacon,' and in its first number, October 10th, 1821, with equal rancour but less ability attacked Stuart. Squabbles arose between its proprietors, Robert Alexander and Wm. Murray Borthwick, eventuating in several crown prosecutions and appeals to the House of Commons. Stuart, under a judgment obtained by Alexander against Borthwick, got hold of the office papers, and found to his surprise that his enemy was his half-friend Boswell. Boswell had been to London to attend the funeral of his brother James, and returning to Edinburgh on Saturday night, March 23rd, 1822, found a card of Lord Rosslyn awaiting him. On the 25th came Stuart's challenge. Boswell would neither deny nor apologise, and on the 26th a duel was fought at the farm of Balbarton, near Kirkcaldy, the seconds being Lord Rosslyn for Stuart, and the Hon. John Douglas, afterwards Marquis of Queensberry, for Boswell. Stuart again endeavoured to effect a reconciliation, but Boswell was obstinate. The duel was with pistols fired at a signal, and Boswell was struck and his collar-bone shattered. He died at Balmuto, the seat of his ancestors, the next day, March 27th, 1822, in the presence of his wife and family, and was buried at Auchinleck.

In person Boswell was of a powerful, muscular figure; he was very fond

of field sports from his youth. Lord Cockburn speaks of his jovial disposition, but censures his overbearing, boisterous love of ridiculing others. Lockhart gives an interesting account of his last evening at Scott's, a few hours before the fatal event. Several circumstances of his death are reproduced by Scott, in the duel scene of 'St. Ronan's Well.' It is curious that his only piece of legislation was the taking charge of the act (59 Geo. III, c. 70) which abolished two old Scottish statutes against duelling. His daughter Janet Teresa, wife of Sir William Francis Elliott, of Stobs, died 1836. His only son James, who succeeded him as second and last baronet, married Jessie Jane, daughter of Sir James Montgomery Cuninghame, and died November 4th, 1857, leaving two daughters, Julia and Emma, still living.

Stuart was tried for wilful murder at the high court of justiciary, Edinburgh, on June 10th, 1822. On the trial Henry Cockburn opened and Francis Jeffrey followed. The jury, without retiring, acquitted the prisoner.

Jenny dang the Weaver.

At Willie's wedding on the green,
 The lasses, bonny witches ;
 Were a' dressed out in aprons clean,
 And braw white Sunday mutches :
 Auld Maggie bade the lads tak' tent,
 But Jock would not believe her ;
 But soon the fool his folly kent,
 For Jenny dang the weaver.
 And Jenny dang, Jenny dang,
 Jenny dang the weaver ;
 But soon the fool his folly kent,
 For Jenny dang the weaver.

At ilka country-dance or reel,
 Wi' her he would be bobbing ;
 When she sat down, he sat down,
 And to her would be gabbing ;
 Where'er she gaed, baith but and ben,
 The coof would never leave her ;
 Aye keckling like a clocking hen,
 But Jenny dang the weaver.
 Jenny dang, &c.

Quo' he: ' My lass, to speak my mind,
 In troth I needna swither ;
 You've bonny een, and if you'r kind,
 I'll never seek anither :'
 He hummed and hawed, the lass cried, ' Peugh !'
 And bade the coof no deave her ;
 Syne snapt her fingers, lap and leugh,
 And dang the silly weaver.
 And Jenny dang, Jenny dang,
 Jenny dang the weaver ;
 Syne snapt her fingers, lap and leugh,
 And dang the silly weaver.

Good-night, and Joy be wi' Ye a'.

GOOD-NIGHT, and joy be wi' ye a' :
 Your harmless mirth has charmed my heart ;
 May life's fell blasts out ower ye blaw !
 In sorrow may ye never part !
 My spirit lives, but strength is gone :
 The mountain-fires now blaze in vain :
 Remember, sons, the deeds I've done,
 And in your deeds I'll live again !

When on yon muir our gallant clan
 Frac boasting foes their banners torc,
 Wha shewed himself a better man,
 Or fiercer waved the red claymore ?
 But when in peace—then mark me there—
 When through the glen the wanderer came,
 I gave him of our lordly fare,
 I gave him here a welcome hame.

The auld will speak, the young maun hear ;
 Be cantie, but be good and leal ;
 Your ain ills aye hae heart to bear,
 Anither's aye hae heart to feel.
 So, ere I set, I'll see you shine,
 I'll see you triumph ere I fa' ;
 My parting breath shall boast you mine—
 Good-night, and joy be wi' you a'.



REV. ZACHARY BOYD, D.D.

1590—1653.

BY THE REV. JAMES TAYLOR, D.D.

AUTHOR OF "THE PICTORIAL HISTORY OF SCOTLAND," ETC., ETC., ETC.

ZACHARY BOYD, a Scottish divine and writer of verse, was born towards the close of the sixteenth century. He was descended from the Boyds of Pinkhill, in Ayrshire, and received his education in the University of Glasgow. He subsequently prosecuted his studies at Saumur in France, and in 1611 was appointed a regent in this college. After spending sixteen years in France, he was compelled to leave it in consequence of the persecution of the protestants. On his return to his native land he was domestic chaplain successively to Sir William Scott, of Elie, and to the Marquis of Hamilton. In 1623 he was appointed minister of the Barony parish, Glasgow, and passed the remainder of his life in this charge. The congregation to which he ministered at that time worshipped in the crypts beneath the cathedral church, so strikingly described by Sir Walter Scott in his novel of Rob Roy. In 1629 was published Mr. Boyd's principal prose work, "The last Battell of the Soull in Death," a treatise cast in the form of a dialogue, in which Pastour, Sick Man, Spiritual Friend, Satan, Michael, &c., express their opinions with considerable spirit and dramatic effect. Zachary appears to have been a staunch loyalist at this period, for the first volume of his work is dedicated to Charles I. and his queen ; and when that unfortunate monarch visited Scotland in 1633 for the purpose of being crowned, Zachary waited on him the day after the ceremony, and addressed him in a highly eulogistic Latin oration. When the ill-judged attempt of Charles and Laud to impose episcopacy upon the Scotch, led to the formation of a national league in support of the religious rights of the people, Mr. Boyd and other professors of Glasgow College at first refused to subscribe the covenant, but were afterwards obliged to conform. He continued a faithful adherent of the covenanting party throughout all the changes of that stormy period. When Cromwell visited Glasgow, after the battle of Dunbar, September 3rd, 1650, the magistrates and ministers quitted the city in a body, but the undaunted Zachary remained at his post, and, according to Baillie, railed on the English secretaries to their very face in the High Church.

The passage which he expounded on this occasion was the eighth chapter of Daniel, and it is said that one of Cromwell's officers was so indignant at the statements of the plain-spoken preacher, that he whispered into the ear of the general a request for permission "to pistol the scoundrel." Cromwell replied, "No, no; we will manage him in another way." At the close of the sermon he asked Mr. Boyd to dine with him, and their religious conversation and devotional exercises were protracted till a late hour. Zachary died about the end of the year 1653 or the beginning of 1654, leaving behind him the reputation of a pious, learned man, of strong sense, mingled with considerable humour and of great shrewdness and sagacity, but withal very eccentric. He published during his lifetime no less than nineteen works, chiefly devotional and religious, and left a very large number of treatises in manuscript, apparently prepared for the press. The most celebrated of these are two volumes, entitled "Zion's Flowers, or Christian Poems, for Spiritual Edification," which are usually designated Zachary Boyd's Bible. They consist of a collection of poems on Jephtha, David, Goliath, Jonah, and other persons mentioned in scripture history, cast in a dramatic form, and bearing a considerable resemblance to the ancient "mysteries," or sacred dramas of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. They form a strange mixture of passages conceived in a fine strain of devotional feeling, with descriptions of the most grotesque and ludicrous character, in the homeliest style of versification. Mr. Boyd also prepared a poetical version of the Book of Psalms for the use of the church, but the version of Rous was preferred by the General Assembly. Mr. Boyd was a liberal benefactor to the University of Glasgow, and to his munificence it is indebted for the present college buildings. In gratitude for the legacy which he bequeathed to his Alma Mater, a bust of Zachary was erected on the gateway within the court of the college, with an appropriate inscription. It is a vulgar error that he made any stipulation as to the publication of any portion of his writings. [The Rev. Dr. was Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow in 1634-5, and again in 1645—Ed.]

Extract from David and Goliath.

JESSE.—Ho! David, come; consider and behold,
How I, your father, hoary nowe and old,
Desire of you that with provision,
To your three brethren you should goe anone;



My first borne Eliab, nowe is from me farre ;
 Abinadab and Shammah at the warre
 Are with the King to Elah's valley neer'e,
 The Philistines are mighty, as I heare ;
 Prepare to-night and go away at morn
 And take ane ephah of this parched corne,
 And those ten loves : with them now quickly goe
 And in the camp thy brethren run unto,
 And to the captaine of their thousand take
 Ten cheeses fine, make haste and not be slack :
 See that thou looke how thy brethren fare
 And take theirre pledge when thou shalt find them there.

Rise earely up from thy soft morning sleepe,
 And to the keeper leave thy flocke of sheepe :
 My heart is tossed most like a rageing sea
 Where tumbling billowes bath the very sky,
 Warre fearfull is but yet wee must obey
 Superior powers who oo'r us doe sway
 Th' imperiall mace : God hath ordained so
 That subjects humble either come or goe,
 As kings command : if it be reasonable
 For to repine, it such is treasonable ;
 But oh, alas ! I feare Philistines stab
 Eliab, Shammah, and Abinadab.

DAVID.—Farewell deare father, as you say ev'n so,
 This thrice I'le for my brethren undergo
 What yee as father unto me appoint,
 I will the same performe in every point.

Aurora's cleare, the way is good and dry
 I come good speede, I hope that by and bye
 I to the hoast shall come, where I shall see
 Men that for God, stout and courageous bee ;
 Near Elah's valleye nowe I see afarre
 A great appearance of a bloody warre ;
 O Lord keepe short our foes and (*in all things*)
 Paire neere theirre nailes, pull out their balfull stings
 They weary us with tribut, toll, and tax,
 And subsides until they breake our backs :
 O Lord of Hoasts I doe Thec *humbly pray*
 That Thine owne Isra'l (*none*) may (*harm*) to-day,
 For th' Hebrews fight, make Philistines, *O Lord*
 To feele Thy hand, who do not feare Thy worde ;
 Our gallant men courageous make, *that they*
 May foile their foes, and so may have the day.

MICHAEL BRUCE.

1746—1767.

BY THE REV. W. M'KELVIE, D.D.

AUTHOR OF "ANNALS AND STATISTICS OF THE UNITED
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH."

MICHAEL BRUCE, a Scotch poet, whose short and painful career has added much interest to his productions. He was born in 1746, of poor parents in Kinneswood, Kinross-shire, and received a scanty education at the parish school. For six successive summers he herded cattle on the hills overlooking his native village, and his poem of "Lochleven" is made up of his reminiscences of this period of his life, and ought to be regarded by the reader as the impressions of the shepherd boy, clothed in the language of the student and the scholar. It was his father's wish to educate him for the ministry, but he despaired of being able to raise the funds requisite for so expensive an undertaking. But the son set all difficulties at defiance, and entered upon the course without knowing how the next step in it should be taken. Having acquired some knowledge of Latin at the parish school, he set out for Edinburgh University, where he was enabled to complete a course of arts, supported by a small sum of money left by a relative, and by what his father could spare from his slender income. Insufficient diet and too hard study, however, greatly impaired his health. In 1766 he was admitted a student of the theological seminary of the Secession Church, and at the end of the session was appointed to a school at Forrest Mill. Soon after symptoms of pulmonary consumption began to show themselves, and became every day more marked. After composing his poem of "Lochleven," he was compelled to relinquish his school and seek repose at home. Shortly after he composed his "Ode to Spring," which, for touching allusions and exquisite pathos, is unsurpassed in the English language. He expired on July 5th, 1767.

Some time after Bruce's death, one of his college friends, Mr. John Logan, published a volume of his friend's poems, omitting several of his pieces, and inserting others which belonged to neither the editor nor the poet, under the plea of furnishing an attractive miscellany, the profits of which would go to Bruce's aged and then widowed mother. This seemed generous enough, but the person for whose benefit the publication was proposed never derived any advantage from it, while the editor subsequently claimed and

published the best of the pieces as his own. Among these was the celebrated "Ode to the Cuckoo," and some hymns, which latter have since obtained a place among the paraphrases sung in the Scotch churches. Logan was allowed to retain the reputation thus acquired till within these few years, when the Rev. Dr. Mackelvie of Balgedie, published a new edition of Bruce's works, accompanied with a memoir, in which he establishes, on what seems to us unquestionable evidence, the claims of Bruce to the authorship of the "Ode" and the hymns.

=====
Elegy—Written in Spring?

'Tis past: the iron North has spent his rage;
Stern Winter now resigns the lengthening day;
The stormy howlings of the winds assuage,
And warm o'er ether western breezes play.

Of genial heat and cheerful light the source,
From southern climes, beneath another sky,
The sun, returning, wheels his golden course:
Before his beams all noxious vapours fly.

Far to the north grim Winter draws his train,
To his own clime, to Zembla's frozen shore;
Where, throned on ice, he holds eternal reign;
Where whirlwinds madden, and where tempests roar.

Loosed from the bands of frost, the verdant ground
Again puts on her robe of cheerful green,
Again puts forth her flowers; and all around
Smiling, the cheerful face of Spring is seen.

Behold! the trees new deck their withered boughs;
Their ample leaves, the hospitable plane,
The taper elm, and lofty ash disclose;
The blooming hawthorn variegates the scene.

The lily of the vale, of flowers the queen,
Puts on the robe she neither sewed nor spun;
The birds on ground, or on the branches green,
Hop to and fro, and glitter in the sun.

Soon as o'er eastern hills the morning peers,
From her low nest the tufted lark upsprings ;
And, cheerful singing, up the air she steers ;
Still high she mounts, still loud and sweet she sings.

On the green furze, clothed o'er with golden blooms
That fill the air with fragrance all around,
The linnet sits, and tricks his glossy plumes,
While o'er the wild his broken notes resound.

While the sun journeys down the western sky,
Along the greensward, marked with Roman mound,
Beneath the blithsome shepherd's watchful eye,
The cheerful lambkins dance and frisk around.

Now is the time for those who wisdom love,
Who love to walk in Virtue's flowery road,
Along the lovely paths of Spring to rove,
And follow Nature up to Nature's God.

Thus Zoroaster studied Nature's laws ;
Thus Socrates, the wisest of mankind ;
Thus heaven-taught Plato traced the Almighty cause,
And left the wondering multitude behind.

Thus Ashley gathered academic bays ;
Thus gentle Thomson, as the seasons roll,
Taught them to sing the great Creator's praise,
And bear their poet's name from pole to pole.

Thus have I walked along the dewy lawn ;
My frequent foot the blooming wild hath worn ;
Before the lark I've sung the beauteous dawn,
And gathered health from all the gales of morn.

And, even when Winter chilled the aged year,
I wandered lonely o'er the hoary plain :
Though frosty Boreas warned me to forbear,
Boreas, with all his tempests, warned in vain.

Then, sleep my nights, and quiet blessed my days :
I feared no loss, my mind was all my store ;
No anxious wishes e'er disturbed my ease ;
Heaven gave content and health—I asked no more.

Now, Spring returns : but not to me returns
The vernal joy my better years have known ;
Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,
And all the joys of life with health are flown.

Starting and shivering in the inconstant wind,
Meagre and pale, the ghost of what I was,
Beneath some blasted tree I lie reclined,
And count the silent moments as they pass.

The wingèd moments, whose unstaying speed
No art can stop, or in their course arrest ;
Whose flight shall shortly count me with the dead,
And lay me down in peace with them at rest.

Oft morning dreams presage approaching fate ;
And morning dreams, as poets tell, are true.
Led by pale ghosts, I enter Death's dark gate,
And bid the realms of light and life adieu.

I hear the helpless wail, the shriek of woe ;
I see the muddy wave, the dreary shore,
The sluggish streams that slowly creep below,
Which mortals visit, and return no more.

Farewell, ye blooming fields ! ye cheerful plains !
Enough for me the churchyard's lonely mound,
Where melancholy with still silence reigns,
And the rank grass waves o'er the cheerless ground.

There let me wander at the shut of eve,
When sleep sits dewy on the labourer's eyes :
The world and all its busy follies leave,
And talk with Wisdom where my Daphnis lies.

There let me sleep, forgotten in the clay,
When death shall shut these weary aching eyes ;
Rest in the hopes of an eternal day,
Till the long night is gone, and the last morn arise.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

1841—

BY ALEXANDER HAY JAPP, LL.D.

AUTHOR OF "LIGHTS ON THE WAY; SOME TALES WITHIN A TALE;"
"THE THREE GREAT TEACHERS OF OUR TIME—CARLYLE,
RUSKIN, AND TENNYSON;" ETC., ETC.

MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN'S versatility and undoubted power as a poet have gained him a high place, yet hardly so high as he really deserves. His deep insight into nature and his fine interpretation of the mystical sentiments bred of man's contact with her, his delicate fancy, his semi-Celtic phantasy, which in his treatment of certain themes imparts such glow and glamour of colour and weird witchery of impression as no other poet of the time has approached, not to speak of his realistic dramatic perceptions as seen in such ballads as "Liz" and "Nell" and "Meg Blane," combine to place him apart amid the select few the best of whose work is likely to live. He has essayed all styles, from the simple lyric to the dramatic portrait, from the idyll to the satire, from the sonnet to the ode. In all, he shows himself distinctly individual, a man of genius in the truest sense. If he had done no more than write the gently-humorous, pathetic "Idylls of Inverburn," a high rank would have been assured him. There he is delightfully simple; his language is suited to his theme; he touches the most commonplace things with the light that never was on sea or shore, and yet nothing of truth is sacrificed. This is the true test of such poetry. What could be finer for simplicity of pathos than the close of "Poet Andrew," after having described so gracefully and effectively his youth, his struggles, his ambitions?—

"He smiled. . . And at the smile, I knew not why,
It swam upon us, in a frosty pain,
The end was come at last, at last, and Death
Was creeping ben, his shadow on our hearts.
We gazed on Andrew, called him by his name,
And touch'd him softly, and he lay awhile,
His een upon the snow, in a dark dream,
Yet neither heard nor saw; but suddenly
He shook awa' the vision wi' a smile,
Raised lustrous een still smiling to the sky,
Next upon us, then dropped them to the flower
That trembled in his hand, and murmur'd low,
Like one that gladly murmurs to himself:
'Out of the Snow, the Snowdrop—out of Death
Comes Life! then closed his eyes and made a moan,
And never spake another word again.'

Then, in his "Book of Orm," we see him dealing with all the problems of Life and Death, of Man and Nature, as seen through the Celtic imagination. He translates us to a world of dream, yet a world in which the grand realities of life stand out bold, like vast mountains whose lofty heads are lost in mist, yet faintly outlined. The sections in the "Book of Orm" titled "Songs of Corruption" and "A Dream of the World without Death," are in the deepest sense informed of imagination and phantasy. You are moved to a sense of some vast, vague, shadowy, impressive presence which, felt or unfelt, is weird, fateful, and inevitable, hovering over all life and touching it with awe and wonder.

His recent poem, "The City of Dream," powerful and effective as it is, in parts, hardly seems to us so sustained or self-consistent; and the very comparison with Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," which the author himself so boldly suggests by the very form chosen, as well as the prefatory poem, strikes us as somewhat unfortunate. But the author's genius is as fully declared in it as his primary purpose. It makes us think too much, however, of Poe's idea of long poems as only collections of short ones more or less skilfully connected together.

Perhaps the most effective short poem penetrated by the spirit of revolt is the "Ballad of Judas Iscariot," which we regard as one of the most powerful and at the same time most finished and musical of any poem of the kind. Judas wanders over the earth without rest, seeking and never finding that which, deep in his heart, he craves—the sense of reconciliation with the Divine. At last he catches a glimpse of a light such as elsewhere never shone, and he makes towards it, to find what he sought:—

"The Bridegroom stood in the open door,
And he waved hands still and slow,
And the third time that he waved his hands
The air was thick with snow.

And of every flake of falling snow,
Before it touched the ground,
There came a dove, and a thousand doves
Made sweet sound.

'Twas the body of Judas Iscariot
Floated away full fleet,
And the wings of the doves that bore it off
Were like its winding sheet.

'Twas the Bridegroom stood at the open door,
And beckon'd, smiling sweet;
'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot
Stole in, and fell at his feet."

In Mr. Buchanan's genius is thus wedded the grace and witchery of delicate phantasy with the direst and boldest realism. Nature and man stand between the two as it were; and the force of his sympathies unites them and brings them into accord. Hence, as has been said, "the power of the hills is upon him;" but it is also as true that the power of the cities is

upon him too. As a poet, he sees how much of religion man's life holds, even when he seems most left to himself—how goodness and evil meet and inextricably intermix in men's hearts and motives, and he painfully realises that some of the dogmas of the churches but ineffectually realise and work on this; hence sometimes his apparent heterodoxy—his tendency here and there to bring the different religions to one level. His great poem of "Balder" would almost seem to have been written under this idea, for we cannot accept it as a mere effort to reconstruct the old belief and thought of the early Norsemen. It is too lyrical, too penetrated by a sense of modern ideas, and too quick and alive with the throbbing thoughts of to-day.

Whatever may be urged against certain of his works as inadequate from the high grounds of art and criticism, it is certain, and is indeed his most obtrusive characteristic, that they are the productions of a man who lives and thinks, and "thinks vicariously," and to whom nothing that belongs to humanity is of slight importance. He is in touch with all that makes men feel, that makes men suffer, and that makes men lonely, dissatisfied, and despair, and doubt. He has been called the "Laureate of trolls and costermongers," because he wrote some ballads of low London life, but the reproach was really an honour, because he made the characters speak and reveal what only a genius could discern. "In the Valley of Dead Gods" might be taken as a sort of side-commentary on much of his verse of the more ambitious kind, "Balder," the "Book of Orm," &c. Here are a few stanzas from it:—

"Dark and gigantic, one, with crimson hands
Upstretched in protestation, frowning stands,
While tears, like blood, his night-black cheeks bedew;
He tears his hair, he sinks in shifting sands—
Adonai ! Lord ! art thou a phantom, too ?

The sad, the glad, the hideous, and the bright,
The kings of darkness and the lords of light,
The shapes I loved, the forms whose wrath I flew
Now wail together in eternal night—
Adonia ! Lord ! art thou a phantom, too ?

Fall'n from their spheres, subdued and overthrown,
Yet, living yet, they make their ceaseless moan,
Where never grass waves green, or skies are blue—
Theirs is the realm of shades, the sunless zone,
Where thou, O Master, weeping, wanderest too !

O, Master, is it thou thy servant sees,
Cut down and conquered, smitten to the knees ?
Ah, woe ! for thou wert fair when life was new—
Adonai ! Lord ! and art thou even as these ?
A shape forlorn and lost, a phantom, too ?"

As a boy, he rambled much amid the scenery of the West Coast of Scotland and the Hebridean Islands, which he was the first effectively to

describe with true poetic and picturesque insight (as his Hebridean sketches prove): the impressions of his boyhood being confirmed, and revised by many later visits, when he made intimate acquaintance also with the Celtic dwellers and their ways. Many hints of the impressions produced by these experiences are found in his writings, as well as of residences among the Celtic people of Brittany, of which many reminiscences are skilfully made use of in his remarkable story, "The Shadow of the Sword," one of the most romantic and picturesquely powerful novels of our time. Among his travels are to be found some sketches of Etréat and the neighbouring coasts, where for a time he resided.

At an early age Buchanan entered the University of Glasgow, where he was a successful student; but before he had completed his curriculum in arts, he left the city, along with his friend David Gray (whose memoirs he has written), to push his fortunes in London. He had some stories and poems in his pocket; and at first found it hard to get people to believe in him. David Gray sickened and returned home to die, before his book, "The Luggie and other poems," was published, though Moncton Milnes (Lord Houghton later) had taken him by the hand. Buchanan remained, and at length found a secured position; Mr. G. H. Lewes and Mr. Hepworth Dixon asserting his claims to recognition. He wrote largely in *Good Words* and the *Argosy*, and has contributed to many periodicals; but his largest works have not been susceptible of magazine publication, though it must be said that some sections of "Balder" appeared in the *Contemporary Review*. [Dr. Japp says that Mr. Buchanan was born in Edinburgh in 1840, but Irving in his "Eminent Scotsmen" gives the place of his birth as Carverswall, in Staffordshire, and the date August 18th, 1841.—ED.]

In Spring-time.

SWEET, sing a song of the May to me,
 Sweeten the lingering hours!
 Soft comes her whisper each day to me,
 See, thro' the green and the grey, to me;
 Thrills the faint flame of the flowers.
 For the spell of the winter is ended,
 The rainbow is seen thro' the showers,
 And the May, by fair spirits attended,
 Shall smile up the skies, and be ours. . .

Afar away yonder her foot cometh slow to us—
 She steals up the south, with her cheeks all aglow, to us!
 The blue waters tremble! the rain singeth low to us!
 Green stir the blossoming bowers!

ROBERT BURNS,

1759—1796.

By PROFESSOR JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

AUTHOR OF "LAYS AND LEGENDS OF ANCIENT GREECE,"
"HOMER AND THE ILIAD," "WAR SONGS OF THE GERMANS,"
"THE LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE OF THE HIGHLANDS,"
"THE WISDOM OF GOETHE," ETC., ETC.

AT a time when all the world was possessed with the idea that without Latin and Greek, and the so-called classical culture of the schools and universities, no man could enunciate great moral truths or turn a pointed sentence with efficiency, the Creative Power sent forth a peasant ploughman from the green slopes and the brown clods of Ayrshire to achieve a reputation as a lyric poet which the most cunning combination of Athenian learning and Parisian polish would have spurred itself in vain to produce. Great is nature and will prevail, and she delights in showing that she needs no outfitting and no outrigging from man to put forth her most miraculous forces in the most attractive guise. Robert Burns was a ploughman, and the son of a ploughman. His ancestors for several generations had been farmers in Kincardineshire, a district of Scotland where, at the present day, the name of Burns, or Burness, as it was originally written, shows a good face; but his immediate father, William Burness, having fallen into reduced circumstances, had been obliged to leave his northern home and turn his steps southward in quest of a livelihood. He found work first at Edinburgh, in the capacity of gardener, a profession in which the Scotch people have been forward to show the faithfulness and the fruitfulness of their characteristic power for hard work; and afterwards proceeded to Ayr, where he engaged himself as gardener to the Laird of Fairly, with whom he lived two years, and then took service under Crawford of Doonside. Shortly afterwards, with the view of advancing himself in life, he took a lease of seven acres of land in Doonside, intending to carry on business as a nurseryman; but from that undertaking he was withdrawn by Mr. Ferguson, of Doonholm, who engaged him as gardener. Here he built with his own hands a clay cottage of a most humble description. "It consisted," says Gilbert Burns, the poet's brother, "of a kitchen in one end, and a room in the other, with a fire-place and chimney, and there was a concealed bed in the kitchen, with a small closet at the end; and when altogether cast over, inside and outside, with lime, it had a neat and comfortable appearance." While living in this humble tenement, the poor Kincardineshire gardener married Agnes Brown, the daughter of a Carrick farmer, and

our poet Robert was born on the 25th day of January, 1759—a year forming a starting-point also in the history of German literature, as being the year of the birth of Schiller. In the year 1766, when the poet was seven years old, his father, having proved himself a faithful workman in Mr. Ferguson's service, was advanced to the dignity of tenant in the small upland farm of Mount Oliphant, a few miles above the mouth of the Doon. In this farm he remained for ten years, and then (1777) removed to a large farm a little further north, in the parish of Tarbolton. In the possession of this farm he continued for seven years, and then under the pressure of bad seasons, and in the midst of unpleasant disputes with his landlord's factor as to the terms of the lease, his health began to decline, and on the 13th February, 1784, he died.

Though great genius is seldom or never hereditary, yet it is observable that men of great original powers generally come of a good stock. And it is not easy, especially in reference to the lower ranks of society, to over-rate the value of the home culture. Young Burns, in addition to what stores the cottage library, or the kindness of intelligent neighbours might supply, had the advantage from early years of the guidance of a very intelligent teacher, Mr. Murdoch. To a lady who asked him whether he had not enjoyed the benefit of drill in the language of the Romans, he replied promptly and politely, “All he knew of Latin was contained in three words—*Omnia vincit amor!*” He seems, however, under the forward help of Mr. Murdoch, to have appropriated as much French as might be serviceable to give point to a sentence in fashionable society. Burns attended more schools than one in his boyhood and youth. In his nineteenth year, at Kirkoswald, in the district of Carrick, he made studies of mensuration, surveying, drilling, etc., under the parish schoolmaster, named Rodger. Independence of spirit, manly courage, and ready wit distinguished the poet through his whole career. In his twenty-third year he removed to Irvine, and apprenticed himself to a flax-dresser. Burns had been trained in farming, and after the death of his father, Robert and his brother Gilbert took from Mr. Gavin Hamilton the farm of Mossiel, about 118 acres in extent, close to the village of Manchline.

Burns, like Coleridge, was a man of moods. So far as bad seeds or bad harvests were the cause of it, he justly claims our human pity and our brotherly sympathy. But even then the wise moralists say, in the words of the preacher, “If thou faint in the day of adversity thy strength is small.” Of course there is a good side in Freemasonry, so far indeed as it means humanity and good fellowship and brotherly recognition and kindly help in need, there cannot be a better thing; but in the latter part of last century, in such villages as Tarbolton or Manchline, it practically meant only a convivial meeting of jolly good fellows. Into the mystical brotherhood at Tarbolton the poet had flung himself with all the ardour of social enjoyment which, next to love, supplied the most potent steam of his soul. But steam requires regulation, and where there is no regulation explosion is nigh.

Burns was not only a Scotsman, breathing the religious atmosphere of the west, and brought up with pious care in a religious family, but he was personally a religious man to a degree which the cursory reader of his works would never suspect. He could not but feel a warm interest in the religious life and church controversies of the district where he resided. But Burns was a young man of eminently social instincts, with keen human feelings stretching out in all directions, with a catholicity of sympathy such as belongs

only to men like Shakespeare, Goethe, Scott, and all the most richly endowed representative types of our species. Independently, therefore, of his personal piety, wherever the pool of human passions was troubled, he would walk into it. The key-note of his lyre, in the cradle of his fame, was the love of fair women, and was destined so to remain; and in this regard two notable figures stand out with marked prominence to give a pathetic significance of a tragic close to the four years' farming work at Mossgiel. We mean, of course, "Bonnie Joan," and "Highland Mary." The poet who, with all his faults, was at bottom a good fellow and a noble-minded man, had not a few friends who would not allow him to indulge melancholy notions; so, with their good advice and patronage, there came forth to public light at the end of July, "Poems chiefly in the Scottish Dialect, by Robert Burns." Kilmarnock: 1788; a volume which will ever remain a precious rarity in the select libraries of the best British literature. Never, as the Hebrew Psalmist sings again and again, is light nearer than when darkness is deepest. A reverend gentleman, Dr. Laurie, of London, who had a just appreciation of the good qualities of the poet, sent a copy of the Kilmarnock volume to Dr. Blacklock, the well-known blind poet and preacher, then residing in Edinburgh. The native kindness, Christian sympathy, and fine literary appreciation of this gentleman were not slow in educating that striking testimony to the merits of the poet, which ushered him into a new and brilliant career in the metropolis of his native land. The name of Blacklock was sufficient of itself to enable the poet to take his place in the literary society of the modern Athens with that amount of respect which his pride always demanded, and that hope of economical aid which his necessities required. But besides Blacklock, he came to Edinburgh under the wing of one of the most accomplished and popular academical men of his time, Professor Dugald Stewart.

A Calvinist certainly Burns was not, and could not be; but though, like all emotional persons, repelled rather than attracted by the dogmas of a systematic theology, and though not unfrequently seduced by his passions from loyalty to his principles, he was by no means an irreligious man, and here follows his creed:—"He who is the Author and Preserver, and will one "day be our Judge, must be—not for His sake, in the way of duty, but from "the native impulse of our hearts—the object of our reverential awe and "grateful adoration. He is almighty and all-bounteous, we are weak and "dependent; hence prayer and every other sort of devotion. He is not "willing that any should perish, but that all should come to everlasting life: "consequently, it must be in everyone's power this offer of 'everlasting life,' "otherwise he could not in justice condemn those who did not. A mind per- "vaded, actuated, and governed by purity, truth, and charity, though it does "not merit heaven, yet is an absolutely necessary pre-requisite, without "which heaven can neither be obtained nor enjoyed; and, by Divine promise, "such a mind shall never fail of attaining 'everlasting life;' hence the impure, "the deceiving, and the uncharitable exclude themselves from eternal bliss; "by their unfitness for enjoying it. The Supreme Being has put the im- "mediate administration of all this—for wise and good ends known to "Himself—into the hands of Jesus Christ, a great Personage, whose relation "to Him we cannot comprehend, but whose relation to us is a Guide and a "Saviour, and who, except for our own obstinacy and misconduct, will bring "all, through various ways, and by various means, to bliss at last."

Finding that, from bad seasons and other causes, the farm at Mossiel was not in a very prosperous condition, he generously handed over to his brother Gilbert and the family about £200 of the ready-money which he had lying in the bank at Ayr.

Towards the end of 1791, the fourth act of Robert Burns's chequered and shifting life-drama came not altogether pleasantly to a close. The farming business had not succeeded. Anything like neglect of his business, or general mismanagement by the tenant at Ellisland is not hinted. One thing, however, seems quite certain, he had from the beginning an hankering after an appointment in the Excise; and not long after his full possession of the new farm at Ellisland, we find him formally equipped as an exciseman or guager, with an income of some £50 a year. This business, which would only remove him occasionally to short distances from his home, the poet imagined could be managed conjointly with the farm. But it is always more difficult to ride on two horses than on one; "to be a whole man to one thing at a time" is Lord Thurloe's well-known advice to all who hope to do any substantial work in the world. The exciseman was not long in finding that the conscientious performance of his fiscal duties necessitated his taking long rides, which sometimes laid him on his back from pure weariness and nervous exhaustion. Anyhow, at the expiry of the three years, the poet had made up his mind that the farming business, so far from being a gain, had been the means of sinking in utter loss the whole residue of his profits from the Edinburgh edition of his poems. He therefore resolved to accept the situation of excise officer for the district of Dumfries, with a salary of £70 a year, and the expectation of promotion to a supervisorship with £200 in a few years.

Before coming to Dumfries he had sent his lyrical effusions to Johnston's "Musical Museum;" but shortly after his settlement in the town, we find him taken in tow and led forth gallantly into a great sea of song, by an Edinburgh gentleman, of higher pretensions. This was Mr. Geo. Thompson, clerk in the office of the Board of Trustees for the Encouragement of Manufactures in Scotland. He determined to devote his leisure hours, in conjunction with a company of musical amateurs, to the publishing of a collection of Scottish songs. In this patriotic work he could find no associate in the whole of Scotland who could in any degree be compared to Burns. He would do any amount of work for the Scottish Muse. Instead of some twenty or twenty-five songs which was the utmost that Mr. Thompson expected, Burns supplied him with at least a hundred. Mr. Chambers says of him:—"He could not but know the hollowness of convivial friendship, yet he could not resist the pleasing deceit. And yet he was occasionally sensible that his course was a wrong one."

In the month of January, 1796, forgetful of his self-denying vows made to his good counsellor, Mrs. Dunlop, he stayed late over the whisky-bottle in the Globe Tavern with some jovial fellows, among whom it was his misfortune to be the most admired, and the most brilliant compotator. On the way home, as some persons heavy with drink will do, he sat down in the cold air, and fell asleep. When he awoke and walked sadly to his home, it was found that as a natural consequence, the cold had penetrated to the stronghold of life, and the unhappy victim of convivial excess was laid down on a sick bed, suffering the racking pains of rheumatic fever. This was not the first time that he had to suffer from illness, brought on, as he himself suspected,

from habitual want of wisdom in the art of living ; and so, though he was now only thirty-seven years old, his vital frame was not strong enough to shake off the fell distemper that had seated itself so deeply in his bones. He lingered on, however, not without hope of recovery, through the spring and the early months of the summer, and even mustered strength to send some lyrical communications to his metrical correspondent, Mr. George Thompson. On July 4th, the disease shewing no tendency to relax its grip, the poet, under medical advice, was removed to Brow, a small country place well near the sea-shore, and the next day his old friend Mrs. Riddell, then in bad health herself, and now softened in her sore displeasure against her offending admirer, paid him a kindly visit. On the 18th of the month, the poet, little or nothing profited by the sea-air, returned on tottering footsteps to his home. The end was now come. For three days we see the fevered sufferer stretched on his death-bed, with the faithful Jessie Lawers ministering with sleepless tendance at his side. His children had been sent to the house of her mother for the quiet necessary no less to them than to their dying father. On the 21st the sufferer sank into a delirium ; his children were called in to see a living father for the last time ; and, after a short struggle, the last flicker of life passed over his brow, and he was gone.

* * * * *

The fire and fervour, without which lyrical poetry is scarce worthy of the name, Burns possessed in a high degree ; but it was not merely fire from within, consuming itself in the gloss of some special pet enthusiasm, but it was a fire that went out contagiously and seized on whatever fuel it might find in the motley fair of the largest human life. If ever there was a song-writer who could say with the most catholic comprehensiveness in the words of the old comedian, "I am a man, and all things human are kin to me," it was Robert Burns. In this respect he is the Shakespeare of lyrical poetry.

He was emphatically a strong man ; there was, as Carlyle says "a certain rugged sterling worth about him," which makes his songs as good as sermons sometimes, and sometimes as good as battles. And it was this notable amount of backbone and force of arm, sensibly felt in his utterances, which gave to his pathos this tenderness and healthy grace, and such rare freedom from anything that savoured of sentimentality. He was gifted in the highest degree, with that fundamental virtue of all sound Scotsmen, common-sense, without which great genius in full career is apt to lead a man astray from his surroundings, and make him most a stranger to that with which in common life he ought to be most familiar. One notable feature in his genius is humour, a certain sportive fancy of the soul delighting in the significant conjunction of contraries, a quality peculiarly Scotch. Burns was also strong in wit, a domain in which Scotsmen generally are weak. Burns possessed in an eminent degree a quality which tended to make him the idol of his countrymen, and that was patriotism. He has again and again recorded his religious convictions in the strongest terms. "Religion," he says, in one of his letters "has ever been to me not only my chief dependence, but my dearest enjoyment. A mathematician without religion is a probable character ; an irreligious poet is a monster." "I am, I must confess, too frequently the sport of whim, caprice, and passion ; but reverence to God and integrity to my fellow-men I hope I shall ever preserve." With this genius and with this character

Burns had to execute his mission in life; for every specially gifted son of Adam, as Goethe, with his usual catholic wisdom, has remarked, has a special mission, direct from heaven, to employ his gifts for the glory of the great All-father, and the good of his fellow-men.

The Cotter's Saturday Night.

(INSCRIBED TO R. AITKEN, ESQ.)

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
 Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
 The short but simple annals of the Poor.
 GRAY.

My lov'd, my honour'd, much respected friend !
 No mercenary bard his homage pays ;
 With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end,
 My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise :
 To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
 The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene ;
 The native feelings strong, the guileless ways
 What Aitken in a cottage would have been ;
 Ah ! though his worth unknown, far happier there, I ween !

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh :
 The short'ning winter-day is near a close ;
 The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh ;
 The black'ning trains o' crows to their repose :
 The toil-worn Cotter frae his labour goes,
 This night his weekly moil is at an end,
 Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
 Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
 And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
 Beneath the shelter of an aged tree ;
 Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin' stacher through
 To meet their dad, wi' flichterin noise an' glee.
 His wee bit ingle, blinkin' bonnily,
 His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie wifie's smile,
 The lisping infant Prattling on his knee,
 Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
 An' makes him quite forget his labour an' his toil.

Belyve the elder bairns come drapping in,
 At service out, amang the farmers roun' ;
 Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
 A cannie errand to a neebor town :
 Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
 In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
 Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a braw new gown,
 Or deposite her fair-won penny-fee,
 To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

Wi' joy unfeign'd brothers and sisters meet,
 An' each for other's welfare kindly speirs :
 The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd fleet :
 Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears ;
 The parents, partial eye their hopeful years ;
 Anticipation forward points the view :
 The mother, wi' her needle an' her shears,
 Gars auld claes look amaint as weel's the new ;
 The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their master's an' their mistress's command,
 The younkers a' are warned to obey ;
 An' mind their labours wi' an eydent hand,
 An' ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play ;
 'An' O ! be sure to fear the Lord alway !
 'An' mind your duty, duly, morn an' night !
 'Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
 'Implore His counsel and assisting might :
 'They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright.'

But hark ! a rap comes gently to the door ;
 Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
 Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the moor,
 To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
 The wily mother sees the conscious flame
 Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek ;
 With heart-struck anxious care, enquires his name,
 While Jenny haffins is afraid to speak ;
 Weel pleas'd the mother hears, it's nae wild, worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome Jenny brings him ben ;
 A strappan youth ; he taks the mother's eye ;
 Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en ;
 The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye..
 The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
 But blate and laithfu', scarce can weel behave ;
 The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
 What makes the youth sae bashfu' an' sae grave ;
 Weel pleas'd to think her bairn's respected like the lave.

O happy love ! where love like this is found !
 O heartfelt raptures ! bliss beyond compare !
 I've paced much this weary, mortal round,
 And sage experience bids me this declare—
 'If Heaven a draught of heav'ly pleasure spare,
 'One cordial in this melancholy vale,
 'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
 'In others arms breathe out the tender tale,
 'Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the ev'ning gale.'

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart—
 A wretch ! a villain ! lost to love and truth !
 That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring heart
 Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth ?
 Curse on his perjur'd arts ! dissembling smooth !
 Are honour, virtue, conscience, all exil'd ?
 Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
 Points to the parents fondling o'er their child ?
 Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their destruction wild !

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
 The healsome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food :
 The soup their only hawkie does afford,
 That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood :
 The dame brings forth in complemental mood,
 To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell,
 An' aft he's prest, an' aft he ca's it guid !
 The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell,
 How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' lent was i' the bell.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
 They, round the ingle, form a circle wide ;
 The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
 The big ha'-Bible, ance his father's pride :
 His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
 His lyart haffets wearing thin an' bare ;
 Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
 He wales a portion with judicious care ;
 And 'Let us worship God !' he says, with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise ;
 They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim :
 Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise,
 Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name ;
 Or noble Elgin beats the heav'n-ward flame,
 The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays :
 Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame ;
 The tickl'd ears no heart-felt raptures raise ;
 Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
 How Abram was the friend of God on high ;
 Or, Moses bad eternal warfare wage
 With Amalek's ungracious progeny ;
 Or h̄ow the royal bard did groaning lye
 Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire ;
 Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry ;
 Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire ;
 Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian Volume is the theme,
 How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed ;
 How He, who bore in Heav'n the second name,
 Had not on earth whereon to lay His head :
 How His first followers and servants sped
 The precepts sage they wrote to many a land ;
 How he, who lone in Patmos banished,
 Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand ;
 And heard great Bab'l'on's doom pronounc'd by Heav'n's com-
 mand.

Then kneeling down, to heaven's eternal king,
 The saint, the father, and the husband prays :
 Hope springs exulting on triumphant wing,
 That thus they all shall meet in future days ;
 There ever bask in uncreated rays,
 No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
 Together hymning their Creator's praise,
 In such society, yet still more dear ;
 While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compar'd with this, how poor religion's pride,
 In all the pomp of method, and of art,
 When men display to congregations wide,
 Devotion's every grace, except the heart !
 The pow'r, incens'd, the pageant will desert,
 The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole ;
 But haply, in some cottage far apart,
 May hear, well pleas'd the language of the soul :
 And in his Book of Life the inmates poor enroll.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way ;
 The youngling cottagers retire to rest :
 The parent pair their secret homage pay,
 And proffer up to heav'n the warm request
 That He who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
 And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
 Would in the way His wisdom **sees** the best,
 For them and for their little ones provide ;
 But chiefly in their hearts with grace divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
 That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad :
 Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
 'An honest man's the noblest work of God.'
 And certes, in fair virtue's heav'nly road,
 The cottage leaves the palace far behind ;
 What is a lordling's pomp; a cumbrous load,
 Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
 Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refin'd !

O Scotia ! my dear, my native soil !
 For whom my warmest wish to heav'n is sent !
 Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil,
 Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content !
 And, O ! may Heav'n, their simple lives prevent
 From luxury's contagion, weak and vile !
 Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
 A virtuous populace may rise the while,
 And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved isle.

O Thou ! who poured the patriotic tide
 That stream'd through Wallace's undaunted heart ;
 Who dar'd to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
 Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
 The patriot's God, peculiarly Thou art,
 His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward !
 O never, never, Scotia's realm desert ;
 But still the patriot and the patriot-bard,
 In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard !

To a Mountain Daisy.

On turning one down with the plough, in April 1786.

WEE, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,
 Thou's met me in an evil hour ;
 For I maun crush amang the stoure
 Thy slender stem ;
 To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
 Thou bonnie gem.

Alas! its no thy neebor sweet,
 The bonnie lark, companion meet!
 Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet!
 Wi' speckl'd breast,
 When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
 The purpling east.
 Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
 Upon thy early, humble birth;
 Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
 Amid the storm,
 Scarce rear'd above the parent-earth
 Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'r's our gardens yield,
 High shel'ring woods and wa's maun shield;
 But thou, beneath the random biel
 O' clod or stane,
 Adorns the histie stibble-field,
 Unseen, alone.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
 Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,
 Thou lifts thy unassuming head
 In humble guise;
 But now the share uptears thy bed,
 And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless maid,
 Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade!
 By love's simplicity betray'd
 And guileless trust,
 Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid
 Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
 On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!
 Unskilful he to note the card
 Of prudent lore,
 Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
 And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is giv'n,
 Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
 By human pride or cunning driv'n
 To mis'ry's brink,
 Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but Heav'n,
 He, ruin'd, sink!

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
 That fate is thine—no distant date;
 Stern Ruin's plough-share drives, elate,
 Full on thy bloom,
 Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
 Shall be thy doom!

REV. WILLIAM CAMERON.

1751—1811.

BY REV. CHAS. ROGERS, LL.D. F.S.A.

WILLIAM CAMERON was born in 1751. He studied at Marischal College, Aberdeen, where he was a pupil of Dr. Beattie, "who ever after entertained for him much esteem." A letter, addressed to him by this eminent professor, in 1774, has been published by Sir William Forbes; and his name is thus introduced at the beginning of Dr. Beattie's "Letter to the Rev. Hugh Blair, D.D., on the Improvement of Psalmody in Scotland, 1778, 8vo.;" "The message you lately sent me by my friend Mr. Cameron, has determined me to give you my thoughts at some length upon the subject of it." Having obtained licence as a probationer, he was ordained to the pastoral charge of Kirknewton, in the county of Midlothian, on the 17th of August, 1786.

He died in his manse on the 17th of November, 1811, in the 60th year of his age, and the 26th year of his ministry. In 1781, along with the celebrated John Logan and Dr. Morrison, minister of Canisbay, he contributed towards the formation of a collection of paraphrases from scripture, which, being approved by the General Assembly, is still used in public worship in Scotland. He is understood to have composed the 14th and 17th paraphrases, and to have revised thirty-nine others in the series. He published "Poems on various occasions," (Edinburgh, 1780, 8vo.); "The Abuse of Civil and Religious Liberty, a Sermon," (Edinburgh, 1793, 8vo.); "Ode on Lockiel's Birthday," (1796, 4to.); "A Review of the French Revolution," (Edinburgh, 1802, 8vo.); "Poems on several occasions," (Posthumous, 1813, 8vo.) He is the reputed author of "Poetical Dialogues on Religion, in the Scottish Dialect, between two Gentlemen and two Ploughmen," (Edinburgh, 1788). The following song, which was composed by Mr. Cameron on the restoration of the forfeited estates by Act of Parliament in 1784, is transcribed from Johnson's "Musical Museum."

As o'er the Highland hills I hied,

As o'er the Highland hills I hied,
The Camerons in array I spied ;
Lockiel's proud standard waving wide,
In all its ancient glory.

The martial pipe loud pierced the sky,
The Bard arose, resounding high
Their valour, faith, and loyalty,
That shine in Scottish story.

No more the trumpet calls to arms,
Awaking battle's fierce alarms,
But every hero's bosom warms
With songs of exultation.
While brave Lockiel at length regains,
Through toils of war, his native plains,
And, won by glorious wounds, attains
His high paternal station.

Let now the voice of joy prevail,
And echo wide from hill to vale ;
Ye warlike clans, arise and hail
Your laurell'd chiefs returning.
O'er every mountain, every isle,
Let peace in all her lustre smile,
And discord ne'er her day defile
With sullen shades of mourning.

M'Leod, M'Donald, join the strain,
M'Pherson, Fraser, and M'Lean ;
Through all your bounds let gladness reign ;
Both prince and patriot praising.
Whose generous bounty richy pours
The streams of plenty round your shores ;
To Scotia's hills their pride restores
Her faded honours raising.

Let all the joyous banquet share,
Nor e'er let Gothic grandeur dare,
With scowling brow, to overbear,
A vassal's right invading.
Let Freedom's conscious sons disdain
To crowd his fawning, timid train,
Nor even own his haughty reign,
Their dignity degrading.

Ye northern chiefs, whose rage unbroke
Has still repell'd the tyrant's shock ;
Who ne'er have bow'd beneath his yoke
With servile base prostration ;
Let each now train his trusty band
'Gainst foreign foes alone to stand
With undivided heart and hand,
For Freedom, King and Nation.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

1767—1844.

BY WILLIAM BEATTIE, M.D. F.R.C.P.LOND.

FELLOW OF THE ETHNOLOGICAL SOCIETY, ETC., ETC.; PHYSICIAN TO
KING WILLIAM IV.; AUTHOR OF "SCOTLAND;" "THE
WALDENSES;" "CASTLES AND ABBEYS OF
ENGLAND;" ETC., ETC., ETC.

THOMAS CAMPBELL, the youngest son of Alexander and Margaret Campbell, was born in Glasgow on the 27th of July, 1767. His father, a retired Virginia merchant, then in his sixty-eighth year, fondly predicted, it is said, that the "son of his old age" would grow up to be an honour to his country; and he had the happiness to see his prediction fulfilled. The child evinced a precocity of intellect from his very cradle, and when sent to the grammar school, attracted the special notice of his master, and took the lead in every class. These indications of genius were the delight of his home circle, where his father, careful to foster a literary taste, was still more so to imbue his infant mind with the practical lessons of early piety. When eleven years old—and the fact deserves mention from the influence it had upon his opening mind—the boy was sent to recruit his health in the country; and there the latent germ of poetry first began to assert its vitality. At the age of thirteen he entered the university, and gained several prizes, which lured him on to higher attainments. His curriculum, extending over six college sessions, was distinguished by a long series of literary competitions, in which he carried off the chief prizes in Latin, Greek, Logic, and Moral Philosophy. He excelled in translations from the Greek drama, and was so much commended for his English essays, chiefly poetical, that he was called the young "Pope of Glasgow"—a title which proved to be no great misnomer. During a college recess which he passed in the Isle of Mull, he translated the *Choephorae* of Æschylus, and there also—what appears to have given specific direction to his taste—he read the *Pleasures of Memory*, by Rogers. The perusal of that poem quickened all his literary aspirations. It was the magic key that unlocked the fountain of his genius: the sparkling waters gushed forth, and the first idea of "the Pleasures of Hope" took possession of his mind. Once suggested, the theme was soon reduced into shape; and, though often interrupted, it was never laid aside until he had given it to the public in its present form. Returning from the "lonely Hebrides," he supported himself at college by private tuition, living, so to speak, out of his inkstand. Though still a mere youth, he was a keen politician, a ready speaker at the debating

club, looked upon with deference by his companions, and quoted in knotty points as a "competent authority." But all the honours he had gained—all the praise lavished upon him by his teachers, had only, as he complained, diverted his attention from other and more profitable studies. Poetry had expelled mathematics; a string of idle fancies had strangled the lessons of worldly prudence. He felt he had no social standing, no means of improving his circumstances, and no prospect of acquiring the independence for which he longed. With these melancholy reflections, he accepted the office of a domestic tutor, and retired with his pupil to the banks of Loch Fyne. The fair face of nature, and the first sight of the hills, soothed and tranquillized his spirit; and, calling in the muse to his aid, he was soon himself again, and deep in poetry. There he wrote "Love and Madness," "Caroline," numerous epistles to friends, and added another and another episode to "the Pleasures of Hope."

In November, 1788, at the age of twenty, he arrived in Edinburgh. His manuscript poem was read and approved by Dr. Anderson, then offered to the booksellers, and finally sold to "Mundell and Son" for sixty pounds in money and books. It was a fortunate speculation. No sooner was it published than the juvenile author was hailed as a new light on Parnassus. At one flight, it was said, he had taken his place with the first poets of the age, and the high estimate of his private friends was soon confirmed by the voice of public admiration. While the tide of popularity was at its height, the youthful poet embarked for Germany, landed at Altona, wrote his "Exile of Erin," and letters to the *Morning Chronicle*, and then proceeding forward to the seat of war, spent several months at Ratisbon. There he was a spectator of several grand military operations, and witnessed a hot conflict between Austrian and French hussars, which suggested "the Battle of Hohenlinden," "the Soldier's Dream," and other spirited lyrics.

In the spring of 1801, after being chased ashore by a French privateer, Campbell arrived in London, and at the table of Mr. Perry made the acquaintance of many literary magnates, who became his attached friends through life. Suddenly called home by the death of his father, he spent the remainder of the year with his widowed mother in Edinburgh, where he published "Lochiel's Warning, and other Poems." The following spring he returned to London in his new capacity of private secretary to Lord Minto, who introduced him to the leading men of the day.

In September, 1803, he married his cousin, Miss Matilda Sinclair, a lady of refined taste and personal beauty; and with "fifty pounds in his writing desk," and the prospective "fruits of literary engagements," he sat down to work with a "happy and contented mind." But with a continual round of visitors, letters, cards, invitations, appeals to the author of "the Pleasures of Hope," which deranged all his plans, he was soon compelled to retreat from Pimlico to a cottage on Sydenham Heath. There he found quiet congenial friends, who honoured his talents, and united their efforts to promote his welfare. This was the happiest period of his life. With his busy forenoons in town and studious evenings at home, he made literature a staff on which he could lean with comfort. His familiar letters of that period exhibit the poet and his little household in a very amiable and engaging light.

In 1806 the king was graciously pleased to grant him a literary pension of £200 a year. Three years later appeared his "Gertrude of Wyoming;"

"O'Connor's Child ;" "Battle of the Baltic," and other poems, which had their full share of popularity. He then wrote a course of lectures on poetry, which he read at the Royal Institution, edited Specimens of British Poets, and lectured in the provinces. But at length, in losing his favourite child, he appeared to have lost all his health and energy ; and then acting upon professional advice, he struck his tent, packed up his books, and removed to a house near Hyde Park. There he undertook the editorship of the *New Monthly*, which he conducted for many years, making it the vehicle of numerous articles from his own pen, both in prose and verse. His house was the evening resort of a brilliant literary circle. He was identified with every scheme of public and private benevolence, a friend and promoter of talent in every department, and charitable often to excess. He was the avowed champion of the Poles, of all "patriots" and "refugees ;" and never was literary championship more vigorously sustained. He founded the London University, visited the public schools of Germany on its behalf, and reported to his colleagues on the Prussian system of education. He founded the Association of the Friends of Poland, and the Literary Club, and gave lectures for public charities on various occasions.

In November, 1826, he had the "crowning honour" of being chosen lord-rector of his native university, a "sunburst of popular favour," as he expressed it, which was repeated a second and a third time, and acknowledged on his part by singular devotedness to the duties of his high office. His "Letters to the Students of Glasgow," published in his magazine, were much read and commended at the time as models of classical taste and composition. After the publication of his new poem, "Theodoric," he undertook a life of Mrs. Siddons, the queen of tragedy, whom in 1814, in company with John Kemble, he had attended on her visit to Paris. Having completed this task—a dying bequest—he went abroad, where he was publicly feted in Paris as the "Champion of Poland—the Poet of Freedom—the Friend of Mankind ;" and with these plaudits ringing in his ears he embarked for Africa, and spent the winter in Algiers. The results of that tour were published in his "Letters from the South." On his return home through Paris he was graciously received and complimented by Louis Philippe upon his lucid report of Algiers and the regency. The next works to which he gave his name were a life of Frederick the Great, a life of Petrarch, and a new edition of Shakespeare, with introductory notes and comments, which furnished him with pleasing occupation, but neither advanced his fame nor improved his income. He was then in delicate health ; but a summer tour in the Highlands set him up, and brought under his notice materials for a new poem, which he published with the ominous title of "Glencoe !" Its reception by the public was not very flattering. The bursts of applause which had followed and cheered him through forty years of his poetical life, now fell on his ears with a fainter and fainter echo. He had lived in the society of warm hearts—in times of great excitement—in the sunshine of popularity. But most of his old friends were now departed, and he looked anxiously around for something which neither fame nor friendship itself could bestow. "When I think," he said, "of the existence that shall have commenced when the cold stone is laid over my head, what can literary fame appear to me but as vanity—as nothing !" But he consoled himself with the conviction that he had never written a line to countenance infidelity, nor to lower the standard of christian morals.

The last beautiful edition of his poems, illustrated from drawings by Turner, soon reimbursed him for the heavy outlay, and during his latter years brought him a handsome annuity. This, with his pension and several legacies bequeathed to him by his friends, Telford and others, might have rendered him quite independent of "literary drudgery." But his practical benevolence acting as a continual drain upon his resources, involved him in difficulties, from which the more wary and calculating are generally exempt. At his farewell breakfast given in London, Rogers, Moore, Milman, and two or three intimate friends, were his guests. The party was cheerful; and during this act of hospitality his wit and humour played gracefully round the table. But it was painfully evident that these momentary flashes were but the fitful lights that often precede the hour of sunset. In a few months he parted with his house at Pimlico, and took the lease of an old family mansion in Boulogne, not far from that in which Le Sage and also the poet Churchill had expired. It was a rash step, the result of a needless panic, and the change was rapid. His health broke down, his pen was laid aside, all literary speculations were abandoned, and with a "forecast" that his time was come, he took to his bed—never again to leave it until removed in his coffin to Westminster Abbey. On the 15th of June, 1844, at a quarter past four in the afternoon, he entered, by a calm and painless transition, into a new state of existence—*Hoc erat luc:uosum suis, acerbum patria.*—All necessary arrangements being concluded, the poet's remains were embarked at midnight on the 27th June, conveyed to London, and then to the "Jerusalem chamber" in the abbey (where the body of Addison had lain), there to wait the ceremony of interment. On the 3rd of July the funeral procession moved to Poets' Corner. The pall was supported by eight peers of the realm, headed by the Duke of Argyll, while the sublime service for the dead, chanted by the choir, and responded to by the deep-toned organ, produced an effect of indescribable solemnity. At the moment the coffin was lowered, and while the Reverend Dean Milman pronounced the words—"Dust to dust, ashes to ashes"—Colonel Sczirma, heading a deputation of Polish nobles in deep mourning, took from his breast a handful of dust, brought from the tomb of Kosciusko, and with a trembling hand sprinkled it over the poet's coffin. This delicate token of respect and affection to him who had been emphatically "the exiles' friend," drew tears from many eyes, and formed an appropriate close to the solemnities of the day.—A fine classic statue of Campbell, by Marshall—on a pedestal, presented by Mrs. Roylance-Child, now faces that of Addison in Poets' Corner, and occupies one of the best sites in Westminster Abbey.

The Harper.

ON the green banks of Shannon, when Sheelah was nigh,
No blithe Irish lad was so happy as I,
No harp like my own could so cheerily play,
And whercver I went was my poor dog Tray.

When at last I was forced from my Sheelah to part,
 She said (while the sorrow was big at her heart),
 "Oh ! remember your Sheelah when far, far away;
 And be kind, my dear Pat, to our poor dog Tray."

Poor dog ! he was faithful and kind, to be sure,
 And he constantly loved me, although I was poor ;
 When the sour-looking folks sent me heartless away,
 I had always a friend in my poor dog Tray.

When the road was so dark, and the night was so cold,
 And Pat and his dog were grown weary and old,
 How snugly we slept in my old coat of grey,
 And he licked me for kindness—my poor dog Tray.

Though my wallet was scant, I remembered his case,
 Nor refused my last crust to his pitiful face ;
 But he died at my feet on a cold winter day,
 And I played a sad lament for my poor dog Tray.

Where now shall I go, poor, forsaken, and blind ?
 Can I find one to guide me, so faithful and kind ?
 To my sweet native village, so far, far away,
 I can never more return with my poor dog Tray.

Ye Mariners of England,

A NAVAL ODE.

YE Mariners of England !
 That guard our native seas ;
 Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
 The battle and the breeze !
 Your glorious standard launch again
 To meet another foe !
 And sweep through the deep,
 While the stormy tempests blow ;
 While the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy tempests blow.

The spirits of your fathers
 Shall start from every wave !—
 For the deck it was their field of fame,
 And Ocean was their grave :
 Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
 Your manly hearts shall glow,

As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow ;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep ;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below,—
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy tempests blow ;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn ;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors !
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow ;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

Lord Ullin's Daughter.

A CHIEFTAIN to the Highlands bound,
Cries, " Boatman do not tarry !
And I'll give thee a silver pound,
To row us o'er the ferry."

" Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle
This dark and stormy water ?"
" O, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

" And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

" His horsemen hard behind us ride ;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover ?"



Outspoke the hardy Highland wight,
 “I’ll go, my chief—I’m ready;
 It is not for your silver bright,
 But for your winsome lady:

“And by my word! the bonny bird
 In danger shall not tarry;
 So though the waves are raging white,
 I’ll row you o’er the ferry.”

By this the storm grew loud apace,
 The water-wraith* was shrieking;
 And in the scowl of heaven each face
 Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
 And as the night grew drearer,
 Adown the glen rode arméd men,
 Their trampling sounded nearer.

“O haste thee, haste!” the lady cries,
 “Though tempests round us gather;
 I’ll meet the raging of the skies,
 But not an angry father.”

The boat has left a stormy land,
 A stormy sea before her,—
 When, oh! too strong for human hand,
 The tempest gathered o’er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar
 Of waters fast prevailing:
 Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore,
 His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismayed, through storm and shade,
 His child he did discover:
 One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
 And one was round her lover.

“Come back! come back!” he cried in grief,
 “Across this stormy water:
 And I’ll forgive your Highland chief,
 My daughter!—oh my daughter!”

Twas vain: the loud waves lashed the shore,
 Return or aid preventing:
 The waters wild went o’er his child—
 And he was left lamenting.

* The evil spirit of the waters.

Hohenlinden.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat, at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle blade,
And furious every charger neighed,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stainèd snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds rolling dun,
Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun,
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave !
Wave, Munich ! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry !

Few, few shall part where many meet !
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.



The Last Man.

ALL worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,
 The Sun himself must die,
 Before this mortal shall assume
 Its Immortality !
 I saw a vision in my sleep,
 That gave my spirit strength to sweep
 Adown the gulph of Time !
 I saw the last of human mould,
 That shall Creation's death behold,
 As Adam saw her prime !

The Sun's eye had a sickly glare,
 The Earth with age was wan,
 The skeletons of nations were
 Around that lonely man !
 Some had expired in fight,—the brands
 Still rested in their bony hands ;
 In plague and famine some !
 Earth's cities had no sound nor tread ;
 And ships were drifting with the dead
 To shores where all was dumb !

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood
 With dauntless words and high,
 That shook the sere leaves from the wood
 As if a storm passed by,
 Saying, “ We are twins in death, proud Sun,
 Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
 'Tis Mercy bids thee go.
 For thou ten thousand thousand years
 Hast seen the tide of human tears,
 That shall no longer flow.

“ What though beneath thee man put forth
 His pomp, his pride, his skill ;
 And arts that made fire, flood, and earth,
 The vassals of his will ;—
 Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,
 Thou dim discrowned king of day :
 For all those trophyed arts
 And triumphs that beneath thee sprang,
 Healed not a passion or a pang
 Entailed on human hearts.

“ Go, let oblivion’s curtain fall
Upon the stage of men,
Nor with thy rising beams recall
Life’s tragedy again.
Its piteous pageants bring not back,
Nor waken flesh, upon the rack
Of pain anew to writhe ;
Stretched in disease’s shapes abhorred,
Or mown in battle by the sword,
Like grass beneath the scythe.

“ E’en I am weary in yon skies
To watch thy fading fire ;
Test of all sumless agonies,
Behold not me expire.
My lips that speak thy dirge of death—
Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath
To see thou shalt not boast.
The eclipse of Nature spreads my pall,—
The majesty of Darkness shall
Receive my parting ghost !

“ This spirit shall return to Him
That gave its heavenly spark ;
Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim
When thou thyself art dark !
No ! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
By Him recalled to breath,
Who captive led captivity,
Who robbed the grave of Victory,—
And took the sting from Death !

“ Go, Sun, while Mercy holds me up
On Nature’s awful waste
To drink this last and bitter cup
Of grief that man shall taste—
Go, tell the night that hides thy face,
Thou saw’st the last of Adam’s race,
On Earth’s sepulchral clod,
The darkening universe defy
To quench his Immortality,
Or shake his trust in God ! ”

CHARLES THE FIRST.

1600—1649.

BY WALTER J. KAYE, M.A.

CHARLES I., King of England, third son of James I., and Anne, daughter of Frederick II., King of Denmark, was born at Dumfermline Palace, November 19th, 1600. His brothers having died, one in infancy, and Prince Henry in 1612 at the age of 19, Charles became heir-apparent to the crown, but was not created Prince of Wales till November 19th, 1616.

The principal event in which Charles figured before his accession to the throne was his expedition to Spain in 1623 to woo the Infanta. After that match was broken off, a negotiation was begun, before the death of James in March 1625, for his marriage with Princess Henrietta Maria, the youngest daughter of Henri IV. of France, which was solemnised by proxy, at Paris, May 11, of the same year. Charles began his reign by retaining as his chief adviser his father's favourite, the unpopular, unprincipled, and incapable Buckingham.

The reign commenced with a contest between the King and the Parliament, the latter firmly refusing to grant the supplies demanded by His Majesty for the war with Spain, until they had obtained both a redress of grievances and a limitation of the prerogative. In the course of this first contest three parliaments were successively called together and dismissed. The first met June 13th, 1625, and was dissolved August 12th, in the same year; the second met February 6th, 1626, and was dissolved June 15th; the third met March 17th, 1628, was suddenly prorogued June 26th, was called together for a second session January 20th, 1629, and was finally dissolved March 10th of the same year. All this time the proceedings of the king continued to be of the most arbitrary character, and he now adopted the policy of governing without parliaments. Before entering on this line of policy, he wisely made peace, first, April 14th, 1629, with France, and secondly, November 5th, 1630, with Spain.

This state of things lasted for nearly eight years. The only memorable attempt at resistance was that made by Hampden, who refused to pay his assessment of ship-money, and whose case was argued before the twelve judges in April 1637, and decided in favour of the crown. Meantime the opposition of the people of Scotland to the episcopal form of church government suddenly burst out into a flame. The first disturbances took place in Edinburgh,

in the end of July 1637; and by the beginning of the following year the whole country was in a state of insurrection against the royal authority. In these circumstances Charles called together his fourth Parliament, which met April 13th, 1640. The temper which the members showed however induced him to dissolve it on the fifth of May following; but, the Scotch army having entered England August 20th, a fifth Parliament was summoned, which met November 3rd, 1640, and is generally known under the name of the Long Parliament.

By this parliament the impeachments of Strafford and Laud were carried; and the Militia Bill, to which the king refused to agree, formed the ground on which the civil war was commenced, and which ended in the surrender of the king to the parliament, by whom he was brought to trial in Westminster Hall, January 20th, 1649, before what was designated the High Court of Justice. Sentence of death was pronounced against him on the 27th, and he was executed in front of the Banqueting House at Whitehall on the 30th.

In literature Charles is entitled to mention chiefly as the reputed author of a work published after his death entitled *Eikon Basilike*, which contained a series of reflections, proceeding from himself, respecting various situations in which he was placed towards the close of his life. This in a short space of time went through forty-eight editions, exciting a keen interest in the fate of the king, and high admiration of his mental gifts. He was also the author of some stanzas, not devoid of merit, which entitled him to a place among the poets of his native land. We are indebted to Bishop Burnet for their preservation. He gives them in his *Memoirs of the Dukes of Hamilton*, saying, "A very worthy gentleman who had the honour of waiting on him there (at Carisbrooke Castle), and was much trusted by him, copied them out from the original, who voucheth them to be a true copy." The literary works attributed to King Charles were, after his death, collected and published under the title of *Reliquiae Sacrae Caroline*. They consist chiefly of letters and a few state papers, and of the "Eikon Basilike," but his claim to the authorship of the latter has been much disputed; Dr. Wordsworth is certain that the king wrote it, Sir James Mackintosh is equally positive that he did not; and the question appears to be no nearer settlement than that of the authorship of Junius, or the true character of the king's grandmother Mary Stuart. Charles was, however, certainly among the most elegant English writers of his time, and a friend to the fine arts, which he greatly encouraged in the early part of his reign.

Majesty in Misery.

GREAT Monarch of the World! from whose arm springs
The potency and power of kings,
Record the royal woe, my sufferings.

Nature and law, by thy divine decree
(The only root of righteous loyalty),
With this dim diadem invested me:



With it the sacred sceptre, purple robe,
Thy holy union, and the royal globe ;
Yet I am levelled with the life of Job.

The fiercest furies that do daily tread
Upon my grief, my gray discrowned head,
Are those that owe my bounty for their bread.

Tyranny bears the title of taxation,
Revenge and robbery are reformation,
Oppression gains the name of sequestration.

Great Britain's heir is forc'd into France,
Whilst on his father's head his foes advance :
Poor child ! he weeps out his inheritance.

With my own power my majesty they wound,
In the king's name the king himself's uncrown'd ;
So doth the dust destroy the diamond.

My life they prize at such a slender rate,
That in my absence they draw bills of hate
To prove the king a traitor to the state.

Felons obtain more privilege than I,
They are allowed to answer ere they die ;
'Tis death for me to ask the reason, Why.

But, sacred Saviour ! with thy words I woo
Thee to forgive, and not be bitter to
Such as thou know'st *do not know what they do.*

Augment my patience, nullifie my hate,
Preserve my issue, and inspire my mate ;
Yet though we perish, bless this church and state !

Vota dabunt quæ bella negarunt.

On a Quiet Conscience.

CLOSE thine eyes, and sleep secure ;
Thy soul is safe, thy body sure :
He that guards thee, he that keeps,
Never slumbers, never sleeps.
A quiet conscience in the breast
Has only peace, has only rest :
The music and the mirth of kings
Are out of tune unless she sings.
Then close thine eyes in peace, and sleep secure—
No sleep so sweet as thine, no rest so sure !

ROBERT CRAWFORD.

1690—1733.

By SIR GEO. DOUGLAS, BART.

EDITOR OF "MINOR SCOTTISH POETS."

THE dates of the birth and the death of the poet whose pastoral Muse has so sweetly celebrated the beauties of Tweedside are uncertain—the former being given sometimes as 1690, sometimes as 1695; the latter both as 1732 and 1733. ROBERT CRAWFORD was the younger son of the family of Crawford of Drumsoy, and became the friend of Hamilton of Bangour, and of Allan Ramsay—to whose *Tea Table Miscellany* he contributed several of his songs. Little is known of his life; but he is said to have been a remarkably handsome man, to have resided long in Paris, and to have been drowned in returning home from France.

Of the broom of the Cowden Knowes—two hills which were at one time overgrown with that plant—Henderson, in his *Popular Rhymes of Berwickshire*, remarks that, according to the popular tradition, it grew so tall and bushy that a man might ride through it on horseback without being seen. "How many fragrant and secluded nooks, calculated for scenes of courtship," he continues, "must there have been throughout such a territory!" And he goes on to say that "before the recent improvements in Scottish agriculture, there were to be seen everywhere throughout the country whole districts which waved, a sea of glorious yellow, beneath the summer wind; while for miles around the ground was covered by the blossoms which they shed." Speaking of the Bush aboon Traquair, Dr. Robert Chambers (himself a native of Peebles) says it was a small grove of birches that formerly adorned the left bank of the Quair water in Peeblesshire, about a mile from Traquair House. "But only a few spectral-looking remains now denote the spot so long celebrated in the popular poetry of Scotland. Leafless even in summer, and scarcely to be observed upon the bleak hill-side, they form a truly melancholy memorial of what must once have been an object of great pastoral beauty, as well as the scene of many such fond attachments as that delineated" (by Crawford).

The Broom of the Cowdenknowes.

WHEN summer comes, the swains on Tweed
 Sing their successful loves,—
 Around the ewes and lambkins feed,
 And music fills the groves.

But my loved song is then the broom
 So fair on Cowdenknowes :
 For sure so sweet, so soft, a bloom
 Elsewhere there never grows.

There Colin tuned his oaten reed,
 And won my yielding heart ;—
 No shepherd e'er that dwelt on Tweed
 Could play with half such art.

He sang of Tay, of Forth, and Clyde,
 The hills and dales all round,
 Of Leader-haughs and Leader-side,—
 Oh ! how I bless'd the sound.

Yet more delightful is the broom
 So fair on Cowdenknowes ;
 For sure so fresh, so bright, a bloom
 Elsewhere there never grows.

Not Teviot braes so green and gay
 May with this broom compare,—
 Not Yarrow banks in flowery May,
 Nor the bush aboon Traquair.

More pleasing far are Cowdenknowes,
 My peaceful, happy home,—
 Where I was wont to milk my ewes
 At e'en among the broom.

Ye powers that haunt the woods and plains
 Where Tweed with Teviot flows,
 Convey me to the best of swains
 And my loved Cowdenknowes !

WILLIAM CREECH, F.R.S. Edin. F.S.A.

1745—1815.

BY WALTER J. KAYE, M.A.

WILLIAM CREECH, Edinburgh publisher and lord provost of Edinburgh, son of Rev. William Creech, minister at Newbattle, Midlothian, and Mary Buley, an English lady, related to the family of Quarne, Devonshire, was born April 21st, 1745. After the death of his father, his mother removed to Dalkeith where the boy received an education qualifying him to enter the University of Edinburgh. There he manifested good abilities and is said to have become an elegant and accomplished scholar. With the view of entering the medical profession he attended a course of medical lectures, but having made the acquaintance of Kincaid, Her Majesty's printer for Scotland, who had succeeded to the publishing business of Allan Ramsay, he became apprentice to Kincaid & Bell, with whom he remained till 1766, when he went to London for improvement in his business. He returned to Edinburgh in 1768, and in 1770 accompanied Lord Kilmaurs, afterwards fourteenth earl of Glencairn, on a tour through Holland, France, Switzerland, and various parts of Germany. On the dissolution of the partnership of Kincaid & Bell in May, 1771, he became partner with Kincaid under the firm of Kincaid & Creech, until Kincaid withdrew in 1773, leaving Creech sole partner, under whom the business, as regards publishing, became the most important in Scotland. According to Lord Cockburn, Creech owed a good deal to the position of his shop, which 'formed the eastmost point of a long thin range of buildings that stood to the north of St. Giles's Cathedral.' Situated 'in the very tideway of our business,' says Cockburn, it became 'the natural resort of lawyers, authors, and all sorts of literary allies who were always buzzing about the convenient hive' (*Memorials*, p. 169). Cockburn, however, does not do justice to the attractive influence of Creech himself, who, in addition to intellectual accomplishments, possessed remarkable social gifts, and was an inimitable story-teller. His breakfast-room was frequented by the most eminent members of the literary society of Edinburgh, the gatherings being known as 'Creech's levees.' Archibald Constable characteristically remarks that Creech 'availed himself of few of the advantages which his education and position afforded him in his relations with the literary men of Scotland' (*Archibald Constable and his Correspondents*, i. 535). This is an undoubted exaggeration, for he was the original publisher of the works, among others, of Dr. Blair, Dr. Beattie, Dr. George

Campbell, Dr. Cullen, Dr. Gregory, Henry Mackenzie, and Robert Burns. He was introduced to Burns through the Earl of Glencairn, who recommended to him the publication of the second edition of Burns's 'Poems.' His delay in settling accounts caused Burns much worry and anxiety, and although after the final settlement Burns admitted that at last he 'had been amicable and fair,' his opinion of Creech was permanently changed for the worse. While he knew him only as the delightful social companion, Burns addressed him in a humorous eulogistic poem entitled 'Willie's Awa!' written during Creech's absence in London in 1787, expressing in one of the stanzas the wish that he may be

streekit out to bleach
In winter snaw,
When I forget thee, Willie Creech,
Though far awa !

Creech was the publisher of the 'Mirror' and 'Lounger.' He was also one of the founders of the Speculative Society. Besides excelling as a conversationalist, he carried on an extensive correspondence with literary men both in England and Scotland. Several of his letters to Lord Kames are published in Lord Kames's 'Life' (2nd edit. iii. 317—35). Under the signatures of 'Theophrastus' he contributed to newspapers, especially the 'Edinburgh Courant,' a number of essays and sketches of character, the more interesting of these being 'An Account of the Manners and Customs in Scotland between 1763 and 1783,' which was ultimately brought down to 1793, and published in the 'Statistical Account of Scotland.' The greater portion of the 'Essays' were collected and published in 1791 under the title 'Fugitive Pieces,' and an edition with some additions and an account of his life appeared posthumously in 1815. He was also the author of 'An Account of the Trial of Wm. Brodie and George Smith, by William Creech, one of the Jury.' In politics Creech was a supporter of Mr. Pitt and Lord Melville, with the latter of whom he was on terms of special intimacy. Creech was addicted to theological discussion, held strongly Calvinistic views, and was a member of the high church session. He was the founder and principal promoter of the Society of Booksellers of Edinburgh and Leith, took an active part in the formation of the chamber of commerce (instituted 1786), and was the chairman of several public bodies, as well as fellow of the Royal and Antiquarian Societies. At different periods of his life he was a member of the town council, and he held the office of lord provost from 1811 to 1813. He was never married, and died June 14th, 1815.

To a Gentleman who complained of having lost his
Gold Watch.

FRET not, my friend, or peevish say
Your fate is worse than common ;
For Gold takes wings and flies away,
And Time will stay for no man.

To the Author of the Essay on Nothing, who was
Remarkably Thin and Slender.

To discern where the force of their genius lies,
Often puzzles the witty, and sometimes the wise ;
Your discernment is this, all true critics must find,
Since the subject so well suits your body and mind.

A Receipt for Happiness,

TRAVERSE the world and fly from pole to pole !
Go far as winds can blow or waters roll !
Lo ! all is vanity beneath this sun,
To silent death through heedless paths we run.

See the pale miser poring o'er his gold !
See the false patriot who his country sold !
Ambition's vot'ry groans beneath the weight,
A splendid victim to the toils of state.

Ev'n in the mantling bowl sweet poisons flow ;
And Love's pursuits oft terminate in woe ;
Proud Learning ends her great career in doubt
And, puzzled still, makes nothing clearly out.

Where then is earthly bliss ! where does it grow ?
Know, mortal, happiness dwells not below !
Look up to Heaven ! be Heaven thy darling care ;
Spurn the vile earth, and seek thy treasure there ;
Nothing but God—and God alone you'll find,
Can fill a boundless and immortal mind !

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

1784—1842.

BY LESLIE STEPHEN, M.A.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, miscellaneous writer, was born in the parish of Keir, Dumfriesshire, on December 7th, 1784. His father, John Cunningham (1743-1800), was descended from an Ayrshire family, and in 1784 was factor to a Mr. Copeland of Blackwood House, Keir. John Cunningham married Elizabeth Harley, daughter of a Dumfries merchant, and had by her five sons and four daughters. The mother's marked intellectual power was transmitted to her children. James, the eldest son (*b.* 1765), became a builder, contributed to magazines, and died on July 27th, 1832. Thomas Mounsey (*b.* 1776) [q. v.] became managing clerk to Sir John Rennie, the engineer; he composed some popular songs and contributed articles called a 'Literary Legacy' to the 'Edinburgh Magazine' (1817); he died of cholera on October 28th, 1834. John, the third son, died young. Peter Miller, the fifth (*b.* 1789), became a surgeon in the navy. When Allan, the fourth son, was two years old, his father became factor to Mr. Miller at Dalswinton, and was a friend and neighbour of Burns during the poet's Ellisland period. He died in 1800. Allan was educated at a dame's school, and before completing his eleventh year was apprenticed to his brother James, then a stonemason in Dalswinton village. At leisure moments he read all the books he could procure, picked up popular poetry, was a welcome guest at village merry-makings, and fond of practical jokes. During the fears of an invasion he joined another lad in alarming the whole country-side by putting mysterious marks upon all the houses by night, which were attributed to French agents. They escaped detection. He saw Burns lying dead, and walked in the funeral procession. When about eighteen he went with his brother James to pay a visit of homage to Hogg, the Ettrick shepherd, who became a warm friend of both brothers. He paid twenty-four shillings for a copy of Scott's 'Lays' on its first appearance, and when 'Marmion' came out, walked to Edinburgh and back to catch a glimpse of the author. A letter to the minister of Dalswinton, John Wightman (April, 1806), shows that he was then reading various solid books, and both reading and writing poetry. Some poems signed Hidallan (a hero of Ossian's) were published in the 'Literary Recreations' (1807), edited by Eugenius Roche. His employer offered him a partnership, and while engaged in his work he fell in love with Jean Walker, servant in a house where he lodged, and addressed to her a popular song, 'The Lass of Preston Mill.'

In 1809, R. H. Cromeck was travelling in Scotland to collect songs. He brought an introduction to Cunningham from Mrs. Fletcher, well known in the Edinburgh circles. Cunningham produced his poems, of which Cromeck thought little. Cunningham then hit upon the plan of disguising them as old songs. Cromeck now admired, and was probably taken in for the moment. He accepted them readily, and was not less eager for the songs, if, as is probable, he suspected their real origin. Cunningham continued to forward ballads to Cromeck in London, and Cromeck persuaded him to come to London himself and try literature. Cunningham consented, reaching London on 9th April, 1810. A volume called 'Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song' appeared the following December, of which Cunningham says (HOGG, p. 79) that 'every article but two little scraps was contributed by me,' a fact by no means discoverable from Cromeck's acknowledgement in the introduction of Cunningham's services in drawing 'many pieces from obscurity.' The book, which contains interesting accounts in prose of the Scotch border peasantry, obviously by Cunningham, was favourably received, and the mystification as to the origin of the ballads was always transparent to the more intelligent, especially Scott and Hogg. An article upon this volume by Professor Wilson in 'Blackwood's Magazine' for December, 1819, first drew public attention to Cunningham's poetical merits. Cromeck paid Cunningham with a bound volume and a promise of something on a new edition. He also received Cunningham in his house, and gave him an introduction to Francis Chantrey, who was just rising into notice.

Cunningham obtained employment from a sculptor named Bubb at twenty-five shillings (raised to thirty-two shillings) a week. He applied to Eugenius Roche, now editing the 'Day,' who allowed him a guinea a week for poetry, and employed him as a parliamentary reporter. He describes his performance in this capacity in a letter to his brother, dated December 29th, 1810, where he announces another collection of songs. Jean Walker now came to him, and they were married at St. Saviour's, Southwark, on July 1st, 1811. He obtained employment from his countryman, Jerdan, editor of the 'Literary Gazette,' and in 1813 published a volume of 'Songs, chiefly in the rural dialect of Scotland.' In 1814 he was engaged by Chantrey as superintendent of the works, and gave up newspapers. He lived afterwards at 27, Lower Belgrave Place, Pimlico. He acted as Chantrey's secretary, conducted his correspondence, represented him during his absence, and occasionally ventured an artistic hint. He became known to Chantrey's sitters, and commanded general respect. The connection, honourable on both sides, lasted till Chantrey's death.

Cunningham had to provide for a growing family, and worked hard at literature. He 'rose at six and worked till six' in Chantrey's studio, and wrote in the evening. He contributed a series of stories called 'Recollections of Mark Macrabin, the Cameronian,' to 'Blackwood's Magazine,' 1819-21. He gave up 'Blackwood' for the 'London Magazine.' In 1820 he submitted a drama called 'Sir Marmaduke Maxwell' to Sir Walter Scott, whose personal acquaintance he had made when Scott was sitting to Chantrey. Scott thought it unfit for the stage, though praising its poetry. He pays it a compliment in the preface to the 'Fortunes of Nigel.' It was published in 1822 with some other pieces. In 1822 appeared also two volumes of 'Traditional Tales of the English and Scottish Peasantry,' and in 1825 four volumes of

'The Songs of Scotland, Ancient and Modern.' This includes 'A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea,' which though written by a landsman is one of our best sea songs. In the following years he tried romances, now forgotten, 'Paul Jones,' 1826, 'Sir Michael Scott,' 1828, 'Maid of Elvar,' poem in twelve parts, 1833, and the 'Lord Roldan,' 1836. He adopted the fashion of the day by bringing out the 'Anniversary' for 1829 and 1830, an annual with contributions from Southey, Wilson, Lockhart, Hogg, Croker, Procter, and others. From 1829 to 1833 appeared his 'Lives of the most Eminent British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects,' 6 vols., forming part of Murray's 'Family Library.' It is well and pleasantly written, and had a large sale. His knowledge of contemporary artists gives it some permanent value. An edition in three volumes, edited by Mrs. Charles Heaton, appeared in Bohn's 'Standard Library' in 1879. A meritorious edition of Burns in eight volumes, which appeared in 1834, was the last work of importance during his life. He corrected the last proofs of a life of Sir David Wilkie just before his death, and it appeared posthumously.

Cunningham's domestic life was happy. His letters to his mother show that his filial affection was as enduring as Carlyle's. A poem to his wife, first printed in Alaric Watts's 'Literary Souvenir' for 1824, gives a pleasing and obviously sincere account of his lifelong devotion. They had five sons and a daughter. Scott in 1828 obtained cadetships for two sons, Alexander and Joseph, in the Indian service. Both did well. Peter became clerk in the audit office, and was the well-known antiquary. Francis also entered the Indian army. In 1831 Cunningham visited Nithsdale, was presented with the freedom of Dumfries, and entertained at a public dinner, whither Carlyle came from Craigenputtock and made a cordial speech in his honour. Carlyle afterwards met Cunningham in London. He admired the 'stalwart healthy figure and ways' of the 'solid Dumfries stonemason' (*Reminiscences*, ii. 211), and exempted him as a pleasant *Naturmensch* from his general condemnation of London scribblers. He was generally known as 'honest Allan Cunningham,' and was a stalwart, hearty, and kindly man, with a tag of rusticity to the last.

Chantry died in 1841, leaving an annuity of 100*l.* to Cunningham, with a reversion to Mrs. Cunningham. Cunningham had already had a paralytic attack, and he died on October 30th, 1842, the day after a second attack. He was buried at Kensal Green.

His widow died in September, 1864.

A Wet Sheet and A Flowing Sea.

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast;

And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

O for a soft and gentle wind !
I hear a fair one cry ;
But give to me the snoring breeze,
And white waves heaving high ;
And white waves heaving high, my boys,
The good ship tight and free—
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon hornèd moon,
And lightning in yon cloud ;
And hark the music, mariners !
The wind is piping loud ;
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashing free—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

The Thistle's Grown Aboon the Rose.

FULL white the Bourbon lily blows,
Still fairer haughty England's rose ;
Nor shall unsung the symbol smile,
Green Ireland, of thy lovely isle.
In Scotland grows a warlike flower,
Too rough to bloom in lady's bower ;
But when his crest the warrior rears,
And spurs his courser on the spears,
O there it blossoms—there it blows—
The Thistle's grown aboon the Rose.

Bright like a steadfast star it smiles
 Aboon the battle's burning files ;
 The mirkest cloud, the darkest night,
 Shall ne'er make dim that beauteous sight ;
 And the best blood that warms my vein
 Shall flow ere it shall catch a stain.
 Far has it shone on fields of fame,
 From matchless Bruce to dauntless Græme,
 From swarthy Spain to Siber's snows—
 The Thistle's grown aboon the Rose.

What conquer'd aye and nobly spared,
 And firm endured and greatly dared ?
 What reddened Egypt's burning sand ?
 What vanquish'd on Corunna's strand ?
 What pipe on green Maida blew shrill,
 What dyed in blood Barossa hill ?
 Bade France's dearest life-blood rue
 Dark Soignies and dread Waterloo ?
 That spirit which no tremor knows—
 The Thistle's grown aboon the Rose.

I vow, and let men mete the grass
 For his red grave who dares say less—
 Men blyther at the festive board,
 Men braver with the spear and sword,
 Men higher famed for truth, more strong
 In virtue, sovereign sense, and song,
 Or maids more fair, or wives more true
 Than Scotland's, ne'er trod down the dew ;
 Unflinching friends—unconquered foes—
 The Thistle's grown aboon the Rose.

Gane Were but the Winter Cauld.

GANE were but the winter cauld,
 And gane were but the snaw,
 I could sleep in the wild woods,
 Whare primroses blaw.

Cauld's the snow at my head,
 And cauld at my feet,
 And the finger o' death's at my een,
 Closing them to sleep.

Let nane tell my father,
 Or my mother dear :
 I'll meet them baith in heaven
 At the spring o' the year.

THOMAS MOUNSEY CUNNINGHAM.

1776—1834.

By WALTER J. KAYE, M.A.

THOMAS MOUNSEY CUNNINGHAM, an elder brother of Allan Cunningham, is entitled to commemoration among the song writers of his country. Thomas was educated at the village school of Kellieston, and subsequently at the academy of Dumfries. The circumstances of his parents required that he should choose a manual profession; and he was apprenticed by his own desire to a neighbouring millwright. It was during his intervals of leisure, while acquiring a knowledge of this laborious occupation, that he first essayed the composition of verses; he submitted his poems to his father, who mingled judicious criticism with words of encouragement. "The Har'st Home," one of his earliest pieces of merit, was privileged with insertion in the series of "Poetry, Original and Selected," published by Brash and Reid, booksellers in Glasgow. Proceeding to England in 1797, he entered the workshop of a millwright in Rotherham. Under the same employer he afterwards pursued his craft at King's Lynn; in 1800 he removed to Wiltshire, and soon after to the neighbourhood of Cambridge. He next received employment at Dover, and thence proceeded to London, where he occupied a situation in the establishment of Rennie, the celebrated engineer. He afterwards became foreman to one Dickson, an engineer, and superintendent of Fowler's chain-cable manufactory. In 1812 he returned to Rennie's establishment as a clerk, with a liberal salary. On leaving his father's house to seek his fortune in the south, he had been strongly counselled by Mr. Miller of Dalswinton to abjure the gratification of his poetical tendencies, and he seems to have resolved on the faithful observance of this injunction. For a period of nine years his muse was silent; at length, in 1806, he appeared in the *Scots Magazine* as the contributor of some elegant verses. The editor was eloquent in his commendations; and the Ettrick Shepherd, who was already a contributor to the magazine, took pains to discover the author, and addressed him a lengthened poetical epistle, expressive of his admiration. A private intimacy ensued between the two rising poets; and when the Shepherd, in 1809, planned the "Forest Minstrel," he made application to his ingenious friend for contributions.

Cunningham sanctioned the republication of such of his lyrics as had appeared in the *Scots Magazine*, and these proved the best ornaments of the work.

Impatient of criticism, and of a whimsical turn of mind, Cunningham was incapable of steadfastly pursuing a literary career. Just as his name was becoming known by his verses in the *Scots Magazine*, he took offence at some incidental allusions to his style, and suddenly stopped his contributions. Silent for a second period of nine years, the circumstance of the appropriation of one of his songs in the "Nithsdale Minstrel," a provincial collection of poetry, published at Dumfries, again aroused him to authorship. He made the publishers the subject of a satirical poem in the *Scots Magazine* of 1815. On the origin of the *Edinburgh Magazine*, in 1817, he became a contributor, and under the title of the "Literary Legacy," wrote many curious snatches of antiquities, sketches of modern society, and scraps of song and ballad, which imparted a racy interest to the pages of the new periodical. A slight difference with the editor at length induced him to relapse into silence. Fitful and unsettled as a cultivator of literature, he was in the business of life a model of regularity and perseverance. He was much esteemed by his employer, and was ultimately promoted to the chief clerkship in his establishment. He fell a victim to the Asiatic cholera on October 28th, 1834, in the 58th year of his age. During his latter years he was in the habit of examining at certain intervals the MSS. of prose and poetry which at a former period he had accumulated. On those occasions he uniformly destroyed some which he deemed unworthy of further preservation. During one of these purgations, he hastily committed to the flames a poem on which he had bestowed much labour, and which contained a humorous description of scenes and characters familiar to him in youth. The poem was entitled "Braken Fell;" and his brother Allan, in a memoir of the author, has referred to its destruction in terms of regret. The style of Thomas Mounsey Cunningham seems, however, to have been lyrical, and it may be presumed that his songs afford the best evidence of his power. In private life he was much cherished by a circle of friends, and his society was gay and animated.

The Unco Grave.

BONNIE Clouden, as ye wander
 Hills, an' haughs, an' muirs amang,
 Ilka knowe an' green meander,
 Learn my sad, my dulefu' sang !
 Braes o' breckan, hills o' heather,
 Howms where rows the gowden wave ;
 Blissful scenes, fareweel for ever !
 I maun seek an unco grave.

Sair I pled, though fate, unfriendly,
 Stang'd my heart wi' wae and dules,
 That some faithfu' hand might kindly
 Lay't among my native mools.
 Cronies dear, wha late an' early
 Aye to soothe my sorrows strave,
 Think on ane wha lo'es ye dearly,
 Doom'd to seek an unco grave.

Torn awa' frae Scotia's mountains,
 Far frae a' that's dear to dwell,
 Mak's my e'en twa gushin' fountains,
 Dings a dirk in my puir saul.
 Braes o' breckan, hills o' heather,
 Howms whare rows the gowden wave,
 Blissful scenes, fareweel for ever !
 I maun seek an unco grave.

Farewell ye Streams.

FAREWELL, ye streams sae dear to me,
 My bonnie Clouden, Nith, and Dee ;
 Ye burns that row sae bonnily,
 Your siller waves nae mair I'll see.
 Yet though frae your green banks I'm driven,
 My saul away could ne'er be riven ;
 For still she lifts her e'en to heaven,
 An' sighs to be again wi' thee.

Ye canty bards ayont the Tweed,
 Your skins wi' claes o' tartan cleed,
 An' lilt alang the verdant mead,
 Or blythely on your whistles blaw,
 An' sing auld Scotia's barns an ha's,
 Her bourtree dykes an mossy wa's,
 Her faulds, her bughts, an' birken shaws,
 Whare love an' freedom sweeten a'.

Sing o' her carles teach an' auld,
 Her carlines grim that flyte an' scauld,
 Her wabsters blythe, an' souters bauld,
 Her flocks an' herds sae fair to see.
 Sing o' her mountains bleak an high ;
 Her fords, whare neigh'rin' kelpie sply ;
 Her glens, the haunts o' rural joy ;
 Her lasses lilting o'er the lea.



To you the darling theme belangs,
 That frae my heart exulting spangs ;
 Oh, mind, amang your bonnie sangs,
 The lads that bled for liberty.
 Think o' our auld forbears o' yore,
 Wha dyed the muir wi' hostile gore ;
 Wha slavery's bands indignant tore,
 An' bravely fell for you an' me.

My gallant brithers, brave an' bauld,
 Wha haud the pleugh, or wake the fauld,
 Until your dearest bluid rin cauld,
 Aye true unto your country be.
 Wi' daring look her dirk she drew,
 An' coost a mither's e'e on you ;
 Then let na ony spulzien crew
 Her dear-bought freedom wrest frae thee !

ADOWN the Burnie's Flowery Bank.

ADOWN the burnie's flowery bank,
 Or through the shady grove,
 Or 'mang the bonnie scroggie braes,
 Come, Peggy let us rove.
 See where the stream out ower the linn
 Deep headlong foamin' pours,
 There let us gang and stray amang
 The bloomin' hawthorn bowers.

We'll pu' the rose frae aff the brier,
 The lily frae the brae ;
 We'll hear the birdies blithely sing,
 As up the glen we gae.
 His yellow haughs o' wavin' grain
 The farmer likes to see,
 But my ain Peggy's artless smile
 Is far mair dear to me.

G A V I N D O U G L A S ,

BISHOP OF DUNKELD.

1475—1528.

BY THE REV. J. W. KAYE, LL.D.

RECTOR OF DERRYBRUSK, ENNISKILLEN; AUTHOR OF "THE LIVES OF
THE WIVES OF THE POETS;" "THE POETICAL ASPECTS OF
SPRING;" "SERMONS," ETC., ETC.

WHEN William Wallace made his gallant struggle for the liberty of Scotland, William, fourth Lord Douglas, was the first among the Scottish nobility to join him; and after the death of Wallace, when Robert de Bruce, Earl of Carrick, aspired to the crown, Sir James Douglas, son of the fourth Lord Douglas, was the first to do him homage as King.

From this time the power and the wealth of the Douglases greatly increased, the family being held in high estimation by the Bruce. In 1398, David, Duke of Rothesay and Earl of Carrick, the eldest son of King Robert III., married the daughter of Douglas, Earl of Angus; thus the friendship of the Bruce was increased by blood relationship with the Douglases.

On the death of James I., who during his English exile seemed to have been estranged from the Scottish nobility and preferred the society of Englishmen, Sir Alexander Livingstone and Sir William Crichton were entrusted with the government of the country, and with the custody of the king's son (James II.) then only six years of age. This roused the anger of the higher nobility, and the proud Douglases could not brook the idea that their right, relationship, and influence should be made subservient to inferiors. At this time the power of the Douglases was almost equal to that of the king, and they refused to submit to the authority of these would-be governors. Livingstone and Crichton knew that they were not able to meet the Douglases in battle, and they tried flattery and deceit.

Archibald Douglas, Earl of Angus, now died and was succeeded by his son William, a youth of seventeen. Flattery and deceit for a time succeeded too well; Livingstone and Crichton decoyed the young Earl of Angus and his brother into Edinburgh Castle and caused them to be put to death.

Their granduncle now came to the title and property, but being already advanced in years he died shortly afterwards and was succeeded by his son William, a man who inherited both the pride and the prowess of a Douglas. King James II. had now attained the age of manhood, and his mind had been poisoned by his guardians against the Douglas family, who were said to have formed a confederacy with the barons of the North.

The young king found it difficult to bring the barons into subjection, and personally demanded of Douglas to break up the confederacy. Earl Douglas refused, and James II. stabbed him to the heart on the spot.

Five brothers lived to usurp further power, and to revenge the foul deed. The eldest of these, who succeeded to the title, was the father of Gavin Douglas, afterwards Bishop of Dunkeld.

The power and influence of the Douglasses seemed now for a time to be on the wane; but on the death of James IV., his queen and widow, Margaret Tudor, married the young and handsome Douglas, Earl of Angus, the nephew of Gavin Douglas, poet and ecclesiastic.

Gavin was born at the beginning of the year 1475 and was the third son of Archibald, "the great Earl," surnamed Bell-the-Cat, from the part he took against James III.'s ministers at Lauder, when Richard, Duke of Gloucester, Edward IV.'s brother, advanced with an English army to Scotland and James III. was shut up in Edinburgh Castle.

The youth being of studious habits and unusually fond of learning and listening to the history and poetry of his country, his father decided that he should be educated for the Church, and procured for him the best teachers and the most advanced instruction which could be gained in Scotland. And the education was not meagre, for the University of St. Andrew's was established in 1410; Glasgow, 1453; and James IV. during his reign had founded the University of Aberdeen, 1476. James I. and William Dunbar were known as poets; Blind Harry had written the "History of Wallace," and John Barbour the "History of Bruce" in verse; and Walter Chapman under the auspices of James IV. had introduced the printing press into Scotland.

When Gavin Douglas was yet in his teens he fell in love; but being destined for the Church, he submitted to the enforced celibacy of the Roman Catholic priesthood, and endeavoured to subdue his passion by translating Ovid's *DE REMEDIO AMORIS*, the *Remedy of Love*.

That Gavin might become acquainted both with the religious life of other countries, and the classical studies of other schools of learning, he was sent on a continental tour, which considerably enlarged his religious views and literary knowledge, and greatly influenced his after life.

On his return home he was regularly ordained, after the manner of the Church of Rome, which then prevailed in Scotland; and he had now ample opportunity for pursuing his favourite studies of Ovid and Virgil.

His high social position and powerful family influence soon procured for him the office of Provost of the Collegiate Church of St. Giles, Edinburgh; and shortly after he received the addition of the Rectory of Hawick and the Abbotship of the Abbey of Aberbrothick. This was at twenty-two when others were only just leaving their *ALMA-MATER*.

For thirteen years, according to the customs of those days, he wisely and worthily held these offices, and his reputation for piety and learning continued

to increase. These were the happiest years of his life; and in these years his best literary work was done.

During the early part of this quiet time he wrote his allegory "The Palace of Honour," which like Bunyan's allegory, is given "under the similitude of a dream." In this poem he shews "the insufficiency and instability of worldly pomp;" and that the "constant habit of virtue is the only way to true Honour and Happiness." These (personified) are "supposed to reside on the summit of an almost inaccessible mountain." He dedicated "The Palace of Honour", to James IV, the allegory being in the Poet's judgment most appropriate to the education of Princes. It is constructed somewhat on the same plan as Dunbar's "Golden Targe."

In 1501 Douglas arranged his plan for the translation of the whole of Virgil's Euclid into Scottish heroic verse with prologues to each book; but circumstances delayed the work, which was not completed till the year 1512. This translation is his greatest literary achievement, and well displays his learning and poetic genius, and on it his highest claims rest to be ranked among the leading poets of Scotland. It is said to be executed not only with great fidelity, but with vivacity and true poetic fire; some of the prologues being especially excellent.

In 1514 Margaret, who had married Douglas's nephew and was then Queen Regent, nominated Douglas to the Archbishopric of St. Andrew's, and he entered into possession; but after much wrangling and an appeal to the force of arms, he was dispossessed and the Pope's nominee entered upon office and emolument. As a compensation for his loss the Queen presented Douglas to the bishopric of Dunkeld, having first taken the precaution to obtain a bull from the Pope, through the assistance of her brother Henry VIII. of England. The Duke of Albany who had just succeeded in driving the Queen from the Regency now opposed Douglas and supported Stewart the brother of the Earl of Athol, who had got himself elected by the cathedral chapter.

The Duke seized Douglas and imprisoned him for more than a year on the pretence that he had obtained a bull from the Pope without the authority of the State. And now began the first overt signs of opposition to Papal influence in Scotland.

Through family influence Douglas was set at liberty and duly consecrated Bishop of Dunkeld. Shortly afterwards such was the public confidence in Bishop Douglas, he was called upon to accompany the Duke of Albany to renew the ancient league between France and Scotland. On his return he applied himself with all diligence to his episcopal duties, reforming abuses, and gaining the affections of his clergy.

The King of France having recalled the Duke of Albany, a civil strife arose between the factions of Hamilton, Earl of Athol, and of Douglas, Earl of Angus.

In a desperate affray between the parties which took place in the streets of Edinburgh, Archbishop Beaton, wearing a coat of mail under his clerical attire, took the side of the Hamiltons, but they being worsted, Beaton fled and hid himself behind the altar in Blackfriars' Church and would certainly have lost his life had it not been for the timely intervention of Bishop Douglas.

After his return from France, Albany gathered all his forces and succeeded for a time in driving all the Douglasses from the country; and the Bishop of Dunkeld thought it most prudent to retire to England. He was received by Henry VIII. who made him a liberal allowance for the remainder of his life.

During his exile Douglas wrote another allegory entitled "King Hart" or *COV IN CORPORE HUMANIS*. In this poem he endeavours to show how a man should rise above the influence of the lusts and passions of the body. He tells us that the Palace of Queen Pleasure is situated within easy distance of the Castle of King Hart for that reason is the more dangerous.

He also tell us that among many trustworthy inmates of Hart Castle there are also such persons as *WANTONNESS*, *WILFULNESS*, *FOOLHARDINESS* and various others, of whom King Hart makes it his duty constantly to beware. The King's "fyve servitours," are the five senses who watch against the treason of *WANTONNESS* and his fellows; and also against the "legion" of Queen Pleasure who "war ay at her leding." Douglas had a most vivid imagination, his language often rose to eloquence, and his descriptions are often magnificent; but his phraseology was too much overladen with the learned Latinisms, so much in vogue after "the revival of learning." As a poet he is not inferior to Dunbar. [q.v.] For while Dunbar excels in force and naturalness of description, Douglas excels in scenes of grandeur and beauty. Douglas died in London from an attack of the plague in 1522, at the age of forty-seven. He was buried in the Savoy Church on the left side of the tomb of Thomas Helsay, Bishop of Leighlin, Ireland.

Conscience.

OUHEN halie kirk first flurist in zontheid,
Prelatis wer chosin of all perfectioun ;
For Conscience than the brydill had to leid,
And Conscience maid the hale electioun,
Syne efir that some schrewit courrection
And thocht that Conscience had our large ane weid,
And of his habite ont cuttit they ane skreid.

And fra Conscience the Con they clipt away,
And maid of Conscience Science and na mair ;
But zit the Kirk stude weill, full mony day,
For it was rewlit be mene of wit and layre ;
Syne efir that Sciens began to payr,
And thocht at Sciens was one lang ane jaip,
The Sci away fast can they rub and scraip ;

And fra Sci of Science wes a dew,
 Than left thai nocht bot this sillab Ens,
 O whilk in our language signifies that schrew
 For Science baith and faythfull Consciens
 Sa corruptid ar with this waldis gude
 That falset joukis in everie clerkis hand.

O hungrie Ens ! cursit with cairis calde,
 All kynd of folk constrenis thou to wirk ;
 For the that theif Judas his maister sald ;
 For the Symon infectit Halie kirk ;
 To poysoun Justice thou dois nevir irk ;
 Thou fals Ens, go hens, thou monsture peralous,
 God send Defens with Conscience in till us !

King Hart.

AN ALLEGORICAL POEM.

(EXTRACT FROM CANTO FIRST.)

KING HART, into his cumlie castell strang,
 Closit about with craft and meikill ure,
 So seimlie wes he set his folk amang,
 That he no dout had of misaventure :
 So proudlie wes he polist, plaine, and pure,
 With youtheid and his lustie levis grene ;
 So fair, so fresche, so liklie to endure,
 And als so blyth, as bird in symmer schene.
 For wes he never yit with schouris schot,
 Nor yit our run with ronk, or ony rayne ;
 In all his lusty lecam nocht ane spot ;
 Na never had experiance into Payne.
 But alway into lyking mocht to layne ;
 Onlie to love, and verrie gentilnes,
 He wes inclynit cleinlie to remane,
 And woun under the wyng of wantownes.
 Yit was this wourthy wicht king under ward ;
 For wes he nocht at fredom utterlie.
 Nature had lymmit folk, for thair reward,
 This gudlie king to governe and to gy ;
 For so thai kest thair tyme to occupy.
 In welthis for to wyne for thai him teitchit ;
 All lustis for to love, and underly,
 So prevelie thai pris him and him preitchit.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND M.A.

1585—1648.

By WALTER J. KAYE, M.A.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND, the son of Sir William Drummond of Hawthornden, was born December 13th, 1585. He was educated at Edinburgh, graduating M.A. in 1605, and studied civil law in France. On his father's death, in 1610, he relinquished his profession and devoted himself to literary pursuits. He afterwards travelled on the continent, and collected a library of great value, of which part is now in the possession of the University of Edinburgh. When the civil war broke out, his political bias exposed him to grievous annoyances, particularly that of being compelled to supply his quota of men to serve against the king.

Southey has observed that he was the first Scotch poet who wrote well in English. His sonnets are of a melancholy character, said to have been owing to the loss of his betrothed bride on the eve of his marriage. He died at Hawthornden, December 4th, 1649. The resemblance which his versification presents to that of Milton's minor poems is so striking as only to require mention in order to be acknowledged, and few, we should think, could read his poem on the death of Prince Henry without being reminded of 'Lycidas.' He also wrote a history of the five Jameses, kings of Scotland, and some other prose works.

Drummond was twice married, first in 1614, to the daughter of a Mr. Cunningham of Barns, near Crail, in Fifeshire, who died within the year; and again in 1632 to Elizabeth, sister of James Logan of Monarlothian, and grand-daughter of Sir Robert Logan of Restalrig. In 1627 he presented to Edinburgh University a collection of 500 books, which are still kept together in a separate room of the University Library.

The Song of the Muses at Parnassus.

At length we see those eyes,
Which cheer both earth and skies ;
Now ancient Caledon,
Thy beauties heighten, richer robes put on,
And let young joyes to all thy parts arise,

Here could thy Prince still stay,
Each month should turne to May ;
We need nor star, nor sun
Save him to lengthen Daises and Joyes begun,
Sorrow and Night to far Chimes haste away.

Now Majesty and Love,
Combined are from above,
Prince never Scepter swayed
Lov'd subjects more, or subjects more obey'd
Which may endure whilst Heavens great orbes do move.

Joyes did you alwaies last,
Life's sparke you soone would waste ;
Griefe follows sweet delight,
As Day is shadowed by sable Night,
Yet shall Remembrance keep you still when past.

Hymne.

SAVIOUR of Mankind, man Emanuel,
Who sinlesse died, for sin who vanquisht Hell.
The first fruits of the Grave, whose life did give
Light to our darkness, in whose Death we live,
O strengthen thou my faith, correct my will
That mine may thine obey: protect me still.
See that the latter Death may not devour
My soule sealed with thy seale; so in the hour
When thou whose body sanctified thy Tombe,
(Unjustly judged) a glorious Judge shall come
To judge the world with justice; by that signe
I may be known and entertained for thine.

REV. WILLIAM DUNBAR M.A.

1465—1530.

BY CLARENCE FOSTER. M.R.C.S.

AUTHOR OF "MEMORIAL SONNETS OF ITALY," "A DREAM OF THE
ADRIATIC," ETC., ETC.,

THE gifted subject of this notice was born at Salton, East Lothian about 1465, and although little is known of his immediate family relations, he is reasonably surmised to have been of noble descent and intimately connected with the tenth Earl of March. At ten years of age he entered the university of St. Andrew's, where he graduated as a Master of Arts and subsequently was admitted into the church. After joining a Franciscan Brotherhood of Mendicant Friars, he traversed the country as a select missionary of that order advancing the claims of his brethren in various pulpits, including that of Canterbury, and eventually arrived at Dover; crossed the channel and won the sympathies of the French by his convincing style of argument and eloquence. On his return home he became attached to the Court of James the fourth, and was held in such high esteem that he not only celebrated mass in the kingly presence but was entrusted by that monarch with the Earl of Bothwell as the bearer of a royal commission into Italy. About this period be celebrated the matrimonial alliance of his royal patron with Margaret Tudor in a remarkable allegory called "The Thistle and the Rose," a performance which secured for him the position of court servitor and poet laureate at a stipend of eighty pounds a year. With reference to his other compositions a competent critic has observed "in range and variety of interest and subject, in swiftness and force of attack, and in vividness and permanence of effect, Dunbar is equally remarkable; his allegories are more than merely ingenious exercises in the art of mystical deliverance, his lyrics are charged with direct and steadfast purpose, and while they are all melodious the best of them are resonant and tuneful.

He was an especial and privileged favourite of the queen, to whom he addressed several amusing effusions characterised by great beauty and sparkling wit; but dying in 1530, his latest efforts were almost exclusively devoted to religious subjects such as 'Divine and earthly love and the character of our Lord.'

Thus indeed if, like old Prometheus, William Dunbar may be said to have drawn his light from Heaven, then his final utterances having due regard to their irresistibly upward tendency, like the minstrelsy of that sweet bird which rises as it sings, cannot fail to direct our souls towards the sun-lit empyrean of eternal truth and that thrice blest life whose crown is Immortality.

The Thistle and the Rose.

QUHEN Merch wes with variand windis past,
 And Apryll had, with her silver schouris,
 Tane leif at Nature with ane orient blast,
 And lusty May, that muddir is of flouris,
 Had maid the birdis to begin their houris
 Amang the tender odouris reid and quhyt,
 Quhois armony to heir it was delyt :

In bed at morrow, sleiping as I lay,
 Me thocht Aurora, with her cristall ene,
 In at the window lukit by the day,
 And halsit me, with visage paill and grene ;
 On quhois hand a lark sang fro the splene,
 Awalk, luaris, out of your slomering,
 Sé how the lusty morrow dois up spring.

Me thought fresche May befoir my bed up stude,
 In weid depaynt of mony diverss hew,
 Sobir, benyng, and full of mansuetude,
 In brycht atteir of flouris forgit new,
 Hevinly of color, quhyt, reid, broun and blew,
 Balmit in dew, and gilt with Phœbus bemys ;
 Quhyll all the house illumynt of hir lemys.

Slugird, scho said, awalk annone for schame,
 And in my honour sum thing thow go wryt ;
 The lark hes done the mirry day proclame,
 To raise up luaris with confort and delyt
 Yit nocht incressis thy curage to indyt ;
 Quhois hairt sum tyme hes glaid and blisfull bene,
 Sangis to mak undir the levis grene.

Quhairto, quoth I, sall I up ryse at morrow,
 For in this May few birdis herd I sing ;
 Thai haif moir cause to weip and plane thair sorrow ;
 Thy air it is nocht holsum nor benyng ;
 Lord Eolus dois in thy sessone ring :
 So busteous are the blastis of his horne,
 Amang thy bewis to walk I haif forborne.

With that this lady sobirly did smyle,
 And said, Upryse, and do thy observance ;
 Thow did promyt, in Mayis lusty quhyle,
 For to discryve the Rois of most plesance.
 Go sé the birdis how thay sing and dance,
 Illumynit oure with orient skyis brycht,
 Annamyllit richely with new asure lycht.

REV. HENRY DUNCAN, D.D.

1774—1846.

BY THE REV. PROF. BLAIKIE, D.D.

HENRY DUNCAN, D.D. founder of savings banks, was born in 1774 at Lochrutton, Kirkcudbrightshire, where his father, George Duncan, was minister. After studying for two sessions at St. Andrew's University he was sent to Liverpool to begin commercial life, and under the patronage of his relative, Dr. Currie, the biographer of Burns, his prospects of success were very fair; but his heart was not in business, and he soon left Liverpool to study at Edinburgh and Glasgow for the ministry of the church of Scotland. At Edinburgh he joined the Speculative Society, and became intimate with Francis Horner and Henry Brougham. In 1798 he was ordained as minister of Ruthwell in Dumfriesshire, where he spent the rest of his life. Duncan from the first was remarkable for the breadth of his views, especially in what concerned the welfare of the people, and the courage and ardour with which he promoted measures not usually thought to be embraced in the minister's rôle. In a time of scarcity he brought Indian corn from Liverpool. At the time when the French invasion was dreaded he raised a company of volunteers, of which he was the captain. He published a series of cheap popular tracts, contributing to the series some that were much prized, afterwards collected under the title 'The Cottage Fireside.' He originated a newspaper, 'The Dumfries and Galloway Courier,' of which he was editor for seven years.

But the measure which is most honourably connected with his name was the institution of savings banks. The first savings bank was instituted at Ruthwell in 1810, and Duncan was unceasing in his efforts to promote the cause throughout the country. His influence was used to procure the first act of Parliament passed to encourage such institutions. By speeches, lectures, and pamphlets he made the cause known far and wide. The scheme readily commended itself to all intelligent friends of the people, and the growing progress and popularity of the movement have received no check to the present day. Great though his exertions were, and large his outlay in this cause, he never received any reward or acknowledgment beyond the esteem of those who appreciated his work and the spirit in which it was done.

In 1823 he received the degree of D.D. from the university of St. Andrews. In 1836 he published the first volume of a work which reached ultimately to four volumes, entitled 'The Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons.'

It was well received, and ran through several editions. To the 'Transactions of the Scottish Antiquarian Society,' he contributed a description of a celebrated runic cross which he discovered in his parish and restored, and on which volumes have since been written. He made a memorable contribution likewise to geological science by the discovery of the footmarks of quadrupeds on the new red sandstone of Corncockle Muir, near Lochmaben.

While at first not very decided between the moderate and the evangelical party in the church, Duncan soon sided with the latter, and became the intimate friend of such men as Dr. Chalmers and Dr. Andrew Thomson. In the earlier stages of the controversy connected with the Scottish church he addressed letters on the subject to his old college friends Lord Brougham and the Marquis of Lansdowne, and to Lord M^{arl}bourne, home secretary. In 1839 he was appointed moderator of the general assembly. In 1843 he joined the Free church, leaving a manse and grounds that he had rendered very beautiful by his taste and skill. He was a man of most varied accomplishments—manual, intellectual, social, and spiritual. With the arts of drawing, modelling, sculpture, landscape-gardening, and even the business of an architect, he was familiar, and his knowledge of literature and science was varied and extensive. In private and family life he was highly estimable, while his ministerial work was carried on with great earnestness and delight. The stroke of paralysis that ended his life on February 19th, 1846, fell on him while conducting a religious service in the cottage of an elder.

Curling Song.

THE music o' the year is hush'd
 In bonny glen and shaw, man ;
 And winter spreads o'er nature dead
 A winding sheet o' snaw, man.
 O'er burn and loch, the warlock frost,
 A crystal brig has laid, man ;
 The wild geese screaming wi' surprise,
 The ice-bound wave ha'e fled, man,

 Up, curler, frae your bed sae warm,
 And leave your coaxing wife, man !
 Gae get your besom, tramps, and stanes,
 And join the friendly strife, man.
 For on the water's face are met,
 Wi' mony a merry joke, man,
 The tenant and his jolly laird,
 The pastor and his flock, man.

The rink is swept, the tees are mark'd,
 The bonspiel is begun, man ;
 The ice is true, the stanes are keen,
 Huzza, for glorious fun, man !
 The skips are standing at the tee,
 To guide the eager game, man ;
 Hush, not a word, but mark the broom,
 And tak' a steady aim, man :

There draw a shot, there lay a guard,
 And here beside him lie, man ;
 Now let him feel a gamester's hand,
 Now in his bosom die, man ;
 Then fill the port, and block the ice,
 We sit upon the tee, man ;
 Now tak' this in-ring, sharp and neat,
 And mak' their winner flee, man.

How stands the game ? It's eight and eight,
 Now for the winning shot, man ;
 Draw slow and sure, and tak' your aim,
 I'll sweep you to the spot, man.
 The stane is thrown, it glides along,
 The besoms ply it in, man ;
 Wi' twisting back the player stands,
 And eager, breathless grin, man.

A moment's silence, still as death,
 Pervades the anxious thrang, man,
 When sudden bursts the victor's shout,
 With holla's loud and lang, man.
 Triumphant besom's wave in air,
 And friendly banters fly, man ;
 Whilst, cold and hungry, to the inn,
 Wi' eager steps they hie, man,

Now fill ae bumper, fill but ane,
 And drink wi' social glee, man,
 May curlers on life's slippery rink,
 Frae cruel rubs be free man ;
 Or should a treacherous bias lead
 Their erring course ajee, man,
 Some friendly in-ring may they meet,
 To guide them to the tee, man.

WILLIAM FALCONER.

1732—1769.

BY ROBERT CHAMBERS, LL.D.

WILLIAM FALCONER was born in Edinburgh on the 11th of February 1732, and was the son of a poor barber, who had two other children, both of whom were deaf and dumb. He went early to sea, on board a Leith merchant-ship, and was afterwards in the royal navy. Before he was eighteen years of age, he was second-mate in the *Britannia*, a vessel in the Levant trade, which was shipwrecked off Cape Colonna, as described in his poem. In 1751 he was living in Edinburgh, where he published his first poetical attempt, a monody on the death of Frederick, Prince of Wales. The choice of such a subject by a young friendless Scottish sailor, was as singular as the depth of grief he describes in his poem; for Falconer, on this occasion, wished, with a zeal worthy of ancient Pistol,

To assist the pouring rains with brimful eyes,
And aid hoarse howling Boreas with his sighs!

He continued in the merchant-service for about ten years. In 1762 appeared his poem of 'The Shipwreck,' preceded by a dedication to the Duke of York. The work was eminently successful, and his royal highness procured for him the appointment of midshipman on board the *Royal George*, whence he was subsequently transferred to the *Glory*, a frigate of 32 guns, on board which he held the situation of purser. After the peace, he resided in London, wrote a poor satire on Wilkes, Churchill, &c., and compiled a useful marine dictionary. In October 1769, the poet again took to the sea, and sailed from England as purser of the *Aurora* frigate, bound for India. The vessel reached the Cape of Good Hope in December, but afterwards perished at sea, having foundered as is supposed in the Mozambique Channel. No 'tuneful Arion' was left to commemorate this calamity, the poet having died under the circumstances he had formerly described in the case of his youthful associates of the *Britannia*.

Three editions of 'The Shipwreck' were published during the author's life. The second (1764) was greatly enlarged, having about nine hundred new lines added. Before embarking on his last fatal voyage, Falconer published a third edition, dated October 1st, 1769—the day preceding his departure from England. About two hundred more lines were added to the poem in this edition, and various alterations and transpositions made in the text. These were not all improvements: some of the most poetical passages were injured,

and parts of the narrative confused. Hence one of the poet's editors, Mr. Stanier Clarke, in a splendid illustrated copy of the poem, 1804, restored many of the discarded lines, and presented a text compounded of the three different editions. This version of the poem is that now generally printed; but in a subsequent illustrated edition, by the Messrs. Black, Edinburgh, 1858, Falconer's third and latest edition is more closely followed. Mr. Clarke conjectured—and other editors have copied his error—that Falconer, overjoyed at his appointment to the *Aurora*, and busy preparing for his voyage, had intrusted to his friend David Mallet [q. v.] the revision of the poem, and that Mallet had corrupted the text. Now, it is sufficient to say that Mallet had been four years dead, and that Falconer, in the advertisement prefixed to the work, expressly states that he had himself subjected it to a strict and thorough revision. Unfortunately, as in the case of Akenside, the success of the poet had not been commensurate with his anxiety and labour.

From the Shipwreck.

Thrice with shrill note the boatswain's whistle rung;
 'All hands unmoor!' proclaims a boisterous cry:
 'All hands unmoor!' the cavered rocks reply.
 Roused from repose, aloft the sailors swarm,
 And with their levers soon the windlass arm.
 The order given, upspringing with a bound
 They lodge their bars, and wheel their engine round:
 At every turn the clanging pails resound.
 Uptorn reluctant from its oozy cave,
 The ponderous anchor rises o'er the wave.
 Along their slippery masts the yards ascend,
 And high in air the canvas wings extend:
 Redoubling cords the lofty canvas guide,
 And through inextricable mazes glide.
 The lunar rays with long reflection gleam,
 To light the vessel o'er the silver stream:
 Along the glassy plane serene she glides,
 While azure radiance trembles on her sides.
 From east to north the transient breezes play;
 And in the Egyptian quarter die away.
 A calm ensues; they dread the adjacent shore;
 The boats with rowers armed are sent before;
 With cordage fastened to the lofty prow,
 Aloof to sea the stately ship they tow.
 The nervous crew their sweeping oars extend;
 And pealing shouts the shore of Candia rend.
 Success attends their skill; The danger's o'er;
 The port is doubled, and beheld no more.

ROBERT FERGUSSON.

1750—1774.

By CHAS. F. FORSHAW, LL.D.

ROBERT FERGUSSON was the son of a clerk in the British Linen Company and was born in Edinburgh September 5th, 1750. He received his early education at Dundee Grammar School but finally entered the University of St. Andrews where he remained till his seventeenth year. On quitting the university he took employment as a copying clerk in a lawyer's office. His evenings alas! he spent in the taverns, where over " cauler oyster " with ale and whisky, the choice spirits of Edinburgh used to assemble. Fergusson was dangerously well fitted for this kind of life, for his conversational powers were of a very superior order and he could adapt them at will to humour, pathos, or sarcasm. He was well educated, and having a fund of yonthful gaiety he sung Scottish songs with much effect. To these qualifications he soon added the reputation of a poet. His dissipations however, were also on the increase, and in fact, were rapidly hastening him to a premature grave. First of all his reason gave way, and his widowed mother being unable to support him at home he was sent to a lunatic asylum. He here ended his brief career on October 16th, 1774. His body was laid to rest in Canongate Churchyard, where his grave remained unmarked till the kindred enthusiasm of Burns caused a simple stone to be erected to mark the poet's grave. Fergusson's poems were first issued in 1773, and afterwards in 1851. As a composer of poetry in his native Doric poor Fergusson won high renown.

On Night.

Now murky shades surround the pole ;
Darkness lords without controul :
To the notes of buzzing owl,
Lions roar and tygers howl,

Fright'ning from their azure shrine ;
 Stars that wont in orbs to shine ;
 Now the sailors storm-tost bark
 Knows no blest celestial mark,
 While in the briny troubled deep
 Dolphins change their sport for sleep ;
 Ghosts and frightful spectres gaunt,
 Churchyards dreary footpaths haunt,
 And brush with withered arms the dews
 That fall upon the drooping yews.

The Author's Life.

My life is like the flowing stream
 That glides where summer's beauties teem,
 Meets all the richest of the gale
 That on its watery bosom sail,
 And wanders 'midst Elysian groves
 Through all the haunts that fancy loves.
 May I, when drooping days decline,
 And 'gainst those genial streams combine,
 And winter's sad decay forsake,
 And centre in my parent lake.

Song.

SINCE brightest beauty soon must fade
 That in life's spring so long has rolled
 And wither in the drooping shade,
 E'er it return to native mould :

Ye virgins, seize the fleeting hour,
 In time catch Cytherea's joy,
 Ere age your wonted smiles deflower,
 And hopes of love and life annoy.

ROBERT GILFILLAN.

1798—1850.

By CHAS. F. FORSHAW, LL.D.

ROBERT GILFILLAN was born at Dumfermline on July 7th, 1798. His parents were in humble circumstances, and, owing to the infirmities of his father, he was compelled, while still almost a child, to engage in manual labour for the support of his family. He served his apprenticeship to a cooper at Leith, and afterwards acted as a clerk. In 1837, he was appointed poor-rate collector for Leith, a position he held to his death. He was also appointed bard to the Grand Lodge of Freemasons. About this time he published a volume of poems, which has passed through several editions, entitled "Original Songs." A few years later he was entertained at a public dinner in Edinburgh, and was presented with a silver cup. Gilfillan died December 4th, 1850, and was buried in South Leith churchyard.

The Exile's Song.

Oh, why left I my hame ?
Why did I cross the deep ?
Oh, why left I the land
Where my forefathers sleep ?
I sigh for Scotia's shore,
And I gaze across the sea,
But I canna get a blink
O' my ain countrie !

The palm-tree waveth high,
And fair the myrtle springs ;
And, to the Indian maid,
The bulbul sweetly sings ;
But I dinna see the broom,
Wi' its tassels on the lea,
Nor hear the lintie's sang
O' my ain countrie !

Oh ! here no Sabbath bell
 Awakes the Sabbath morn,
 Nor song of reapers heard
 Amang the yellow corn ;
 For the tyrant's voice is here,
 And the wail of slaverie,
 But the sun of freedom shines
 In my ain countrie !

There's a hope for every woe,
 And a balm for every pain ;
 But the first joys o' our youth
 Come never back again !
 There's a track upon the deep,
 And a path across the sea,
 But the weary ne'er return
 To their ain countrie !

The Autumn Winds are Blawing.

THE autumn winds are blawing, red leaves are fa'ing,
 An' nature is mourning the simmer's decay ;
 The wee birdies singing, the wee flowerets springing,
 Hae tint a' their sangs, an' wither'd away !
 I, too, am mourning, for death has nae returning,
 Where are my bairnies the young an' the gay ?
 Why should they perish ?—the blossoms we cherish—
 The beautiful are sleeping cauld in the clay !

Fair was their morning, their beauty adorning,
 The mavis sang sweet at the closing o' day ;
 Now the winds are raving, the green grass is waving,
 O'er the buds o' innocence cauld in the clay !
 Ilka night brings sorrow, grief comes ilk morrow—
 Should gowden locks fade before the auld and gray ?
 But still, still they're sleeping, wi' nae care nor weeping,
 The robin sits chirping ower their cauld clay !

In loveliness smiling, ilka day beguiling,
 In joy and in gladness, time murmur'd by ;
 What now were pleasure, wi' a' the world's treasure ?
 My heart's in the grave where my fair blossoms lie !
 The autumn winds are blawing, red leaves are fa'ing,
 Moaning is the gale as it rides on its way ;
 A wild music's sighing, it seems a voice crying,—
 "Happy is that land that knows no decay !"

REV. WILLIAM GILLESPIE.

1776—1825.

By WALTER J. KAYE, M.A.

WILLIAM GILLESPIE was born at the manse of Kells, in the stewartry of Kirkcudbright, on the 18th of February, 1776. His father, John Gillespie, minister of Kells, was an intimate friend of Robert Burns; and likewise an early patron of John Low, the author of 'Mary's Dream.' Receiving the rudiments of education at the parish school, William proceeded, in 1792, to the University of Edinburgh, to prosecute his studies for the Church. Obtaining license as probationer, he was, in 1801, ordained assistant and successor to his father, on whose death, in 1801, he succeeded to the full benefits of the charge. Inheriting from his father an elegant turn of mind and a devotedness to literary composition, he was induced to publish, in his twenty-ninth year, an allegorical poem, entitled 'The Progress of Refinement.' A higher effort from his pen appeared in 1815, under the title of 'Consolation, and other Poems.' This volume, which abounds in vigorous sentiment and rich poetical description, evincing on the part of the author a high appreciation of the beauties of nature, considerably extended his reputation. He formed habits of intimacy with many of his poetical contemporaries, by whom he was beloved for the amenity of his disposition. He largely contributed to various periodicals, especially the agricultural journals, and was a zealous member of the Highland Society of Scotland.

In July, 1825, Mr. Gillespie espoused Miss Charlotte Hoggan. Soon after this event, he was attacked with erysipelas—a complaint which, resulting in general inflammation, terminated his promising career on the fifteenth of October, in his fiftieth year.

Ellen.

THE moon shone in fits,
 And the tempest was roaring,
 The Storm Spirit shriek'd,
 And the fierce rain was pouring :
 Alone in her chamber,
 Fair Ellen sat sighing,
 The tapers burn'd dim,
 And the embers were dying.

“The drawbridge is down,
 That spans the wide river ;
 Can tempests divide,
 Whom death cannot sever ?
 Unclosed is the gate,
 And those arms long to fold thee,
 'Tis midnight, my love ;
 O say, what can hold thee ?”

But scarce flew her words,
 When the bridge reft asunder,
 The horseman was crossing,
 'Mid lightning and thunder,
 And loud was the yell,
 As he plunged in the billow,
 The maid knew it well,
 As she sprang from her pillow.

She scream'd o'er the wall,
 But no help was beside her ;
 And thrice to her view
 Rose the horse and his rider.
 She gazed at the moon,
 But the dark cloud pass'd o'er ;
 She plunged in the stream,
 And she sank to her lover.

Say, what is that flame,
 O'er the midnight deep beaming,
 And whose are those forms,
 In the wan moonlight gleaming ?
 That flame gilds the wave,
 Which their pale corses cover ;
 And those forms are the ghosts
 Of the maid and her lover.

JAMES GRAINGER, M.D.

1721—1766.

By WILLIAM YOUNG MARTIN, M.D. L.R.C.P. M.R.C.S.

JAMES GRAINGER, M.D. physician and poet, was born probably at Dunse, in Berwickshire. The year of his birth is variously given as 1721 and 1724. On the death of his father, his half-brother, William Grainger of Warriston, a writing-master in Edinburgh, and subsequently clerk in the office of the comptroller of excise, sent him to school at North Berwick. He afterwards attended the medical classes at Edinburgh University for three years, and was apprenticed to George Lauder, surgeon, of that city. Entering the army as a surgeon, he served in Pulteney's regiment of foot during the rebellion of 1745, and in the same regiment in Holland in 1746-8. In his leisure he read the Latin poems. Upon quitting the army after the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748, he made the tour of Europe, and returning to Scotland, graduated M.D. at Edinburgh on March 13th, 1753. In April 1759 he began a four years' tour with John Bourryau, a former pupil and heir to property in the West Indies. Grainger was to receive for his attendance a life annuity of 200*l.* Their first destination was the island of St. Christopher. Soon after their arrival there Grainger married Miss Daniel Mathew Burt, whose mother, widow of a Nevis planter, Grainger attended for small-pox on the voyage out. The lady's brother sneered at Grainger's suit, and Grainger wrote with spirit in his own defence. His means prevented him from becoming a planter so he commenced the practise of his profession on the Island. Here in 1762 he wrote a poem in four books on "The Sugar Cane." It was published in May, 1764, and immediately prior to its publication, the doctor embarked for St. Christopher. His affairs there had become involved in his absence, but he acquired some property of the death of his brother, and was able in part to meet his difficulties. He expanded the notes of the 'Sugar Cane' into an 'Essay on the more common West India Diseases; and the Remedies which that Country produces. To which are added some Hints on the Management, &c., of the Negroes. By a Physician in the West Indies,' 8vo., London, 1764 (2nd edition, 'with practical notes, and a Linnæan index by William Wright, M.D.,' 8vo., Edinburgh, 1802). He also contributed to the first volume of Percy's 'Reliques' (1764) a ballad of West Indian life called 'Bryan and Pareene.' Grainger died at St. Christopher on 16th December, 1766, a victim to the West Indian fever.

A Dialogue.

COLIN.—Parent of blooms, Love's herald, Spring !
 Fair primal season of the year !
 Where Delia treads, yon flowerets fling ;
 Or turns, your gayest livery wear :
 But would you charm with more than vernal grace,
 Smile like my Fair one, and assume her face.

DELIA.—Ye birds of sweetest, wildest throats !
 That now renew your spousal lays,
 Trill, trill, your most melodious notes,
 And soothe my Colin where he strays :
 But while ye chant his woodbine bow'r's among,
 His flute will more than recompense your song.

COLIN.—Favonius, fragrant child of May !
 Mild friend of Coolness, grant my prayer,
 The Dogstar's burning beam allay,
 O guard from each rude blast my fair !
 You need not grudge the East his scented sky !
 Far sweeter scents from Delia's bosom fly !

DELIA.—O stream ! that now with silent flow
 The green marge kissing, dimple steal ;
 Now bursting o'er rude rocks, each mound o'erthrew
 And loud as June thunder pale terror deal.
 You silent flow, and roughened roll in vain,
 My Colin boasts of a more various strain.

COLIN.—Let Pan his usual aid deny ;
 Sylvanus break my oaten reed ;
 My midnight steps the Muses fly ;
 Nymphs tear the garland from my head ;
 Their frowns or favour little I regard ;
 Your praise, my fair one ; stamps the genuine Bard.

DAVID GRAY.

1838—1861.

BY T. HUMPHREY WARD, M.A.

EDITOR "MEN OF THE REIGN;" "THE REIGN OF QUEEN VICTORIA;"
"THE ENGLISH POETS;" ETC., ETC.

DAVID GRAY, author of "The Luggie," and other poems, was the son of a poor weaver, and was born at Merkland on the banks of the Luggie, about eight miles from Glasgow, January 29, 1838. He was educated at the Kirkintilloch Parish School, where he showed great quickness and aptitude for his work, and at Glasgow, to which place he was sent at the age of fourteen to study for the ministry. Here he managed to support himself by teaching, and in his spare time attended the university classes. Under the pseudonym of "Will Gurney," he began to write verses for the *Glasgow Citizen*, and the favourable reception accorded them induced him finally to decide upon literature as a profession. For this purpose he went to London, where however, rapidly failing health frustrated all his plans and he became almost destitute. Lord Houghton hearing of the case came to his rescue, had him properly cared for, and even sent him to Italy, but without much permanent improvement following. Gray then returned to Merkland, where he died at the early age of twenty-four, December 3rd, 1861. He was buried in the "Auld Aisle," Kirkintilloch, where in 1865 his friends and admirers erected a memorial to his memory. A specimen page of his poem "The Luggie" reached him the very day before his death.

A Winter Scene.

How beautiful! afar on moorland ways,
Bosomed by mountains, darkened by huge glens,
(Where the lone altar raised by Druid hands
Stands like a mournful phantom), hidden clouds
Let fall soft beauty, till each greenfir branch
Is plumed and tasselled till each heather stalk

Is delicately fringed. The sycamores,
 Through all their mystical entanglement
 Of boughs, are draped with silver. All the green
 Of sweet leaves playing with the subtle air
 In dainty murmuring; the obstinate drone
 Of limber bees that in the monkshood bells
 House diligent; the imperishable glow
 Of summer sunshine never more confessed
 The harmony of nature, the divine
 Diffusive spirit of the beautiful.
 Out in the snowy dimness, half revealed,
 Like ghosts in glimpsing moonshine, wildly run
 The children in bewildering delight.

An Autumnal Day?

A band of harebells, flowers unspeakable
 For half-transparent azure, nodding, gleamed
 As a faint zephyr, laden with perfume,
 Kissed them to motion, gently, with no will.
 Before me streams most dear unto my heart,
 Sweet Luggie, sylvan Bothlin—fairer twain
 Than ever sung themselves into the sea,
 Lucid \mathcal{E} gean, gemmed with sacred isles—
 Were rolled together in an emerald vale;
 And into the severe bright noon, the smoke
 In airy circles o'er the sycamores
 Upcurled—a lonely little cloud of blue
 Above the happy hamlet. Far away
 A gentle rising hill with umbrage clan,
 Hazel and glossy birch and silver fir,
 Met the keen sky. Oh, in that wood I know,
 The woodruff and the hyacinth are fair
 In their own season; with the bilberry
 Of dim and misty blue, to childhood dear.
 Here on a sunny August afternoon,
 A vision stirred my spirit half-awake
 To fling a purer lustre on those fields
 That knew my boyish footsteps; and to sing
 Thy pastoral beauty, Luggie, into fame.





JAMES THOMPSON.



BARONESS NAIRNE.



THOMAS CAMPBELL.



CHARLES I.



JAMES HOGG.



PROF. J. WILSON.



JOANNA BAILLIE.

JANET HAMILTON,

1795—1873.

BY PROF. JOHN VEITCH, M.A. LL.D.

PROFESSOR OF LOGIC AND METAPHYSICS IN GLASGOW UNIVERSITY;
EDITOR "THE HISTORY AND POETRY OF THE SCOTTISH BORDER," ETC.
AUTHOR "THE TWEED AND OTHER POEMS," ETC. ETC.

JANET THOMSON, afterwards Hamilton, was the daughter of a shoemaker, and was born in the clachan of Corshill, in the moorland parish of Shotts, Lanarkshire, October 12th, 1795.

Her mother was a woman of strong character, intense religious convictions of the old Scottish and Calvinistic type, and impressed with the duty of training up her family in strict accordance with her own views, especially in the matter of Church-going and rigid Sabbath observance. She was, withal, a kindly, human-hearted woman, with a love of the old songs, ballads, and legendary lore of the country.

Her father removed from Corshill to the town of Hamilton when Janet was between two and three years old. Finally, when his child was seven, he settled in the village of Langloan, parish of Old Monkland. Here Janet passed the whole of her subsequent long life.

Constantly and fondly does she recur to the scenes, limited as they were, of her youthful wanderings in the neighbourhood of the lowly village:—

"A lanely loch, a murlan' broom,
A warl' o' whins and heather,
Whaur aft, when life was young, I strayed,
The berries blae to gather.
Sae bonnie bloomed the gowden broom,
Sae green the feathery bracken,
An' rosy brier, dear to my een,
Ere light had them forsaken."

Janet's education in the ordinary sense of the word was nothing. Her mother, however, taught her to read, and familiarised her mind with Bible stories, ere she was five years old. She did not learn to write, until she was about fifty. At the age of eight she found a copy of "Paradise Lost," and one of Allan Ramsay's poems on an intelligent weaver's loom in the village, on "the breast beam," evidently lying beside him to be conned at intervals of leisure. These first touched and quickened her fancy.

Then, with a perfect ardour for books, she seems to have exhausted her own and the neighbouring village libraries. She read Rollin, Plutarch's Lives, Ancient Universal History, Raynal's India, Pitscottie's Scotland, The Spectator, Rambler, Ferguson, Burns, MacNeil. All this time she was working first at the spinning-wheel, throwing off her allotted task of two hanks of sale yarn a day, and afterwards at the tambour-frame.

From fifty-four until her death at seventy-eight (October, 1873), she produced the very considerable amount of poetry and prose which she has left behind her. The best of her writings are to be found in the memorial volume, entitled "Poems, Essays, and Sketches," by Janet Hamilton. Glasgow, 1880.

The special strain of pathos in Janet Hamilton's poems has a distinct trace of that of the older ballads. It is direct from the life, is as simply put as the simple fact, with just that touch which idealises it for all time.

But when she sings of what she sees in the moorland, in the glen, by the stream, or of disappointed love and broken hope in the humble world she lived in, she shows pure feeling for nature, an inborn, genuine love, fine selective delineation, and a pathos which flows direct from the heart to the heart.

There are a good many pieces on political freedom, the struggles of Poland and Italy, and on intemperance, which show a burning and creditable moral enthusiasm.

For the last eighteen years of her life, Janet Hamilton was blind. Her contentment under the loss of vision was unbroken.

In an interview with her in her later years, the Rev. Dr. Wallace, of Glasgow, tells us, "It was very touching when Mirren, her daughter, read some of the ballads in the volume, in which there are beautiful allusions to nature, to hear the blind old mother say again and again, as she sat bent forward eagerly listening, in her arm-chair, 'I see it! I see it! Its like a crystal o' licht set in my very heart.' On expressing our surprise that she could so vividly recall past scenes, and speak with rapture of the wild flowers which she could see no more, she said, 'They're a' in my heart. I loved them too well ever to forget them.'"

The Lowly Song of a Lowly Bard.

"We are lowly, very lowly,
Low the bard, and low the song;
Lowly thou, my own dear village,
Lowly those I dwell among.

From my lowly home of childhood,
Low sweet voices fill my ears,
Till my drooping lids grow heavy
With the weight of tender tears.

Low in station, low in labour,
Low in all that worldlings prize,
Till the voice say: 'Come up hither,
To a mansion in the skies.

From that lowly cot the sainted
Rose from earth's low cares and woes:
From that lowly couch my mother
To her home in heaven arose.

In that cot so lone and lowly
(Childhood's hand might reach the thatch),
God was felt, and o'er the dwellers
Angel eyes kept loving watch—

Lowly heart, and lowly bearing,
Heaven and earth will best approve.
Jesus! Thou wert meek and lowly,
Low on earth, but Lord above.

Yet not low my aspirations;
High and strong my soul's desire,
To assist my toiling brothers
Upwards, onwards, to aspire.

Upward to the heaven above us,
Onward in the march of mind,
Upward to the shrine of freedom,
Onward, working for our kind.

This to you, my working brothers,
I inscribe: may nothing low
Dwell in mind, in heart, or habit;
Upward look, and onward go."

WILLIAM HAMILTON.

1704—1754.

BY REV. MORRIS GRIFFITH, M.A.

WILLIAM HAMILTON of Bangour, a gentleman of many accomplishments, was born of an ancient Ayrshire family in 1704. He was most popular amongst the highest circles in his day, and acquired a high reputation for his poetical productions. In 1745 he joined the standard of Prince Charles, and became the laureate of the Jacobites. He fled to France on the downfall of his party, but through the influence of friends at court, he was pardoned and restored to his country and estates. He did not live long to enjoy his freedom, however, for an affection of the chest caused him to seek a warmer climate. He went to Lyons, and died there in 1754. His first efforts were entirely lyrical. Before he was twenty he had joined Allen Ramsay in his *Tea Table Miscellany*. In 1748 some person unknown to him, collected and published his poems in Glasgow; but the first genuine and correct copy was not published till after his death. His ballad of the *Braes of Yarrow* is undoubtedly the very best of his effusions. A complete collated edition of Hamilton's poems and songs, edited by James Paterson, was published in 1850.

A Soliloquy.

MYSTERIOUS inmate of this breast,
Enkindled by thy flame;
By thee my being's best express,
For what thou art I am.

With thee I claim celestial birth,
A spark of heaven's own ray,
Without thee sink to vilest earth
Inanimated clay.
Now in this sad and dismal hour
Of multiplied distress,
Has any former thought the power
To make thy sorrows less :

When all around thee cruel snares
Threaten thy destined breath,
And every sharp reflection bears
Want, exile, chains or death ?

Can ought that past in youth's fond reign
Thy pleasing vein restore ;
Lives beauty's gay and festive train
In memory's soft store ?

Or does the Muse ? 'Tis said her art
Can fiercest pangs appease ;
Can she to thy poor trembling heart
Now speak the words of peace ?

Yet she was wont at early dawn
To whisper thy repose,
Nor was her friendly aid withdrawn
At grateful evening's close.

Friendship tis true, its sacred might
May mitigate thy doom ;
As lightning shot across the night,
A moment gilds the gloom.

O God ! Thy providence alone
Can work a wonder here :
Can change to gladness every moan,
And banish all my fear.

Thy arm, all powerful to save,
May every doubt destroy ;
And from the horrors of the grave
New raise to life and joy.

From this, as from a copious spring,
Pure consolation flows ;
Makes the faint heart midst sufferings sing,
And midst despair repose.

Yet from its creature gracious heaven,
Most merciful and just,
Asks but, for life and safety given,
Our faith and humble trust.

JAMES HOGG.

1770—1835.

BY WALTER J. KAYE, M.A.

JAMES HOGG, generally known by his poetical name of 'The Ettrick Shepherd,' was a native of Ettrick Forest in Selkirkshire. According to the last of the numerous accounts which he gave of his life, he was born in 1772, on the 25th of January, the anniversary of Burns' birthday. But the parish register of Ettrick records his baptism as having taken place on the 9th of December, 1770. His forefathers for several generations were shepherds, distinguished by their integrity and skill; but his father having saved a little money, took a lease of a farm in Ettrick and commenced dealing in sheep. In the course of a few years, however, he was ruined, and lost his whole property. The poet's mother, Margaret Laidlaw, was a woman of remarkable vivacity, humour, and spirit, but deeply imbued with superstition, and was celebrated over the whole district as a reciter of ancient ballads and traditions. Hogg was only seven years of age at the time of his father's bankruptcy, and was in consequence obliged to go to service with a neighbouring farmer as cowherd. His school education must have been very imperfect; but following an occupation which at certain seasons afforded him abundance of leisure, and living in a picturesque district famous for its historic and poetic associations, he was from early years familiar with all the legendary lore and ballad strains of the Border, as well as with the Sacred Scriptures and the usual household works of the Scottish peasant, and these books evidently exercised an important influence in the formation of his character. After serving a number of masters as a shepherd, Hogg entered on Whitsunday, 1790, into the service of Mr. Laidlaw of Blackhouse in Yarrow, father of William Laidlaw, the confidential friend of Sir Walter Scott. There he remained for nine years, had access to a considerable collection of books, and received every facility for the cultivation of his poetical genius. It was through William Laidlaw, too, that he was introduced to Sir Walter Scott, who was greatly interested in Hogg's character and history, and was ever after one of his best friends. It is difficult to say at what period the Shepherd's poetical genius first began to display itself. His first printed piece, entitled 'The Mistakes of a Night,' appeared in the *Scots Magazine* for October, 1794. In 1801 he published hastily a small collection of his verses, which he

says was full of errors and imperfections, and he afterwards regretted that he had allowed these crude productions to see the light. In 1807 a volume of his songs and poems, of greatly superior merit, appeared under the title of the 'Mountain Bard,' the profits of which, and of a treatise on the diseases of sheep, amounted to 300*l.* He had previously lost all his savings as a shepherd in a sheep-farming speculation in the island of Harris; but undeterred by this failure, he now took a farm in Dumfriesshire, which proved a ruinous concern, and in three years left him penniless. Failing to obtain employment as a shepherd, he took his plaid about his shoulders, he says, and set off for Edinburgh in February, 1810, determined, since he could do no better, to push his fortune as a literary man. His first effort was a collection of songs, entitled 'The Forest Minstrel.' He then tried a weekly periodical called the *Spy*. In spite of all his efforts, however, it would have fared ill with him but for the unwearied kindness and generosity of Mr. John Grieve, a worthy hat manufacturer in Edinburgh, who supported Hogg through all his difficulties and privations, and suffered him to want for nothing. At length, in 1813, the publication of 'The Queen's Wake,' the best of his works, established the Shepherd's reputation as a poet on a permanent and lofty basis. It was followed by 'Madoc of the Moor,' a poem in the Spenserian stanza; 'The Pilgrims of the Sun,' in blank verse; 'The Poetic Mirror,' a collection of pieces in imitation of some living poets; 'Queen Hynde,' and other poetical pieces; and also by the 'Winter Evening Tales'; 'The Brownie of Bodsbeck'; 'The Confessions of a Justified Sinner'; 'The Three Perils of Man,' and other novels of very unequal merit. The Duke of Buccleuch, in compliance with the deathbed request of his duchess in 1814, that he would be kind to the Ettrick bard, gave him a life-rent of a small moorland farm at Altrive in Yarrow, where he built a cottage and went to reside in 1817. Three years later he made an advantageous marriage, and desirous once more to try his fortune as a sheep farmer, he took the large farm of Mount Benger from the Duke of Buccleuch; but by the end of his nine years' lease the poet was once more a ruined man. The remainder of his life, with the exception of a visit to London in 1831, and an occasional residence of a few weeks in Edinburgh, was spent at Altrive in the enjoyment of domestic happiness and social hospitality, presiding at Border festivities, and spending much of his time in fishing and field sports, of which he was passionately fond. The inimitable 'Noctes Ambrosianæ' kept his name constantly before the public; and though this strange miscellany of poetry, eloquence, wit, fun, and coarse humour, raised a prejudice against the Shepherd in some quarters by frequently representing him in grotesque and ludicrous aspects, yet on the other hand it conveyed an impression much too exalted of his genius, sagacity, and colloquial powers. He died, 21st of November, 1835, leaving a widow and five children, and was buried in the churchyard of Ettrick.

The Skylark.

BIRD of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,

Blest is thy dwelling-place—
 O to abide in the desert with thee !
 Wild is thy lay and loud,
 Far in the downy cloud,
 Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
 Where, on thy dewy wing,
 Where art thou journeying ?
 Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and mountain sheen,
 O'er moor and mountain green,
 O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
 Over the cloudlet dim,
 Over the rainbow's rim,
 Musical cherub, soar, singing away !
 Then, when the gloaming comes,
 Low in the heather blooms
 Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be !
 Emblem of happiness,
 Blest is thy dwelling-place—
 O to abide in the desert with thee !

A National Song of Triumph.

Now, Britain, let thy cliffs o' snaw
 Look prouder o'er the marled main ;
 The bastard eagle bears awa',
 An' ne'er shall ee thy shores again.
 Come, bang thy banners to the wain,
 The struggle's past, the prize is won ;
 Well may thy lion shake his mane,
 And turn his grey beard to the sun.

Lang hae I bragg'd o' thine an' thee,
 Even when thy back was at the wa',
 Now thou my proudest sang shalt be
 As lang as I hae breath to draw.
 Where now the coofs wha boded wae,
 An' cauldness o'er thy efforts threw ;
 An' where the proudest, fellest fae
 Frae hell's black porch that ever flew ?

O he might conquer feckless kings—
 Those bars in Nature's onward plan—
 But fool is he the yoke that flings
 O'er the unshackled soul of man.
 'Tis like a cobweb o'er the breast,
 That binds the giant while asleep ;
 Or curtain hung upon the east
 The daylight from the world to keep.

Here's to the hands sae lang upbore
 The Rose and Shamrock, blooming still ;
 An' here's the burly plant of yore,
 The Thistle o' the norlan' hill !
 Lang may auld Britain's banners pale
 Stream o'er the seas her might has won ;
 Lang may her Lions paw the gale,
 An' turn their dewlaps to the sun !

The Minstrel Boy.

THE Minstrel Boy to the glen is gone,
 In its deepest dells you'll find him,
 Where echoes sing to his music's tone,
 And fairies listen behind him.
 He sings of nature all in her prime,
 Of sweets that around him hover,
 Of mountain heath and moorland thyme,
 And trifles that tell the lover.

How wildly sweet is the minstrel's lay,
 Through cliffs and wild woods ringing,
 For, ah ! there is love to beacon his way,
 And hope in the song he's singing !
 The bard may indite, and the minstrel sing,
 And maidens may chorus it rarely ;
 But unless there be love in the heart within,
 The ditty will charm but sparsely.

Hymn to the Evening Star.

ARISE, arise, thou queen of Love
 Thy bed is chill'd with evening dew ;
 Thy robe the virgin fays have wove,
 And rear'd thy canopy of blue.
 O, let me see thy golden breast,
 Thy amber halo o'er the hill,
 And all the chambers of the west
 Thy coronal with glory fill.

O, come—the evening colours fade,
 Soft silence broods o'er lawn and lea ;
 And beauty in the greenwood shade,
 Uplifts a longing eye for thee.
 Thy temple be this sylvan bower,
 Where wounded lovers kneel confest ;
 Thine altar-cloth the daisy flower,
 Thy tabernacle, beauty's breast.

Be this thy dearest, holiest shrine,
 Thy breviary two beaming eyes ;
 And aye I'll pant to see thee shine—
 Beloved star, arise, arise !
 As slowly steals an angel's wing,
 Thy light pavilion down the sky ;
 Before thee let young seraphs sing
 The softest love-sick melody.

And here, on thy beloved shrine,
 Where fragrant flowers of incense glow,
 Pure as that heavenly breast of thine,
 And fairer than the virgin snow ;—
 Here will I worship with delight,
 And pay the vows I made to thee,
 Until thy mild and modest light
 Is cradled on the heaving sea.

REV. JOHN HOME.

1722—1808.

By REV. JOHN W. KAYE, LL.D.

ON the death of Queen Anne, Prince George, Elector of Saxony, was called to the throne of England; but the Scots had strong feelings in favour of the Stuarts, their own royal line, and encouraged the claims of James the Pretender, son of the dethroned James II. Party feeling was strong indeed, the flame of rebellion was fanned both in England and Scotland; the throne of George I. was considered insecure; and a price of £100,000 was set on the head of the Pretender, but the Scots refused to betray him.

The Stuart aspirant for the throne landed in Scotland and was proclaimed James III.; but after making desperate efforts he ultimately failed and fled to France. Numbers of Scottish Jacobite nobles were put to death, and their estates confiscated, while others were banished to North America. Such was the state of affairs in Scotland when John Home was born.

Biographers disagree both as to the date and place of his birth; one tells us he was "born in the parish of Ancrum, in Roxburghshire in 1724"; another tells us he was "born in Leigh, in the year 1722, of which place his father was town-clerk." Modern research, however, seems to have confirmed the claim of Leith to be the birthplace and the home of the childhood of the author of "Douglas."

Very little is known of his youthful habits, employments, or associations. He would no doubt be schooled in Edinburgh, the great seat of learning so near to Leith; and when old enough would probably assist his father, until he was of age to enter the University.

Yet we can imagine that he would often steal away to wander on the shore of the Firth of Forth, reading his favourite authors, or admiring the wild grandeur of the rocky cliffs and the roaring of the North Sea waves, and drinking in the spirit of poetic inspiration.

The reign of Queen Anne has been called the Augustan age of England, from the number of men of letters, poets, philosophers, men of science, and military commanders, who flourished about that time, and who exercised great influence on the succeeding reigns of the Georges. Home was influenced by the spirit of the age, and entering the University gave himself diligently to study and preparation for the ministry of the Scottish Presbyterian Church.

The rebellion in Scotland in favour of "the bonnie Prince Charlie," the son of James, the Old Pretender, broke out in 1745, when Home was twenty-three years of age, and for a time put an end to his studies.

Home was no Jacobite, and joining a company of about twenty students, they entered the Royal Army as volunteers. At Perth, the Young Pretender was proclaimed Regent for his father, who was not yet dead, and passing through Linlithgow entered Edinburgh almost unopposed. Sir John Cope, with the royal forces, among whom Home had taken his place, marched on Edinburgh, but "Prince Charlie" with his Clansmen completely routed them at Preston Pans.

After this defeat the student volunteers dispersed themselves, but Home with more patriotic zeal marched with the royal troops to Falkirk, where the royalists under General Hawley were again defeated by the Young Pretender and his Jacobite followers, January 17th, 1746. In this battle Home was taken prisoner, and shut up "in Doune Castle on the borders of the Highlands." On the 16th April of the same year, at the battle of Culloden, "Prince Charlie's" army was utterly routed with a loss of 2,500 men, and the Jacobite rebellion was brought to an end.

Some time after this Home effected his escape, and returning to Edinburgh continued his university studies; nor did his poetic aspirations leave him in his unfortunate military episodes.

On completing his curriculum, he was duly ordained to the ministerial office in the Presbyterian Church of Scotland, and for a time served as "probationer" or assistant. During this period he seized a short opportunity of visiting London. And as he had eagerly read the writings of the dramatists, it was with true literary delight he made this an opportunity of witnessing the performances of such masters of the histrionic art as Garrick, Barry, and others, who at this time held the place of honour on the English stage. At this time also he seems to have made the acquaintance of the poet Collins, to whom he submitted a number of his compositions. Collins was at once enamoured of their brightness, beauty, and deep dramatic power; and inscribed to Home his "Ode on the popular Superstitions of the Highlands of Scotland." How truly he predicted the development of Home's tragic powers, as well as his future eminence, may be seen in the words of introduction to the above named Ode.

"Home! thou return'st from Thames, whose Naiads long
Have seen thee lingering with a fond delay,
Midst those soft friends, whose hearts, some future day,
Shall melt, perhaps, to hear thy tragic song."

In 1750 Home received a presentation, and was inducted to the pastorate of the parish of Athelstaneford in East Lothian, as successor to the Rev. Robert Blair, author of that remarkable poem "The Grave." Here he studied and wrote with more confidence in his own poetic powers; he also became a member of the "Athenian Literary Society" in Edinburgh, of which his predecessor, Blair, had also been a member. To the meetings of this Society he often resorted, that he might enjoy the pleasures of refined and enlightened companionship, and became one of its most welcome and appreciated visitors; among whom were Fergusson, Robertson, and Hume, historians; Dr. Hugh Blair, rhetorician and divine: and Mr. Wedderburn afterwards Earl of Rosslyn.

During his first two years at Athelstaneford he composed his first tragedy "Agis," and with this in his pocket he again stole off to London to submit it to the managers of the metropolitan theatres. To his great mortification they all condemned it; and he returned to his parish downcast and chagrined, but determined that he would produce a play which should be accepted.

He now set to work on another tragedy of which both the scenery and the story were Scottish. In dealing with these he was thoroughly at home; his imagination and intellect had full play; and he concentrated the whole power of his genius in this effort, mingling the most romantic pathos with the sweetest melody. When the work was completed he laid it before his friends who gave it unstinted praise.

Again he made his way to London, and submitted his new tragedy to Mr. Garrick, who condemned the plot as altogether too simple, and the various scenes as entirely lacking in stage effect. Disheartened and dejected he went back to his friends in Scotland, and they determined that the play should be represented in Edinburgh. The theatre in Canongate was small and ill adapted for any elaborate piece. However, they did what they could to fit the place for the play, which was duly rehearsed, and the players well prepared and familiar with their various parts. Home and his friends, lay and clerical, were present on the opening night; there was not a single hitch or failure in the performance, and the success of the tragedy was beyond all expectation. For almost the whole of the season it was played without intermission, and crowds continued to witness it with unabated pleasure and unqualified praise. The fame of "Douglas" reached London, Garrick confessed his mistake, and produced the piece before his London audiences with most enthusiastic success.

Meanwhile the Scottish Presbyteries were uttering loud condemnation that a clergyman of their church should so far forget himself and his office, as both to write a tragedy and encourage stage plays. Home and his clerical friends were cited to appear, and were severely censured, some barely escaping inhibition. He resigned his charge, and preached his farewell sermon on 5th June, 1757, having held the benefice for about seven years.

It was with heartfelt sorrow and tears of true and deep sympathy, that his parishioners parted from him; and though the Scots were never prone to theatricals, the effect of all this outcry of the presbyteries, was that the people more than ever consulted their own judgment in these matters, and became far less prejudiced against the theatre than heretofore.

Home now took up his abode in London, and was the recipient of many honours, prompted no doubt by the sacrifices he had made, as well as by the genius he had displayed.

Hume the historian, dedicated to him his "Four Dissertations," and complimented him on possessing "the genius of a Shakespeare and the tragic pathos of an Otway." Mr. Sheridan, the father of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, being at that time the manager of the Dublin Theatre, sent him a gold medal of the value of ten guineas for having enriched the British stage with the tragedy of "Douglas." Lord Bute complimented him on his great genius and honoured him with his friendship and esteem. This extraordinary success induced Home to continue writing, and he produced "The Siege of Aquileia" which had comparatively little prosperity.

On the accession of George III in 1760, Pitt, Earl of Chatham, who was then Prime Minister, resigned his office because government refused to declare

war against Spain, and in 1761 he was succeeded by John, Earl of Bute, the friend of Home.

Lord Bute now in office, did not forget Home, but commanded him to the King, who was pleased to place his name on the civil list with a handsome pension. Afterwards he also received a government appointment as one of the Commissioners of Sick and Wounded Seamen.

Home now produced another stage piece "The Fatal Discovery," with the same ill result as "The Siege of Aquileia." Again he made another effort and wrote "Alonzo"; this also was doomed to a short and feeble existence. Lastly he produced the tragedy of "Alfred," which lived only three nights.

Thoroughly disconcerted, Home now retired to Scotland and spent his leisure in writing the History of the Scots' Rebellion of 1745. On the occasion of the raising of the volunteer regiment by the Duke of Buccleuch, Home accepted a Captain's commission, which he held till the corps was disbanded.

The remainder of his life was passed in comparative tranquility. The public waited long for his history and had great expectations. It did not appear till 1802 when he was in his seventy-eighth year, and it was received with general dissatisfaction; the public were entirely disappointed. It was evident that the truth of many facts had been suppressed, and accounts toned down to suit party purposes. We cannot altogether blame Home for the meagreness of the history, as it is stated, on what is considered good authority, that every page underwent royal supervision before it was permitted to be published.

His literary fame rests entirely on his "Douglas," in this work he seems to have reached the height of his genius and exhausted himself. Nor is he alone in thus attaining by a strenuous bound the summit of his intellectual powers. His predecessor Blair exhausted his strength on his poem 'The Grave,' Bloomfield attained his height with "The Farmer's Boy;" and since the publication of "Festus," Philip James Bailey has produced nothing equal to it. "Douglas" still lives, and is still a popular play full of passion and pathos, and enriched with many felicities of expression which have passed almost into proverbs. To have written one such piece is to have reached a height of genius and fame which few may expect to gain. For some time before his death Home shewed signs of mental decay. He died on September 4th, 1808, at Merchiston House, Edinburgh, in the eighty-sixth year of his age.

Extract from "Douglas."

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Court of a Castle, surrounded with Woods.*

ENTER LADY RANDOLPH.

LADY R.—Ye woods and wilds, whose melancholy gloom,
Accords with my soul's sadness, and draws forth
The voice of sorrow from my bursting heart,
Farewell awhile! I will not leave you long;
For in your shades I deem some spirit dwells,
Who, from the chiding stream, or groaning oak,
Still hears and answers to Matilda's moan.

Oh, Douglas ! Douglas ! if departed ghosts
 Are e'er permitted to review this world,
 Within the circle of that wood thou art,
 And with the passion of immortals hear'st
 My lamentation : hear'st thy wretched wife
 Weep for her husband slain, her infant lost.
 My brother's timeless death I seem to mourn,
 Who perished with thee on that fatal day ;
 But Randolph comes, whom fate has made my lord
 To chide my anguish, and defraud the dead.

ENTER LORD RANDOLPH.

LORD R.—Again these weeds of woe ! say, dost thou well
 To feed a passion which consumes thy life ?
 The living claim some duty ; vainly thou
 Bestow'st thy cares upon the silent dead.

LADY R.—Silent, alas ! is he for whom I mourn :
 Childless, without memorial of his name,
 He only, now in my remembrance lives.

LORD R.—Time, that wears out the trace of deepest anguish,
 Has pass'd o'er thee in vain.
 Sure thou art not the daughter of Sir Malcolm ;
 Strong was his rage, eternal his resentment :
 For when thy brother fell, he smil'd to hear
 That Douglas' son in the same field was slain.

LADY R.—Oh ! rake not up the ashes of my fathers
 Implacable resentment was their crime,
 And grievous has the expiation been.

LORD R.—Thy grief wrests to its purposes my words,
 I never ask'd of thee that ardent love.
 Which in the breasts of fancy's children burns.
 Decent affection and complacent kindness
 Were all I wish'd for ; but I wish'd in vain.
 Hence with the less regret my eyes behold
 The storm of war that gathers o'er this land :
 If I should perish by the Danish sword,
 Matilda would not shed one tear the more.

LADY R.—Thou dost not think so : woeful as I am
 I love thy merit, and esteem thy virtues.
 But whither goest thou now ?

LORD R.—Straight to the camp,
 Where every warrior on the tiptoe stands
 Of expectation, and impatient asks
 Each who arrives, if he is come to tell,
 The Danes are landed.

LADY R.—O, may adverse winds
 Far from the coast of Scotland drive their fleet !
 And every soldier of both hosts return
 In peace and safety to his peaceful home !

ALEXANDER HUME.

1809—1851.

BY WALTER J. KAYE, M.A.

ALEXANDER HUME, the son of Walter Hume, a respectable merchant of Kelso, was born there in February, 1809. He received his education in his native town, his first teacher being Mr. Ballantyne, well known for his ability. The family afterwards removed from Kelso to London. When about thirteen or fourteen years of age Alexander suddenly disappeared, and joined a company of strolling players. He sang the melodies of his native land with wonderful skill,—was equally successful with the popular English comic songs of that day,—could take a part in tragedy, comedy, or farce,—and, if need be, could dance a reel or hornpipe. He soon therefore became a great favourite with the manager, but disgusted with his associates he left them, and returned to London. By the kindness of a relative he was put in a way of earning his own livelihood, and in 1827 he obtained a good situation with a firm in Mark Lane. In the same year he became a lover, which first influenced him to attempt the art of rhyming, but although tolerably successful in his efforts at verse-making, he failed to win the object of his admiration. Hume dedicated his first volume of songs to his friend Allan Cunningham. In the preface to this volume he says: “I composed them by no rules excepting those which my own observation and feelings formed; I knew no other. As I thought and felt, so I have written. Of all poetical compositions, songs, especially those of the affections, should be natural, warm gushings of feeling,—brief, simple, and condensed. As soon as they have left the singer’s lips they should be fast around the hearer’s heart.” In 1837 the poet was married, and in 1840 he visited the United States for the benefit of his health. Five years later he published a complete edition of his *Poems and Songs*, many of which enjoyed an unusual degree of popularity. In 1847 he made a second voyage across the Atlantic for the benefit of his health, which had become impaired by over-application to business. He returned with health somewhat improved; but it again gradually declined, and he died at Northampton in May, 1851, leaving a widow and six children. During the latter years of his life Mr. Hume entirely abandoned literary pursuits, devoting all his time to his business, in which he met with very great success.

Oh! Years Hae Come.

OH! years hae come, an' years hae gane,
 Sin' first I sought the wold alane,
 Sin' first I mused wi' heart sae fain
 On the hills o' Caledonia.
 But oh! behold the present gloom,
 My early friends are in the tomb,
 And nourish now the heather bloom
 On the hills o' Caledonia.

My father's name, my father's lot,
 Is now a tale that's heeded not,
 Or sang unsung, if no forgot,
 On the hills o' Caledonia.
 O' our great ha' there's lefe nae stane—
 A' swept away, like snaw lang gane ;
 Weeds flourish o'er the auld domain
 On the hills o' Caledonia.

The Ti'ot's banks are bare and high,
 The stream rins sma' and mournfu' by,
 Like some sad heart maist grutten dry,
 On the hills o' Caledonia.
 The wee birds sing no frae the tree,
 The wild-flowers bloom no on the lea,
 As if the kind things pitied me
 On the hills o' Caledonia.

But friends can live, though cold they lie,
 An' mock the mourner's tear an' sigh ;
 When we forget them, then they die
 On the hills o' Caledonia.
 An' howsoever changed the scene,
 While memory an' my feeling's green,
 Still green to my auld heart an' een
 Are the hills o' Caledonia.

MRS. JOHN HUNTER.

1742—1821.

By EDITH M. BRIGGS, LL.A. M.B.F.A.

AUTHOR OF "POEMS," ETC.

ANNIE HUNTER, *née* Holme, was the eldest daughter of Robert Holme, of Greenlaw, Berwickshire, surgeon of Burgoyne's Regiment of Light Horse, and afterwards physician in Savoy.

She was born at Hull in 1742, her father having then a practice in that town. The earliest proof she gave of her poetic gift was the song commencing:—“Adieu, ye streams that softly glide.” This was composed in her twenty-third year, and appeared in the *Lark*—an Edinburgh periodical—in 1765. In July 1771, Miss Holme was married to John Hunter, the celebrated anatomist and surgeon. During his lifetime their house, in London, was a favourite resort of the chief *littérateurs* of the age, by whom the intellectual talents and brilliant conversational powers of Mrs. Hunter were highly appreciated. She was possessed of considerable musical ability, and was gifted with personal beauty, and amiability of disposition. On the death of her husband in 1793, she retired from society, but continued to reside in London. During these closing years of her life, she resumed the versifying habits of her girlhood, and published in 1802, a collection of her poems, inscribed to her son, John Banks Hunter. She died in London, January 7th, 1821, after a lingering illness.

My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair.

My mother bids me bind my hair
With bands of rosy hue,
Tie up my sleeves with ribbons rare,
And lace my bodice blue.
“For why,” she cries, “sit still and weep,
While others dance and play?”
Alas! I scarce can go or creep,
While Lubin is away.
'Tis sad to think the days are gone,
When those we love were near;
I sit upon this mossy stone,
And sigh when none can hear.
And while I spin my flaxen thread,
And sing my simple lay,
The village seems asleep or dead,
Now Lubin is away.

The Flowers of the Forest.

ADIEU ! ye streams that smoothly glide,
 Through mazy-windings o'er the plain ;
 I'll in some lonely cave reside,
 And ever mourn my faithful swain.
 Flower of the forest was my love,
 Soft as the sighing summer's gale,
 Gentle and constant as the dove,
 Blooming as roses in the vale.
 Alas ! by Tweed my love did stray,
 For me he searched the banks around ;
 But, ah ! the sad and fatal day,
 My love, the pride of swains, was drown'd.
 Now droops the willow o'er the stream ;
 Pale stalks his ghost in yonder grove ;
 Dire fancy paints him in my dream ;
 Awake, I mourn my hopeless love.

Oh, Tuneful Voice ! I Still Deplore,

OH, tuneful voice ! I still deplore
 Those accents which, though heard no more
 Still vibrate in my heart ;
 In echo's cave I long to dwell,
 And still would hear the sad farewell,
 When we were doom'd to part.
 Bright eyes ! O that the task were mine,
 To guard the liquid fires that shine,
 And round your orbits play—
 To watch them with a vestal's care,
 And feed with smiles a light so fair
 That it may ne'er decay !

The Season Comes When First We Met.

THE season comes when first we met,
 But you return no more ;
 Why cannot I the days forget,
 Which time can ne'er restore ?
 O ! days too sweet, too bright to last,
 Are you, indeed, for ever past ?
 The fleeting shadows of delight,
 In memory I trace ;
 In fancy stop their rapid flight
 And all the past replace ;
 But, ah ! I wake to endless woes,
 And tears the fading visions close !

JAMES THE FIRST.

1394—1437.

BY THE REV. J. W. KAYE, LL.D.

THE story of the life of JAMES I. is soon told ; it is one of the saddest and most romantic records in the archives of kings, and is an apt illustration of the saying, that “ truth is stranger than fiction.”

He was the son of Robert III., and born in 1394, when Scotland was in a state of lawless confusion, when might was right, and the power of the Barons was almost beyond the control of regal government. His elder brother the Duke of Rothesay, under a vile pretence, had been shut up in Falkland Castle and left to die, a victim of the cruelty and treachery of his uncle the Duke of Albany. To save his son James, the King sent him under care of the Earl of Orkney to the court of France, for the French kings were allies of the Scots. The vessel in which the young Prince was sent was captured by the English, and contrary to the treaty which had been made between the two kingdoms, Henry IV. kept the royal youth a prisoner ; James being at that time little more than ten years old. The news of his son’s capture so affected King Robert III. that he died shortly afterwards ; and the Duke of Albany attained the Regency he was conspiring to gain.

Henry IV. was at war with France, and from political motives detained the youthful king, moving him from the Tower of London to Nottingham Castle, and from Nottingham to Windsor, intending both to prevent his escape and to hold the Scots from aiding France. Albany used all means and threats to induce Henry to keep James a prisoner. Perhaps to make some atonement for the detention, Henry gave James tutors of most distinguished ability and thus bestowed upon him an education worthy of his rank. Yet in his Scottish home he had been the pupil of the learned Wardlaw, Archbishop of St. Andrews. We are bound, however, to confess that no efforts were spared no arts, elegances, or accomplishments were withheld, that could mature the mind of James to fit him to take his place as a scholar and a statesman, or to rank as a gentle and kingly knight, among his compeers.

In 1420 when a regiment of Scots had joined the French against Henry V., he led the captive James from Windsor to the battle-field in France

in hopes that the Scots would not fight against their own king. The English army proved victorious, and James after a short stay, was led back to Windsor Castle. Soon after this, one bright May morning, he saw from his window a lady of noble bearing walking in the garden before him; and as these visits were repeated he was attracted by the beauty of her form and the sweetness of her countenance, and fell deeply in love. The lady was Jane Beaufort, daughter of John, Duke of Somerset, grand-daughter of John of Gaunt, and niece of Henry IV.

James had long been a student of the writings of Chaucer, Gower, and Lydgate, and had often written poems for amusement; but now he wrote for love; and in *The King's Quhair* (the quire or book) he tells the story of his love for the Lady Jane. It is a beautiful love-song, rich in the ornaments and allegorical devices of that day; the dialect is English, although the spelling is quaint Scotch; but the seven-lined stanza is used after the manner of Chaucer, which from this circumstance has been called the Rime Royal. This poem places James I. high in the rank of poets of the first half of the 15th century, and it is the best specimen of court poetry between Chaucer and Spenser. Stopford Brooke says: "In six cantos, sweeter, tenderer, and purer than any verse till we come to Spenser he describes the beginning of his love to its happy end." In 1422 after nearly nineteen years' imprisonment he was released, married Lady Jane, and after a short time took his bride to Scotland. There he tried to reform abuses, and introduce just laws, but the barbarous barons bore ill the restraints he put upon their almost savage license. Although the people loved him with fond devotion, conspiracy after conspiracy was formed by the nobles, and time after time they were put down with just punishments. But in the end his was the common fate of all those whose lives are in advance of their age—he died for his country, a martyr for justice, equity, and uprightness; as in later years were Henry IV. of France, and Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden. James and his Queen had retired to the Carthusian Monastery which he had founded at Perth, and while there in supposed security he was betrayed by his kinsman and chamberlain, Robert Stuart; when a band of outlaws headed by Sir Robert Graham came down upon him and murdered him in the dead of night. The traitor Stuart had taken away the bars, and with her own arm the Queen's maid Catherine Douglas again barred the bed-chamber; but the conspirators broke her arm and left her for dead; the Queen also was wounded, while the Earl of March was slain defending his sovereign.

Thus died James I. of Scotland, in the forty-fourth year of his age, a great man, a patriot king, and a true poet. The story of the murder has been told in all its vivid reality, describing the noble bravery of the Queen and "Catherine Barlass," by Dante Gabriel Rossetti in his remarkable ballad "*The King's Tragedy*." The whole life of James I., the princely poet, was itself a dramatic poem, full of romance, noble endurance, loving tenderness, and kingly greatness, upborne by the martyr-spirit, even to the end, the tragedy of his death.

The minor poems attributed to James are "*Christ's Kirk on the Green*," and "*Feebles to the Play*," both descriptive of the manners and customs of the Scottish peasantry; and written with a natural and quaint humour which was only fully developed in Burns; but some attribute them to James V.

On First Seeing Lady Jane Beaufort.

BEWAILING in my chamber, thus alone,
 Despaired of all joy and remedy,
 For-tired of my thought, and wo-begone,
 And to the window gan I walk in hy
 To see the world and folk that went forbye,
 As, for the time, though I of mirthis food
 Might have no more, to look it did me good.

Now was there made, fast by the Towris wall,
 A garden fair; and in the corners set
 Ane arbour green, with wandis long and small
 Railed about, and so with trees set
 Was all the place, and hawthorn hedges knet,
 That lyf was none walking there forbye,
 That might within scarce any wight espy.

So thick the boughis and the leavis green
 Beshaded all the alleys that there were,
 And mids of every arbour might be seen
 The sharpe greene sweete juniper,
 Growing so fair with branches here and there,
 That as it seemed to a lyf without,
 The boughis spread the arbour all about.

And on the smalle greene twistis sat,
 The little sweete nightingale, and sung
 So loud and clear, the hymnis consecrat
 Of lovis use, now soft, now loud among,
 That all the gardens and the wallis rung
 Right of their song. * * *

—Cast I down mine eyes again,
 Where as I saw, walking under the Tower,
 Full secretly, new comen here to plain,
 The fairest or the freshest young flower
 That ever I saw, methought, before that hour,
 For which sudden abate, anon astart,
 The blood of all my body to my heart.

ALEXANDER HAY JAPP, LL.D.

1840.

BY MRS. ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO,

AUTHOR OF "THE CRUST AND THE CAKE," "BY STILL WATERS,"
"AT ANY COST," ETC., ETC.

ALEXANDER HAY JAPP, LL.D., was born at Dun, near Montrose, in the year 1840. His name clearly indicates that Scandinavian origin so often traceable in the inhabitants of the north-east coast of Scotland. He turned his attention towards literature at an early age, and after studying, with marked success, at the University of Edinburgh, went to London, and was soon fairly launched upon the sea of journalism. Of the influences surrounding his earlier years we may gather something from his book, "Lights on the Way; Some Tales Within a Tale," by J. H. Alexander, B.A., edited by H. A. Page. The nominal "editor" was the real author, Alexander H. Japp, veiled by this *nom de plume*, often subsequently used. But this book, though referring to this period, was not published till long afterwards. Dr. Japp's first independent literary venture was a little book with a large subject, "The Three Great Teachers of our Time,—Carlyle, Ruskin, and Tennyson."

Though the author, as we understand, does not lay much store by this early production, it is often quoted and referred to still. On the appearance of "Locksley Hall, Sixty years After," the *Pall Mall Gazette* in its "Occasional Notes" cited Dr. Japp's criticism on the original "Locksley Hall" as dramatically demanding a sequel, and said the new poem of the Laureate was "a remarkable instance of the fulfilment of a literary prophecy."

In 1865 Dr. Japp joined the staff of *Good Words* and the *Sunday Magazine*, to both of which he has largely contributed, amongst other articles, many papers on life in London among the lapsed masses, and among criminals, and bearing also on divers efforts towards their reclamation and reformation. Lengthened extracts from these were given, at the suggestion of the late Lord Shaftesbury, in a journal devoted to such matters. This was long before the period of Mr. G. R. Sims' investigations, or the "Bitter Cry of Outcast London."

Thus, apart from his labours as an editor or as a critic, it will be seen that Dr. Japp has produced much independent work, both under his own name and under various pseudonyms. Under the disguise of "H. A. Page" he did the

immense literary service of familiarising the British public with the life and writings of Thoreau, the American naturalist-philosopher, whose name was scarcely known in this country before the appearance of Dr. Japp's monograph. His little book expounds and explains a life and its theories which might puzzle many, if lacking such an interpreter. By setting forth how simple are the elements of real human life if the mind be freed from the trammels of unprofitable convention, it tends to lift the reader above the murky atmosphere of petty cares and ambitions, and breathes forth a spirit of strong, wholesome, inspiring wisdom.

Under the same *non de plume*, Dr. Japp has produced studies of the lives and writings of Thomas de Quincy and Nathaniel Hawthorne, and under his own name a larger work on "German life and literature."

In 1880, Dr. Japp received the degree of LL.D. from Glasgow University. His poems are at present scattered up and down the pages of magazines, though several of them have already found a deserved place in volumes of selected verse.

The Tangled Skein

The world's tangled skein, my child, like that ye hold i' your hand,
 There's nought but sometime goes amiss, be it everso well planned ;
 Life's best may be patient waiting, when our heart is at ease,
 As they say there's always quiet at the bottom o' the seas !
 However wild the waves, they say, deep down is quiet rest ;
 And so the great peace, my child, is in God's deep o' the breast.
 And I think if we took counsel of what our spirit tells,
 And thought of our good Maker more than of any object else,
 That each of us might do our part to bring that peace to all ;
 And so the world become again like it was before the Fall.

But we run, and, all impatient, break and pull the threads awry,
 And we seldom think we're much to blame, although we never try
 To gather up the ragged ends we've left there in our haste,
 But fancy God will knit them up and pardon all our waste.
 And, I think, our God does knit them up a scourge for us at last,
 For every fault comes back to us with other faults o'ercast ;
 Till of the whole it looks as though God's Providence was bent
 A patched and ugly dress to make out of our foiled intent,
 To wrap us round with misery, unless we strive to show
 Our penitence and willingness to work for Him below ;
 And then He takes the garment, and He dyes it all of one,
 Till it shines a spotless token of the beauty we'll put on,
 When the Son will lead us glorified before the great white throne.

WILLIAM KNOX,

1780—1825.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

“IT may not be impertinent to notice that Knox, a young poet of considerable talent, died here a week or two since. His father was a respectable yeoman, and he himself, succeeding to good farms under the Duke of Buccleuch, became too soon his own master, and plunged into dissipation and ruin. His talent then showed itself in a fine strain of pensive poetry, called, I think, “The Lonely Hearth,” far superior to that of Michael Bruce, whose consumption, by the way, has been the life of his verses. . . . For my part, I am a bad promoter of subscriptions; but I wished to do what I could for this lad, whose talent I really admired, and I am not addicted to admire heaven-born poets, or poetry that is reckoned very good, considering. I had him (Knox) at Abbotsford, about ten years ago, but found him unfit for that sort of society. I tried to help him, but there were temptations he could never resist. He scrambled on writing for the booksellers and magazines, and living like the Otways, and Savages, and Chattertons of former days, though I do not know he was in extreme want. His connection with me terminated in begging a subscripton, or a guinea, now and then. His last works were spiritual hymns, and which he wrote very well. In his line of society he was said to exhibit infinite humour; but all his works are grave and pensive—a style, perhaps, like Master Stephen’s melancholy, affected for the nonce.”

[In this extract from Sir Walter Scott’s Diary, an outline of the life, moral character, and literary productions of an erring and unfortunate son of genius is briefly sketched; but with the great novelist’s wonted perspicuity, sharp intuitive sagacity, and immeasurable good-nature, that never could see a fault where there was a tolerable *per contra* to recommend. William Knox was born upon the estate of Firth, in the parish of Lilliesleaf, Roxburgh, on the 17th August, 1789, and died at Edinburgh, on the 12th November, 1825, in his thirty-sixth year. The cause of his death was a stroke of paralysis, which he survived only three or four days. The principal works of Knox were, “Lonely Hearth,” a Christmas tale, entitled “Marionne, or the Widower’s Daughter;” “A Visit to Dublin;” “Songs of Israel,” and the “Harp of Zion.”]—ED.

Harp of Zion.

HARP of Zion ! pure and holy !
 Pride of Judah's eastern land !
 May a child of guilt and folly
 Strike thee with a feeble hand ?
 May I to my bosom take thee,
 Trembling from the prophet's touch,
 And, with throbbing heart, awake thee
 To the songs I love so much ?

I have loved thy thrilling numbers
 Since the dawn of childhood's day,
 When a mother sooth'd my slumbers
 With the cadence of thy lay—
 Since a little blooming sister
 Clung with transport round my knee,
 And my glowing spirit blessed her
 With a blessing caught from thee.

Mother—sister—both are sleeping
 Where no heaving hearts respire.
 While the eve of age is creeping
 Round the widowed spouse and sire.
 He and his amid their sorrow
 Find enjoyment in thy strain—
 Harp of Zion ! let me borrow
 Comfort from thy chords again.

The Dear Land of Cakes.

O BRAVE Caledonians ! my brothers, my friends,
 Now sorrow is borne on the wings of the winds ;
 Care sleeps with the sun in the seas of the west,
 And courage is lull'd in the warrior's breast ;
 Here social pleasure enlivens each heart,
 And friendship is ready its warmth to impart ;
 The goblet is fill'd, and each worn one partakes,
 To drink plenty and peace to the dear land of cakes.

Though the Bourbon may boast of his vine-covered hills,
Through each bosom the tide of depravity thrills ;
Though the Indian may sit in his green orange bowers,
There slavery's wail counts the wearisome hours.
Though our island is beat by the storms of the north,
There blaze the meteors of valour and worth,
There the loveliest rose-bud of beauty awakes
From that cradle of virtue, the dear land of cakes.

O valour ! thou guardian of freedom and truth,
Thou stay of old age, and thou guidance of youth !
Still, still thy enthusiast and transports pervade
The breast that is wrapt in the green tartan plaid.
And ours are the shoulders that never shall bend
To the rod of a tyrant, that scourge of a land ;
Ours the bosoms no terror of death ever shakes,
When call'd in defence of the dear land of cakes.

Shall the ghosts of our fathers, aloft on each cloud
When the rage of the battle is dreadful and loud,
See us shrink from our standard with fear and dismay,
And leave to our foeman the pride of the day ?
No, by heavens, we will stand to our honour and trust !
Till our heart's blood be shed on our ancestor's dust,
Till we sink to the slumber no war-trumpet breaks
Beneath the brown heath of the dear land of cakes.

O, peace to the ashes of those that have bled,
For the land where the proud thistle raises its head !
O, peace to the ashes of those gave us birth,
In a land freedom renders the boast of the earth !
Though their lives are extinguish'd, their ardour remains !
And swells in their blood that still runs in our veins
Still their deathless achievements our ardour awakes,
For the honour and weal of the dear land of cakes.

Ye sons of old Scotia, ye friends of my heart,
From our word, from our trust, let us never depart !
Nor e'er from our foe till with victory crown'd,
And the balm of compassion is pour'd in his wound ;
And still to our bosom be honesty dear,
And still to our loves and our friendships sincere ;
And, till heaven's last thunder the firmament shakes
May happiness beam on the dear land of cakes !

ANDREW LANG, M.A. LL.D.

1844.

BY WALTER J. KAYE, M.A.

THIS brilliant and accomplished poet was born at Selkirk, March 31st, 1844. He studied first at the Edinburgh Academy, from thence he proceeded to St. Andrews' University, and Balliol College, Oxford, where he gained First Classes in Classical Moderations and the Final Schools, and in 1868 he was elected a Fellow of Merton College, Oxford. In 1889 he was made a freeman of his native town, of which his grandfather was at one time chief magistrate, and in that capacity had the distinction of admitting Sir Walter Scott Bart., [q.v.] to the freemanship. Dr. Lang is a most voluminous writer, he has adorned the pages of numerous journals by his effusions in prose and verse, he has enriched the columns of that vast storehouse of knowledge, "The Encyclopaedia Britannica" with articles of sterling merit, and contributions from his facile pen have freely flowed to that excellent literary paper, "The Daily News." Dr. Lang is also the author of a "shelf-full" of works, works which will undoubtedly 'live' in the broadest sense of the word. Works written in various moods, of love and war, of sentiment and sadness, of humour and fancy, of peace and plenty, but all full of glow and warmth and feeling. The doctor's earliest work was issued nineteen years ago, this was entitled "Ballads and Lyrics of Old France." This has been followed by many other volumes, the titles of some of which are as follows:—"Ballades in Blue China," "Rhymes à la Mode," "Helen of Troy," "Custom and Myth," "The Mark of Cain," "Letters on Literature," "Letters to Dead Authors," "Lost Leaders," "Books and Bookmen," and "Essay on the Study of Literature." His latest work is "The Blue Poetry Book," issued only a few days ago. The poems quoted are from "Ballades in Blue China."

Ballade of His Books.

HERE stands my books, line upon line
They reach the roof, and row by row,
They speak of faded tastes of mine,
And things I did, but do not, know:

Old school books, useless long ago,
 Old Logics, where the spirit, railed in,
 Could scarcely answer "yes" or "no"—
 The many things I've tried and failed in !

Here's Villon, in morocco fine,
 (The Poet starved, in mud and snow.)
 Glatigny does not crave to dine,
 And René's tears forget to flow.
 And here's a work by Mrs. Crowe,
 With hosts of ghosts and bogies jailed in ;
 Ah, all my ghosts have gone below—
 The many things I've tried and failed in !

He's touched, this mouldy Greek divine,
 The Princess D'Este's hand of snow :
 And here the arms of D'Hoym shine,
 And there's a tear-bestained Rousseau :
 Here's Carlyle shrieking "woe on woe"
 (The first edition, this, he wailed in) :
 I once believed in him—but oh,
 The many things I've tried and failed in !

ENVY.

Prince, tastes may differ ; mine and thine
 Quite other balances are scaled in ;
 May you succeed, though I repine—
 "The many things I've tried and failed in !"

Before the Snow.

(AFTER ALBERT GLATIGNY.)

THE winter is upon us, not the snow,
 The hills are etched on the horizon bare,
 The skies are iron grey, a bitter air,
 The meagre cloudlets shudder to and fro.
 One yellow leaf the listless wind doth blow,
 Like some strange butterfly, unclassed and rare.
 Your footsteps ring in frozen alleys, where
 The black trees seem to shiver as you go.

Beyond lie church and steeple, with their old
 And rusty vanes that rattle as they veer,
 A sharper gust would shake them from their hold,
 Yet up that path, in summer of the year,
 And past that melancholy pile we strolled
 To pluck wild strawberries, with merry cheer.

ROBERT LEIGHTON.

1822—1869.

BY CHAS. F. FORSHAW, LL.D.

THIS bard was born at Dundee on February 22nd, 1822. He was brought up at East Friarton and East Newport. Early in life he made a voyage to Sydney, and on his return entered the employment of the London and North Western Railway Company at Preston. He was afterwards engaged at Ayr and Liverpool, travelling a portion of the year in Scotland. After a long and severe illness brought about by an accident received during travelling, Mr. Leighton died at Liverpool on the 10th May, 1869. In 1855 he issued a volume entitled "Rhymes and Poems," which was reprinted six years later. His amusing poetical *Brochure* "Scotch Words and Bapteesement o' the Bairn," appeared in 1868, and quickly passed into a third edition. A volume of his poems published in the same year as his death met with a large and rapid sale.

Twenty-one.

And can it be that I am *twenty-one*!
Well, I will not believe it, for I feel
As if I were a boy ; I cannot deal
In things that stir the world, nor yet with man
Can I hold man-like converse : the whole plan
Structure, and working of my mind reveal,
That, like a floating thing caught in a *will*,
I've lagged behind while Time's stream onward ran.
Swift Time ! Oh, I shall ne'er o'ertake thy speed !
Well, well, run on ; thy reckonings I'll blot
From off my memory's page ; my life-time's meed
I'll measure by the growing of my thought ;
And ever when I do a goodly deed,
I'll mark *that* as an era in my lot.

Duty.

I reach a duty, yet I do it not,
And therefore see no higher ; but if done,
My view is brightened, and another spot
Seen on my moral sun.

For, be the duty high as angel's flight,
 Fulfil it, and a higher will arise,
 E'en from its ashes. Duty is infinite—
 Receding as the skies.
 And thus it is, the purest most deplore
 Their want of purity. As fold by fold,
 In duties done, falls from their eyes, the more
 Of duty they behold.
 Were it not wisdom, then, to close our eyes
 On duties crowding only to appal?
 No: duty is our ladder to the skies,
 And, climbing not, we fall.

My Mither's Grave.

I wander'd out ae simmer's eve
 My mither's lanely grave to see:
 My heart was dowie and did grieve;
 The tremblin' tear stood in my e'e.
 Calm was the nicht—no e'en a breath
 To fan the gowan on the lea;
 At ither times I'd ha'e been laith,
 But on that nicht I'd liked to dee.
 Although the road was wild and lang,
 I wander'd on, and warna' fear'd;
 For on that nicht my heart was strong,
 And bore me to yon auld kirk yard.
 Weel did I ken whereat to look,—
 Near by yon auld, yon stately yew,
 Where, shelter'd in a lanely nook,
 The grass was hoary white wi' dew.
 The auld yew-tree seem'd ghastly mute,
 I made its droopin' branch my chair,
 And, calm and safty, on my flute,
 Play'd ower my mither's favourite air.
 Me thocht the bended grave-stanes rose,
 The faulded flow'rets opened wide,
 As up amang the yew-tree boughs
 My mither's favourite tune did glide!
 That was enough—that mournful tune
 Tauld a' the yearnings o' my heart;
 It made me think o' lands abune,
 It made auld recollections start.
 At length the cushat ceased to coo,
 And gloamin' faded into gloom;
 I mixed my tears amang the dew,
 And, laithfu', left my mither's tomb.

REV. JOHN LEYDEN, M.D.

1775—1811.

BY THOMAS JOHNSTONE, M.D. EDIN. M.R.C.P. LOND.

PHYSICIAN TO THE "ILKLEY HOSPITAL," THE "SEMON CONVALESCENT HOME," THE "SPA HYDROPATHIC ESTABLISHMENT," PHYSICIAN TO THE "BEN RHYDDING SANATORIUM AND HYDROPATHIC ESTABLISHMENT," MEDICAL OFFICER OF HEALTH FOR ILKLEY.

THIS distinguished classical and oriental scholar and poet was born at Denholm, in the parish of Cavers, Roxburghshire, September 1775. His early knowledge he received from his father's mother, he attended the village school at Kirkton, and was subsequently placed under the tuition of a Cameronian clergyman. At the age of fifteen he proceeded to the University of Edinburgh. At this eminent seat of learning he made wonderful progress, mastering Greek, Latin, French, German, Italian, and Spanish, besides becoming acquainted with Arabic, Hebrew, and Persian. When his studies were completed Leyden accepted a post as tutor, and proceeded with his pupils to St. Andrews University, where in 1798 he was licensed as a probationer. At St. Andrews he made further progress with his oriental studies, and in 1799 published a work entitled "An Historical and Philosophical Sketch of the Discourses and Settlements of the Europeans in Northern and Central Africa, at the close of the Eighteenth Century." In 1800 he was ordained, but it is not recorded that he ever held any spiritual charge—some of his friends including Bishop Heber, Dr. Mackenzie, Sir Walter Scott, and Lord Woodhouselee endeavoured to obtain for him the chair of rhetoric at Edinburgh—but their efforts were unsuccessful. At this period Leyden commenced contributing to the "Edinburgh Magazine," "Tales of Wonder," and Scott's "Minstrelsy of the Border," and for six months he undertook the editorship of the "Scots' Magazine." In 1802 he was appointed surgeon in the East India Company's service, and about the same time the University of St. Andrews conferred on him the degree of M.D.—The doctor's last winter in Great Britain was spent in London, where he enjoyed the companionship of many distinguished men of letters.—He sailed for India in 1803, and within a few months after his arrival was appointed professor of Hindustani in the Bengal College.—He soon exchanged this appointment for that of judge in the twenty-four Pergunnahs of Calcutta, followed by the position of Commissioner of the Court of Requests and Assay Master of the Mint.—In 1811 Dr. Leyden joined the army as a volunteer in the expedition against Java. He was one of the first to land at Batavia, but here he unfortunately became affected with the fatal sickness peculiar to the place, and he died on the eve of the battle which gave Java to

the British Empire.—Sir John Malcolm, Sir Walter Scott, and many others honoured his memory by notices of his life and genius, and in Sir Walter's "Lord of the Isles" occurs the following tributary lines to this distinguished scholar, patriot and poet :—

" Scarbra's Isle, whose tortured shore
Still rings to Corrievrekin's roar,
And lonely Colonsay,—
Scenes sung by him who sings no more !
His brief and bright career is o'er,
And mute his tuneful strains ;
Quench'd is his lamp of varied lore
That loved the light of song to pour ;
A distant and a deadly shore
Has Leyden's cold remains.

Dr. Leyden was the author of several volumes of poetry including "The Complaynt of Scotland," "Scottish Descriptive Poems," and "The Scenes of Infancy," the latter volume contained a life of the author by the Rev. W. W. Tulloch, B.D., of the Parish Church, Kelso.

Ode to the Evening Star.

How sweet thy modest light to view,
Fair star ! to love and lovers dear ;
While trembling on the falling dew,
Like beauty shining through a tear,
Or hanging o'er that mirror stream,
To mark that image trembling there,
Thou seem'st to smile with softer gleam,
To see thy lovely face so fair.
Though, blazing o'er the arch of night,
The moon thy timid beams outshine
As far as thine each starry light,
Her rays can never vie with thine.
Thine are the soft enchanting hours
When twilight lingers on the plain,
And whispers to the closing flowers
That soon the sun will rise again.
Thine is the breeze that, murmuring bland
As music, wafts the lover's sigh,
And bids the yielding heart expand
In love's delicious ecstacy.
Fair star ! though I be doom'd to prove
That rapture's tears are mix'd with pain,
Ah ! still I feel 'tis sweet to love—
But sweeter to be loved again.

REV. JOHN LOGAN.

1748—1788.

BY JOSEPH JAMES. D.Sc. PH.D.

THIS poet and sermon-writer was born at Soutra, Mid-Lothian, and was the son of a small farmer. At the University of Edinburgh he became acquainted with Michael Bruce and Dr. Robertson, and in company with the former he cultivated poetical reading and composition. Though his parents were Dissenters, he preferred on leaving the university to join the Established Church, and was licensed to South Leith Parish, 1773. His poems, published in 1781, attracted so much attention, that a second edition was called for next year. He was widely accused of using in this volume many poems supposed to have been written by Michael Bruce. He strenuously denied this during the remainder of his life, but it was a difficult thing to prove either way, and probably will never be satisfactorily settled. In 1783 Logan produced a tragedy, which however, did not turn out a success. Resigning his living, he went to London in 1786 and died there on December 28th, 1788.

His poetry, which has been several times reprinted, was at one time very popular, and will always be acceptable for its happy expressions and its extreme sweetness of versification. His ode to the cuckoo and some of his hymns may be expected to bear the test of time.

To the Cuckoo.

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the grove !
Thou messenger of Spring
Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear ;
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year ?

Delightful visitant ! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

The school-boy, wandering through the wood
 To pull the primrose gay,
 Starts, the new voice of Spring to hear,
 And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom,
 Thou fiest thy vocal vale,
 An annual guest in other lands,
 Another Spring to hail.

Sweet bird ! thy bower is ever green,
 Thy sky is ever clear ;
 Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
 No Winter in thy year !

Oh, could I fly, I'd fly with thee !
 We'd make, with joyful wing,
 Our annual visit o'er the globe,
 Companions of the Spring.

Extract from The Complaint of Nature.

BEHOLD ! sad emblem of thy state,
 The flowers that paint the field ;
 Or trees that crown the mountain's brow,
 And boughs and blossoms yield.

When chill the blast of Winter blows,
 Away the Summer flies,
 The flowers resign their sunny robes,
 And all their beauty dies.

Nipt by the year the forest fades ;
 And, shaking to the wind,
 The leaves toss to and fro, and streak
 The wilderness behind.

The Winter past, reviving flowers
 Anew shall paint the plain,
 The woods shall hear the voice of Spring,
 And flourish green again.

But man departs this earthly scene,
 Ah ! never to return !
 No second Spring shall e'er revive
 The ashes of the urn.

THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.

1845.

BY WALTER J. KAYE, M.A.

SIR JOHN GEORGE EDWARD HENRY DOUGLAS SUTHERLAND CAMPBELL, MARQUIS OF LORNE, K.T. G.C.M.G. P.C. LL.D. ETC. ETC. heir to the Dukedom of Argyll, was born at Stafford House, London, the residence of the Duke of Sutherland, 6th August, 1845. He was educated at Eton College, St. Andrews' University, and Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1866 he shewed his interest in the volunteer movement by accepting the position of Captain of the London Scottish Rifle Volunteers. His Lordship afterwards became Lieutenant Colonel Commandant of the Argyll and Bute Volunteer Artillery, and Honorary Colonel of the 105th Lanarkshire Rifle Volunteers. In January 1866, the noble Marquis left England for an extensive tour to Jamaica, Hayti, and the West India Islands generally, and returned towards the end of the year through the United States and Canada. The impressions produced upon his Lordship and the details of this interesting tour are well depicted in his book, "A Trip to the Tropics, and Home through America," London : Hurst & Blackett, 1867, which rapidly passed into a second edition. In 1868 Lord Lorne was elected Member of Parliament for Argyleshire, a position he held for ten years, and for the first three of which he acted as private secretary to the Duke of Argyll, at the India Office. In 1870 he was created a Knight of the Most Ancient and Most Noble Order of the Thistle. In 1871, (March 21st), occurred his marriage with the Princess Louise, fourth daughter of our beloved Queen. This event was solemnized at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, amid universal rejoicings. The ceremony was performed by their Lordships the Bishops of London and Winchester. In 1875 appeared "Guido and Lita, a Tale of the Riviera," London : Macmillan & Co., 1875. This Provençal story was a poem of some thousand lines in decasyllabic verse, founded on an incident which happened in the tenth century, during a Saracen raid upon the Riviera. The language of the poem is majestic in style and vigorous throughout. The *Times* says of it, "Lord Lorne may be congratulated on a metrical romance

not unworthy of the country and associations which suggested it."—The *Daily News* says—"The Story of Guido and Lita" stands in need of no distinguished name to recommend it, and it will assuredly be popular among poetical readers." The *Pall Mall Gazette* also accords its meed of praise, saying "The most striking thing about the whole composition is the almost perfect melody to which the commonest and most threadbare phrase is attuned." The poem opens with the following beautifully descriptive lines:—

HAIL, Riviera! hail, the mountain range
That guards from northern winds, and seasons' change,
Yon southern spurs, descending fast to be
The sun-lit capes along the tideless sea;
Whose waters, azure as the sky above,
Reflect the glories of the scene they love!

Here every slope, and intervening dale,
Yields a sweet fragrance to the passing gale,
From the thick woods, where dark caroubas twine
Their massive verdure with the hardier pine,
And, 'mid the rocks, or hid in hollowed cave,
The fern and iris in profusion wave;
From countless terraces, where olives rise,
Unchilled by autumn's blast, or wintry skies,
And round the stems, within the dusky shade;
The red anemones their home have made;
From gardens, where its breath for ever blows
Through myrtle thickets, and their wreaths of rose.

Like the proud lords who oft, with clash of mail,
Would daunt the commerce that the trader's sail
Had sought to bring, enriching and to bless,
The lands they plagued with conflict and distress,
Till none but robber chiefs and galley slaves
Ruled the fair shores or rode the tranquil waves,—
So stand their forts upon the hills; with towers
Still frowning, sullen at the genial showers,
That, brought on white-winged clouds, have come to dower
The arid soil with recreative power.

No warrior's tread is echoed by their halls,
No warder's challenge on the silence falls.
Around, the thrifty peasants ply their toil
And pluck in orange groves the scented spoil
From trees, that have for purple mountains made
A vestment bright of green, and gold inlaid.
The women, baskets poised above their brows,
In long array beneath the citron boughs.

Drive on the loaded mules with sound of bells,
 That, in the distance, of their presence tells,
 To springs that, hid from the pursuing day,
 Love only Night ; who, loving them, doth stay
 In the deep waters, moss and reed o'ergrown, —
 Or cold in caverns of the chilly stone, —
 Sought of the steep-built towns, whose white walls gleam
 High 'midst the woods, or close by ocean's stream.

Like flowering aloes, the fair belfries soar
 O'er houses clustered on the sandy shore ;
 From ancient battlements the eye surveys
 A hundred lofty peaks and curving bays,
 From where, at morn and eve, the sun may paint
 The cliffs of Corsica with colours faint ;
 To where the fleets of haughty Genoa plied
 The trade that humbled the Venetian's pride,
 And the blue wastes, where roamed the men who came
 To leaguer tower and town with sword and flame.
 For by that shore, the scene of soft repose
 When happy Peace her benison bestows,
 Have storms, more dire than Nature's, lashed the coasts,
 When met the tides of fierce contending hosts ;
 From the far days when first Liguria's hordes
 Stemmed for a while the rush of Roman swords,
 Only to mark how, on their native hill,
 Turbia's trophy stamped the tyrant's will ;
 To those bright hours that saw the Moslem reel
 Back from the conflict with the Christian steel.
 These last were times when, emulous for creed,
 And for his soul to battle and to bleed,
 The warrior had no need of pilgrim's vow,
 At eastern shrines, to lay the Paynim low ;
 For through the west, the Saracen had spread
 The night that followed where his standards led.

Shortly after the issue of this volume the Marquis was made a member of Her Majesty's Privy Council. In 1877 the Marquis again appeared as an author and published "The Psalms, literally rendered in verse," a work which throughout exhibits skilful treatment. In July of the following year his Lordship succeeded Lord Dufferin as Governor General of the Dominion of Canada, and Commandant in Chief of Prince Edward's Island. Shortly after this appointment he was created a Knight of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George. Accompanied by Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise, he proceeded to Canada in November, where they had a most enthusiastic reception. Five years of exceptional activity were spent in the Dominion, during which time he travelled through the length and breadth of that extensive and flourishing country. Everywhere His Excellency met with the most cordial greetings, addresses of welcome poured in and

speeches were delivered in reply on the social, political, and educational questions of the day, notably at M'Gill University, Montreal, and the University of Queen's College, Kingston. The latter University conferred on the Governor General, the Honorary Degree of Doctor of Laws. Lord Lorne sailed for England at the expiration of his term of office in 1893, and the following year published "Memories of Canada and Scotland," London : Sampson, Low & Co. For the past few years the Marquis of Lorne has taken but little part in political life. At the urgent and unanimous request of the Unionist party in Bradford, he will however at the next General Election contest the Central Division of that town for Parliamentary honours, and we venture to think the noble Marquis has every prospect of success. His Lordship's latest contribution to literature is a volume of verse entitled "Rome," London : T. Ogilvie Smith, 1898. It must not be supposed that the volumes mentioned in this brief memoir of the Marquis embody the whole of his literary productions, for scattered through the pages of numerous journals and periodicals will be found many a sketch in prose and verse from his Lordship's prolific pen.

Mon-Daw-Min;

OR, THE ORIGIN OF THE INDIAN-CORN.

CHERRY bloom and green buds bursting
Fleck the azure skies ;
In the spring wood, hungering, thirsting,
Faint an Indian lies.

To behold his guardian spirit
Fasts the dusky youth ;
Prays that thus he may inherit
Warrior strength and truth.

Weak he grows, the war-path gory
Seems a far delight ;
Now he scans the flowers, whose glory
Is not won by fight.

" Hunger kills me ; see my arrow
Bloodless lies ; I ask,
If life's doom be grave-pit narrow,
Deathless make its task.

“ For man’s welfare guide my being,
 So I shall not die
 Like the flow’rets, fading, fleeing,
 When the snow is nigh.

“ Medicine from the plants we borrow,
 Salves from many a leaf;
 May they not kill hunger’s sorrow,
 Give with food relief ? ”

Suddenly a spirit shining
 From the sky came down,
 Green his mantle, floating, twining,
 Gold his feather crown.

“ I have heard thy thought unspoken ;
 Famous thou shalt be :
 Though no scalp shall be the token,
 Men shall speak of thee.

“ Bravely borne, men’s heaviest burden
 Ever lighter lies ;
 Wrestling with me, win the guerdon ;
 Gain thy wish, arise ! ”

Now he rises, and, prevailing,
 Hears the angel say :
 “ Strong in weakness, never failing,
 Strive yet one more day.

“ Now again I come, and find thee
 Yet with courage high,
 So that, though my arms can bind thee,
 Victor thou, not I.

“ Hark ! to-morrow, conquering, slay me,
 Blest shall be thy toil :
 After wrestling, strip me, lay me
 Sleeping in the soil.

“ Visit oft the place ; above me
 Root out weeds and grass ;
 Fast no more ; obeying, love me ;
 Watch what comes to pass.”

Waiting through the long day dreary,
 Still he hungers on ;
 Once more wrestling, weak and weary,
 Still the fight is won.

Stripped of robes and golden feather,
 Buried lies the guest :
 Summer's wonder-working weather
 Warms his place of rest.

Ever his commands fulfilling,
 Mourns his victor friend,
 Fearing, with a heart unwilling,
 To have known the end.

No ! upon the dark mould fallow
 Shine bright blades of green ;
 Rising, spreading, plumes of yellow
 O'er their sheaves are seen.

Higher than a mortal's stature
 Soars the corn in pride ;
 Seeing it, he knows that Nature
 There stands deified.

“ ‘Tis my friend,” he cries, “ the guerdon
 Fast and prayer have won ;
 Want is past, and hunger's burden
 Soon shall torture none.”

The Strong Hunter

THERE's a warrior hunting o'er prairie and hill,
 Who in sunshine or starlight is eager to kill,
 Who ne'er sleeps by his fire on the wild river's shore,
 Where the green cedars shake to the white rapids' roar.

Ever tireless and noiseless, he knows not repose,
 Be the land filled with summer, or lifeless with snows ;
 But his strength gives him few he can count as his friends,
 Man and beast fly before him wherever he wends.

For he chases alike every form that has breath,
 And his darts must strike all,—for that hunter is Death !
 Lo ! a skeleton armed, and his scalp-lock yet streams
 From this vision of fear of the Iroquois' dreams !

The Isles' of Huron.

BRIGHT are the countless isles which crest
 With waving woods wide Huron's breast,—
 Her countless isles, that love too well
 The crystal waters whence they rise,
 Far from her azure depths to swell,
 Or wanton with the wooing skies ;
 Nor, jealous, soar to keep the Day
 From laughing in each rippling bay,
 But floating on the flood they love,
 Soft whispering, kiss her breast, and seek
 No passions of the air above,
 No fires that burn the thunder-peak.

Algoma o'er Ontario throws
 Fair forest heights and mountain snows ;
 Strong Erie shakes the orchard plain
 At great Niagara's defiles,
 And river-gods o'er Lawrence reign,
 But Love is king in Huron's isles.

Gaelic Legends.

OFT the savage Tale in telling
 Less of Love than Wrath and Hate,
 Hath within its fierceness dwelling
 Some pure note compassionate.

Mark, if rude their nature, stronger,
 Manlier are the minds that keep
 Thought on rightful vengeance longer
 Than on those who can but weep.

Better sing the horrid battle
 Than its cause of crime and wrong ;
 Sing great life-deeds ! the death-rattle
 Is too common for a song.

Lays where man in fight rejoices
 Sang our Sires, from Sire to Son ;
 Heard and loved the hero voices,
 “Dare, and more than life is won !”

The "Qu'Appelle" Valley.

MORNING, lighting all the prairies,
Once of old came, bright as now,
To the twin cliffs, sloping wooded
From the vast plain's even brow:
When the sunken valley's levels
With the winding willowed stream,
Cried, "Depart, night's mists and shadows;
Open-flowered, we love to dream!"

Then in his canoe a stranger
Passing onward heard a cry;
Thought it called his name and answered,
But the voice would not reply;
Waited listening, while the glory
Rose to search each steep ravine,
Till the shadowed terraced ridges
Like the level vale were green.

Strange as when on Space the voices
Of the stars' hosannahs fell,
To this wilderness of beauty
Seemed his call "Qu'Appelle? Qu'Appelle?"
For a day he tarried, hearkening,
Wondering, as he went his way,
Whose the voice that gladly called him
With the merry tones of day?

Was it God, who gave dumb Nature
Voice and words to shout to one
Who, a pioneer, came, sunlike,
Down the pathways of the sun?
Harbinger of thronging thousands,
Bringing plain, and vale, and wood,
Things the best and last created,
Human hearts and brotherhood!

Long the doubt and eager question
Yet that valley's name shall tell,
For its farmers' laughing children
Gravely call it "The Qu'Appelle!"

REV. HENRY FRANCIS LYTE, M.A.

1793—1847.

BY CHAS. F. FORSHAW, LL.D.

THIS well-known hymn writer was born at Ednam, Roxburghshire, June 1st, 1793, and died at Nice, whither he had gone in search of health, on November 27th, 1847. As the author of "Abide with me, fast falls the Eventide." Lyte is known throughout the civilized globe. He studied at Trinity College, Dublin, taking orders in the Irish Church. For some time he held a curacy at Wexford, but was compelled to leave on account of ill health. In 1823 he settled at Brixham, in Devonshire, where he wrote many of the hymns by which he is now so universally admired. His works are "Poems" chiefly religious, 1833, and "The Spirit of the Psalms," shortly after. Besides "Abide with me," three more of his best known hymns are "Jesus, I my Cross have taken," "Praise my Soul, the King of Heaven," and "Pleasant are thy Courts above." The Rev. gentleman was also the author of "Grace Darling's Death Bed," a pathetic lyric which of itself would be almost sufficient to class him as a "Leading Scottish Poet."

Inscription on a Monument.

TO S—P—S.

WHAT shall we write on this memorial stone ?
Thy merits ? Thou didst rest on Christ alone.
Our sorrows ? Thou wouldest chide the selfish tear.
Our love ? Alas, it needs no record here.
Praise to thy God and ours ? His truth and love
Are sung in nobler strains by thee above.
What wouldest thou have us write ? Advice is heard,—
" Write, for each reader write, a warning word.
" Bid him look well before him, and within ;
" Talk to his heedless heart of death and sin ;
" And if at these he tremble, bid him flee
" To Christ, and find Him all in all, like me."

The Pilgrim's Song.

"There remaineth a rest for the people of God." HEB. iv.

My rest is in heaven : my rest is not here ;
Then why should I murmur when trials are near ?
Be hushed, my dark spirit ! the worst that can come,
But shortens the journey, and hastens thee home.

It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,
And building my hopes in a region like this :
I look for a city which hands have not piled ;
I pant for a country by sin undefiled.

The thorn and the thistle around me may grow :
I would not lie down on roses below :
I ask not my portion, I seek not a rest,
Till I find them, O Lord, in Thy sheltering breast.

Afflictions may damp me, they cannot destroy ;
One glimpse of Thy love turns them all into joy :
And the bitterest tears, if Thou smile but on them,
Like dew in the sunshine, grow diamond and gem.

Let doubt then, and danger, my progress oppose ;
They only make heaven more sweet at the close,
Come joy, or come sorrow, whate'er may befall,
An hour with my God will make up for it all.

A scrip on my back, and a staff in my hand,
I march on in haste through an enemy's land :
The road may be rough, but it cannot be long ;
And I'll smooth it with hope, and I'll cheer it with song.



REV. GEO. MACDONALD. M.A. LL.D.

1824.

By WALTER J. KAYE, M.A.

GEORGE MACDONALD, was born at Huntly, Aberdeenshire, December 10th, 1824, and was educated at the parish school there, and at King's College and University, Aberdeen. After taking his degree he became a student for the ministry at the Independent College, Highbury, London, and was for a short time an Independent minister, but soon retired, became a lay member of the Church of England, and settled in London to pursue a literary career. His first work was "Within and Without, a Dramatic Poem," 1856; followed by "Poems," 1857; "Phantastes, a Faërie Romance," 1858; "David Elgib-brod," 1862; "Adela Cathcart," 1864; "The Portent, a story of Second Sight," 1864; "Alec Forbes of Howglen," 1865; "Annals of a Quiet Neigh-bourhood," 1866; "Guild Court," 1867; "The Disciple, and other Poems," 1868; "The Seaboard Parish," 1868; "Robert Falconer," 1868; "Wilfrid Cumbermede," 1871; "The Vicar's Daughter;" "Malcolm," 1874; "St. George and St. Michael," 1875; "Thomas Wingfield, Curate," 1876; "The Marquis of Lossie," 1877. Besides these Dr. Macdonald has written books for the young: "Dealings with the Fairies," 1867; "Randall Bannerman's Boyhood," 1869; "The Princess and the Goblin," 1871; "At the Back of the North Wind," 1870; and others. He is also the author of "Unspoken Sermons," 1866; and a treatise on the "Miracles of our Lord," 1870. In 1871-2 Dr. Macdonald visited the United States, and lectured in most of the principal cities there. In 1877 he received a Civil List pension of £100, in consideration of his contributions to literature. His later works are "The Gifts of the Child Christ, and other poems," 2 vols., 1882; "Castle War-lock," 3 vols., 1882; "The Princess and Curdie," a fairy romance, 1882; "Weighed and Wanting," 1882; and "The Wise Woman, a parable," 1883. For some years past, Dr. Macdonald, who is an honorary Doctor of Laws of his own University has lived principally at Bordighera. He contem-plates issuing a new volume of poems in about six months.

Baby.

WHERE did you come from, baby dear ?
Out of the everywhere into here.

Where did you get those eyes so blue ?
Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin ?
Some of the starry spikes left in.

Where did you get that little tear ?
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high ?
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm white rose ?
I saw something better than anyone knows.

Whence that three cornered smile of bliss ?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get that pearly ear ?
God spoke and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands ?
Love made itself into bonds and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things ?
From the same box as the cherub's wings.

How did they all just come to be you ?
God thought about me, and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, you dear ?
God thought about you, and so I am here.

The Strength of Patience,

If thou art tempted by a thought of ill,
 Crave not too soon for victory, nor deem
 Thou art a coward if thy safety seem
 To spring too little from a righteous will ;
 For there is nightmare on thee, nor until
 Thy soul hath caught the morning's early gleam,
 Seek thou to analyze the monstrous dream
 By painful introversion ; rather fill
 Thine eye with forms thou knowest to be truth :
 But see thou cherish higher hope than this—
 A hope hereafter that thou shall be fit
 Calm-eyed to face distortion, and to sit
 Transparent among other forms of youth
 Who own no impulse save to God and bliss.

Hard Times,

I AM weary, and very lonely,
 And can but think—think.
 If there were some water only
 That a spirit might drink—drink.

And arise,
 With light in the eyes
 And a crown of hope on the brow,
 To walk abroad in the strength of gladness,
 Not sit in the house benumbed with sadness—
 As now !

But, Lord, thy child will be sad—
 As sad as it pleases Thee ;
 Will sit, not seeking to be glad,
 Till Thou bids sadness flee ;
 And drawing near
 With a kind “good cheer,”
 Awake the life in me.

CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D.

1814—1889.

By CHAS. F. FORSHAW, LL.D.

CHARLES MACKAY was a member of the Highland family of which Lord Reay is chief, and was born in Perth in 1814. At an early age he was sent to England, and at London he received his early education, the finishing touches to which were made in Belgium. Whilst there he was a witness of the stirring events connected with the Revolution of 1830. Four years afterwards he published a small volume of poems, which attracted the notice of Mr. Black, editor of the "Morning Chronicle." Mr. Mackay was then offered a post on that journal, and his connection with it lasted nine years, during which time he published "The Hope of the World, and other Poems." In 1844 he became editor of the "Glasgow Argus," and remained in this position till 1847. The University of Glasgow had in the previous year conferred on him the honorary degree of LL.D. He subsequently wrote for a London daily paper, for the "Illustrated London News," and for the "London Review," which he founded in 1860. Dr. Mackay visited America in the winter of 1857, remaining there till the spring of the following year. He gave a number of lectures during this time, and subsequently published his impressions under the title of "Life and Liberty in America." He returned to the United States in 1862, and lived in New York till 1866, being engaged during part of that time as a correspondent chronicling the events of the war between North and South. As a song writer Dr. Mackay won golden honours, for where ever the English tongue is spoked his poems and lyrics are known and appreciated. Many of the leading musicians of the day have wedded his songs to sweet music, amongst some of the most distinguished of which are Sir George Macfarren, Sir Henry Bishop, Mr. Frank Mori, and that veteran and popular composer Mr. Henry Russell. His touching poem "The Souls of the Children" was reprinted by special request of H.R.H. Prince Consort, for cheap and gratuitous circulation among the people, in aid of "the great cause of the education of the poor children of the multitude." But not alone to his poetry did Dr. Mackay receive due homage. As a prose writer he was most

prolific, and his vigour and scholarly style of diction was soon sufficiently known to enable any prospective works from his pen to reap that success so well deserved. The titles of some of Dr. Mackay's prose works are "The Lost Beauties of the English Language," "The Thames and its Tributaries," "The Gaelic Etymology of the Language of Western Europe," "The Founders of the American Republic," "A Dictionary of Lowland Scotch," and "The Poetry and Humour of the Scottish Language." Amongst his volumes of poetry may be mentioned "Legends of the Isles," "Voices from the Mountains," "Studies from the Antique," "Egeria," "Under Green Leaves," "Town Lyrics," "The Lump of Gold," "A Man's Heart," "The Salamandrine, or Love and Immortality," and "Sketches from Nature."

As an essayist also, Dr. Mackay won considerable renown, and the brilliancy of his skill as such was only rivalled by his poetical powers. Amongst his well-known essays are "Baron Grimbosh, Governor of Barataria," "Memoirs of Extraordinary Popular Delusions," "Luck: and what came of it," "The Twin Soul," and "Long-beards." In 1887 he published his 'Reminiscences' in two volumes, entitled "Through the Long Day," a work which was to some extent the sequel to another, written eleven years earlier, entitled "Forty Years' Recollections of Life, Literature and Politics." In 1889 appeared Dr. Mackay's last work. This was a selection of his poems—the stray effusions of the previous five years. He did not however long survive its publication, for, regretted by all who knew him either personally or by repute, the gentle spirit of Charles Mackay passed peacefully away at his residence, Longridge Road, Earl's Court, Brompton, London, on Tuesday, December 24th, 1889.

The True Gentleman

THE man whose heart is kind and pure,
 Unswayed by greediness of self,
 Who worships God without a show,
 And loves his neighbour as himself,
 May be as poor as Lazarus,
 And all deformed as heathen Pan;
 Yet kings might press him to their hearts,
 And own him as a gentleman.

Who hath but little of his own,
 Yet gladly shares it with the poor,
 Who makes the best of mortal ills,
 Slow to complain, long to endure,
 May own his fathers have been churls
 Ever since pride of birth began,
 Yet waive no fraction of his right
 To be considered gentleman.

Among the rare but glorious ranks
Of Nature's nobles he doth stand,
And shines within his lowly sphere
The pride and blessing of a land.
A monarch upon parchment writes
His patents, sold in honour's mart ;
But Nature, when ennobling men,
Inscribes her patents on the heart.

Tubal Cain.

OLD Tubal Cain was a man of might,
In the days when earth was young ;
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright
The strokes of his hammer rung ;
And he lifted high his brawny hand
On the iron glowing clear,
Till the sparks rush'd out in scarlet rout,
As he fashioned the sword and spear ;
And he sang " Hurra for my handiwork !
Hurra for the spear and sword !
Hurra for the hand that shall wield them well ;
For he shall be king and lord ! "

To Tubal Cain came many a one
As he wrought by his roaring fire,
And each one pray'd for a strong steel blade
As the crown of his own desire :
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
Till they shouted loud with glee,
And gave him gifts of pearl and gold,
And spoils of the forest free ;
And they sang " Hurra for Tubal Cain,
Who hath given us strength anew ;
Hurra for the smith, hurra for the fire ,
And Hurra for the metas true ! "

But a sudden change came o'er his head,
Ere the setting of the sun,
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain
For the evil he had done ;
He saw that men, with rage and heat,
Made war upon their kind,

And the land was red with the blood they shed,
 In their lust for carnage blind.
 And he said, "Alas, that ever I made,
 Or that skill of mine should plan,
 The spear and the sword for men whose joy
 Is to slay their fellow-man.

And for many a day old Tubal Cain
 Sat brooding over his woe ;
 And his hand forbore to smite the ore,
 And his furnace smoulder'd low ;
 And he rose, at last, with a cheerful face
 And a bright courageous eye,
 And bared his strong right arm for work,
 While the quick flames mounted high.
 And he sang, "Hurra for my handiwork!"
 And the red sparks lit the air ;
 "Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made!"
 And he fashion'd the first plough-share.

And men, taught wisdom from the past,
 In friendship join'd their hands,
 Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,
 And plough'd the willing lands ;
 And sang, "Hurra for Tubal Cain,
 Our staunch good friend is he ;
 And for the plough-share and the plough
 To him our praise shall be ;
 But while oppression lifts its head,
 Or a tyrant would be lord,
 Though we may thank him for the plough
 We'll not forget the sword."

The Voice of the Time.

DAY unto day utters speech—
 Be wise, oh ye nations, and hear
 What yesterday telleth to-day,
 What to-day to the morrow will preach.
 A change cometh over our sphere,
 And the old goeth down to decay.
 A new light has dawned on the darkness of yore
 And men shall be slaves and oppressors no more.

Hark to the throbbing of thought,
 In the breast of the wakening world !
 Over land, over sea, it hath come.
 The serf that was yesterday bought,
 To-day his defiance hath hurl'd ;
 No more in his slavery dumb ;
 And to-morrow will break from the fetters that bind,
 And lift a bold arm for the rights of mankind.

Hark to the voice of the Time,
 The multitude think for themselves,
 And weigh their condition, each one ;
 The drudge hath a spirit sublime,
 And whether he hammers or delves,
 He reads when his labour is done ;
 And learns, though he groans under penury's ban,
 That freedom to think is the birthright of man.

But yesterday, thought was confined ;
 To breathe it was peril or death,
 And it sank in the breast where it rose ;
 Now, free as the midsummer wind,
 It sports its adventurous breath,
 And round the wide universe goes ;
 The mist and the cloud from its pathway are curled,
 And glimpses of sunshine illumine the world.

The voice of opinion has grown ;
 'Twas yesterday changeful and weak,
 Like the voice of a boy ere his prime ;
 To-day it has taken the tone
 Of an orator worthy to speak,
 Who knows the demands of the time ;
 And to-morrow 'twill sound in oppression's cold ear
 Like the trump of the seraph to startle our sphere.

Be wise, oh ! ye rulers of earth,
 And shut not your ears to the voice,
 Nor allow it to warn you in vain ;
 True freedom of yesterday's birth
 Will march on its way and rejoice,
 And never be conquered again.
 The day has a tongue—aye, the hours utter speech—
 Wise, wise will ye be, if ye learn what they teach.

HECTOR MACNEILL.

1746—1818.

BY THE REV. T. NEWTON, MA. LL.D. T.C.D.

VICAR OF BARNSTAPLE.

HECTOR MACNEILL was born on October 22nd, 1746, in the villa of Rose Bank, near Roslin, but went to reside near Loch Lomond, when but four or five years of age. His father, who had become much reduced in circumstances, accepted the offer of an old friend, a West Indian trader, to provide for his son in life. The young boy commenced his career on board ship, but tiring of the sea, spent three years in Guadaloupe in the employ of a merchant. He afterwards went to Antigua and Grenada, at which latter place he became assistant to the Provost Marshal. He came to Britain after holding this office for three years, and his father and mother dying soon after, he once more embarked as a sailor, and encountered many perils and dangers. He always hated the sea and determined to settle in his native country and devote himself to literature. With this intention he fixed his residence at a farm house near Stirling, but found that his literary productions could find no market. He went to Jamaica after this, and one of his early friends who was there, settled £100 a year on him. He returned to Britain, took up his residence in Edinburgh, and began his literary work in real earnest. In 1801 he published an edition of his poems, in two duodecimo volumes. In 1809, he published "The Pastoral, or Lyric Muse of Scotland," and soon afterwards two other books. He was the author of several prose works, and a novel "The Scottish Adventurers," but it is as the author of some excellent songs that his name will continue to be remembered. On the 15th March, 1818, in his seventy-second year, this poet breathed his last, full of hope.

Extract from "The Waes o' War,"

OR THE UPSHOT O' THE HISTORY O' WILL AND JEAN.

PART IV.

SWEET as Rosebank's woods and river,
Cool when simmer's sunbeams dart,
Cam ilk word, and cooled the fever
That lang burned at Willie's heart.

Silent stept he on, poor fallow !
Listening to his guide before,
O'er green know and flowery hallow,
Till they reached the cot-house door.

Laigh it was ; yet sweet, though humble ;
Deckt wi' hinnysuckle round ;
Clear below Esk's waters rumble,
Deep glens murmuring back the sound.

Melville's towers, sae white and stately,
Dim by gloaming, glint to view ;
Through Lasswade's dark woods keek sweetly
Skies sae red and lift sae blue !

Entering now, in transport mingle
Mither fond, and happy wean,
Smiling round a canty ingle
Bleising on a clean hearth-stane.

“ Soldier, welcome ! come ! be cheerie—
Here ye'se rest, and tak your bed—
Faint, waes me ! ye seem, and wearie ;
Pale's your cheek sae lately red !”

“ Changed I am !” sighed Willie till her ;
“ Changed nae doubt, as changed can be ;
Yet, alas ! does Jeanie Miller
Nought o' Willie Gairlace see ?”

Hae ye markt the dews o' morning
Glittering in the sunny ray,
Quickly fa', when, without warning,
Rough blasts came and shook the spray ?

Hae ye seen the bird fast fleeing
Drap, when pierced by death mair fleet ?
Then see Jean, wi' colour deeing,
Senseless drap at Willie's feet !

After three lang years' affliction
(A' their waes now hushed to rest)
Jean ance mair, in fond affection,
Clasps her Willie to her breast ;

Tells him a' her sad, sad sufferings !
How she wandered, starving, poor,
Gleaning pity's scanty offerings,
Wi' three bairns frae door to door !

SIR RICHARD MAITLAND.

BY GEORGE MACKENZIE, M.D. F.R.C.P.E.

AUTHOR OF "THE LIVES AND CHARACTERS OF THE MOST EMINENT
WRITERS OF THE SCOTS NATION.

SIR RICHARD MAITLAND, one of the Senators of the College of Justice, and grandfather of the first Earl of Lauderdale, was born in 1496. Having finished his course of study at the University of St. Andrews, he went to France where he studied the Laws, and on his return became a great favourite with King James V. He was admitted an ordinary Lord of the Session on the 12th November, 1561, and in 1563 he was made Lord Privy Seal, and one of the Lords of Her Majesty's Privy Council, in all of which honourable situations he continued till 1584. On his attaining to the dignity of Lord of the Session he adopted the title of Lord Lethington. It was about this time when Sir Richard first began to write verses. He died on April 1st, 1586, having for the last twenty years of his life been quite blind. As a poet, lawyer, and statesman, he is held in high respect and veneration, his blameless character and high talents made him universally beloved. He was a man of great learning, and well versed in the antiquities of his nation.

[His poems of which several had been published by Pinkerton, were more recently printed for the Maitland Club, a literary association which assumed his name. EDITOR.]

On the New Year.

IN this new yeir I sie bot weir ;
 Na caus to sing.
 In this new yeir I sie bot weir ;
 Na caus thair is to sing.

I cannot sing for the vexatioun
 Of Frenchmen, and the Congregatioun,
 That hes maid troubil in the natioun,
 And monye bair bigging,
 In this new yeir, etc.

I have na will to sing or dans,
 For feir of England and of France,
 God send thame sorrow and mischance,
 In caus of thair cuming,
 In this new yeir, etc.

We ar fa reulit, rich and puir,
 That we wait not quhair to be suire,
 The Bordour or the Borrow muir,
 Quhair sum perchance will hing
 In this new yeir, etc.

And yit I think it best that we
 Pluck up our haire, and mirrie be.
 For thoch we wald ly down and die,
 It will us help na thing.
 In this new yeir, etc.

Lat us pray God to staunche this weir ;
 That we may leif withoutin feir,
 In mirrines, quhil we are heir,
 And hevin at our ending.
 In this the new yeir.



DAVID MALLETT.

1700—1765.

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.

AUTHOR OF "THE LIVES OF THE POETS," ETC., ETC.

DAVID MALLOCH was, by the penury of his parents, compelled to be *janitor* of the high school at Edinburgh ; a mean office, of which he did not afterwards delight to hear. But he surmounted the disadvantages of his birth and fortune ; for, when the Duke of Montrose applied to the college of Edinburgh for a tutor to educate his sons, Malloch was recommended ; and I never heard that he dishonoured his credentials.

Of his works, I know not whether I can trace the series. His first production was "William and Margaret ; of which, though it contains nothing very striking or difficult, he has been envied the reputation ; and plagiarism has been boldly charged, but never proved.

Not long afterwards, he published the "Excursion," (1728) ; a desultory and capricious view of such scenes of nature as his fancy led him, or his knowledge enabled him, to describe. It is not devoid of poetical spirit. Many of his images are striking, and many of the paragraphs are elegant. The cast of diction seems to be copied from Thomson, whose "Seasons" were then in their full blossom of reputation. He has Thomson's beauties, and his faults.

His poem on "Verbal Criticism" (1733) was written to pay court to Pope on a subject which he either did not understand, or willingly misrepresented ; and is little more than an improvement, or rather expansion, of a fragment which Pope printed in a miscellany long before he engrafted it into a regular poem. There is in this piece more pertness than wit, and more confidence than knowledge. The versification is tolerable, nor can criticism allow it a higher praise.

He took upon him to change his name from Scotch "Malloch" to English "Mallet," without any imaginable reason of preference which the eye or ear can discover. What other proofs he gave of disrespect to his native country, I know not ; but it was remarked of him, that he was the only Scot whom Scotchmen did not commend.

A new edition of the works of Bacon being prepared (1750) for the press Mallet was employed to prefix a life, which he has written with elegance, perhaps with some affectation; but with so much more knowledge of history than of science, that, when he afterwards undertook the life of Marlborough, Warburton remarked, that he might perhaps forget that Marlborough was a general, as he had forgotten that Bacon was a philosopher.

When the Prince of Wales was driven from the palace, and, setting himself at the head of the opposition, kept a separate court, he endeavoured to increase his popularity by the patronage of literature, and made Mallet his under-secretary, with a salary of £200 a year.

He was employed to turn the public vengeance upon Byng, and wrote a letter of accusation, under the character of a "Plain Man." The paper was with great industry circulated and dispersed; and he, for his seasonable intervention, had a considerable pension bestowed upon him, which he retained to his death.

Towards the end of his life, he went with his wife to France; but after a while, finding his health declining, he returned alone to England, and died in April, 1765.

Extract from "A Funeral Hymn."

YE midnight shades, o'er nature spread !
Dumb silence of the dreary hour !
In honour of th' approaching dead,
 Around your awful terrors pour,
 Yes, pour around,
 On this pale ground,
Through all this deep surrounding gloom,
 The sober thought,
 The tear untaught,
Those meetest mourners at the tomb.

Lo ! as the surpliced train draw near
 To this last mansion of mankind,
The slow sad bell, the sable bier,
 In holy musings wrap the mind !
 And while they beam,
 With trembling stream
Attending tapers faintly dart,
 Each mouldering bone,
 Each sculptured stone,
Strikes mute instruction to the heart.

SIR THEODORE MARTIN, K.C.B. LL.D.

1816.

By WALTER J. KAYE, M.A.

SIR THEODORE MARTIN, son of the late James Martin, Esq., solicitor in the Supreme Court of Edinburgh, was born in that city September 16th, 1816. He received his education at the High School, and at the University, and adopted the profession of a solicitor, forming a partnership with Mr. Robert Roy, W.S. He, however, only followed this profession until 1846, when he proceeded to London and established himself as a parliamentary agent. In this capacity he made considerable headway, and in a few years was recognized as one of the leaders of the body of able men in whose hands is the conduct of the business of promoting private bills in Parliament. Immediately prior to this he became the literary partner of the late Professor W. E. Aytoun, D.C.L. [q. v.] and commenced contributing to "Fraser's Magazine" and "Tait's Magazine," the well-known "Bon Gaultier" Ballads. In 1857 he married Miss Helen Faucit, a distinguished actress. He became acquainted with this estimable lady from his translation of the Danish poet Henrik Hertz's fine lyrical drama "King Rene's Daughter," the principal character "Iolanthe," being taken by Miss Faucit. On March 20th, 1880, Sir Theodore Martin received from the hands of Queen, the honour of Knighthood, and was invested with the insignia of a Knight Commander of the Bath. This well-merited distinction was conferred in recognition of Sir Theodore's work, "The Life of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort" which he wrote by command of Her Majesty. On November 25th the same year he was elected Rector of the University of St. Andrews'. He received the Honorary Degree of LL.D. from Edinburgh University in 1875. Sir Theodore lives principally in Denbighshire, where he has considerable property, and of which county he is a Justice of the Peace. The works of Sir Theodore Martin are many and varied; several of them have been published in the United States, where they still enjoy a wide popularity. Amongst the works he has written are the following:—'Poems and Ballads of Goethe' 1858, 'Corregio,' 'Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp,' 'Odes of Horace,' 'Horace's Life and Writings,' 'Ancient Classics for English Readers,' 'Catullus,' 'Poems, Original and Translated,' in addition to numerous translations, and a 'Metrical version of Faust.' Sir Theodore's last work is 'The Song of the Bell, and other Translations from Schiller, Goethe, Uhland and others.'

The Interment of Thomas Campbell.

See, where eager throngs are pouring inwards from the busy street !
Lo, the Abbey's hush is broken with the stir of many feet !
Hark ! St. Margaret's bell is tolling, but it is no common clay
To that dull and rueful anthem shall be laid in dust to-day !
In yon minster's hallow'd corner, where the bards and sages rest,
Is a silent chamber waiting to receive another guest.
There is sadness in the heavens, and a veil against the sun,—
Who shall mourn so well as Nature when a poet's course is run ?
Let us in and join the gazers, meek of heart and bare of brow,
For the shadows of the mighty dead are hovering o'er us now !
Souls that keep their trust immortal, dwelling from the herd
apart,
Souls that wrote their noble being deep into a nation's heart,
Names that on great England's forehead are the jewels of her
pride,
Brother Scot, be proud, a brother soon shall slumber by their
side !
Ay, thy cheek is flushing redly, tears are crowding to thine eyes,
And thy heart, like mine, is rushing back where Scotland's
mountains rise.
Thou, like me, hast seen another grave would suit our poet well,
Greenly braided by the brecken in a lonely Highland dell,
Looking on the solemn waters of a mighty inland sea,
In the shadow of a mountain where the lonely eagles be ;
Thou hast seen the kindly heather bloom around his simple bed,
Heard the loch and torrent mingle dirges for the poet dead.
Brother, thou hast seen him lying, as it is thy hope to lie,
Looking from the soil of Scotland up into a Scottish sky.
It may be such grave were better—better rain and dew should
fall,
Tears of hopeful love to freshen Nature's ever-verdant pall ;
Better that the sun should kindle on his grave in golden smiles,
Better, than in palsied glimmer stray along these sculptured
aisles,
Better aftertimes should find him—to his rest in homage bound,
Lying in the land that bore him, with its glories piled around.
Such, at least, must be the fancy that in such a time must start—
For we love our country dearly—in each burning Scottish heart;
Yet a rest so great, so noble, as awaits the minstrel here,
'Mong the best of England's children, can be no unworthy bier.

J O H N M A Y N E .

1759—1836.

By DANIEL MOORE, M.A.

JOHN MAYNE was born at Dumfries, on March, 26th, 1759. He received his elementary education at the Grammar School of his native town, after which he was apprenticed as a printer at the office of the 'Dumfries Journal.' In 1787 he settled in London, when he became printer, editor, and part proprietor of the *Star*, an evening newspaper. From quite a stripling young Mayne had successfully wooed the Muses, and whilst in London he did not allow his prose life to take him entirely away from their charms. Thus we find him in 1803 publishing a somewhat lengthy poem with numerous notes entitled 'Glasgow.' This has passed through several editions and is deservedly popular. In the same year he issued 'English, Scots, and Irishmen,' a chivalrous address to the populations of the three kingdoms. Mayne died in London, on the 14th March, 1836, within a few days of his seventy-seventh year. He is best known by his poem 'The Siller Gun,' which Sir Walter Scott said surpassed the efforts of Fergusson, and almost approached Burns. His poem 'Hallowe'en,' first published in the pages of 'Ruddiman's Weekly Magazine,' suggested Burns' celebrated poem on the same subject. This was not the only poem of Mayne's that Burns copied ideas from, for in 1781, Mayne published at Glasgow his song 'Logan Braes,' of which Burns afterwards composed a new version. Mayne contributed both poetry and prose to numerous literary journals, and also enriched the columns of his own paper in a like manner. His songs are pervaded by a genuine pathos, they are expressed in chaste diction, and their sentiment throughout is pure. In daily life Mayne was vigorous though modest and retiring, and, says Allan Cunningham, 'a better or warmer hearted man never existed.'

Logan Braes.

By Logan's streams that rin sae deep,
In aft wi' glee I've herded sheep;
I've herded sheep, or gathered slaes,
Wi' my dear lad on Logan braes.
But, waes my hert! thae days are gane
And I wi' grief may heard alone;
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

Nae mair at Logan kirk will he
 Atween the preachings meet wi' me ;
 Meet wi' me or when its mirk,
 Convoy me hame frae Logan kirk.
 I weel may sing thae days are gane,
 Frae kirk and fair I come alane ;
 While my dear lad maun face his faes,
 Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

At e'en, when hope amaist is gane,
 I daunder dowie and forlane ;
 I sit alane, beneath the tree
 Where aft he kept his tryste wi' me.
 Oh, could I see thae days again,
 My lover skaithless, and my ain !
 Beloved by friends, revered by faes,
 We'd live in bliss on Logan braes.

My Johnnie.

JENNY's heart was frank and free,
 And wooers she had mony, yet
 The sang was aye, " Of a' I see,
 Commend me to my Johnnie yet.
 For ear' and late, he has sic gate
 To mak' a body cheerie, that
 I wish to be, before I dee,
 His ain kind dearie yet."

Now Jenny's face was fu' o' grace,
 Her face was sma' and genty-like,
 And few or nae in a' the place,
 Had gowd or gear mair plenty, yet
 Thoguh war's alarms and Johnnie's charms.
 Had gart her oft look eerie yet
 She sung wi' glee, " I hope to be
 My Johnnie's ain dearie yet."

" What though he's now gane far awa'
 Whare guns and cannons rattle, yet
 Unless my Johnnie chance to fa'
 In some uncanny battle, yet
 Till he return my breast will burn
 Wi' love that weel may cheer me yet,
 For I hope to see before I dee
 His bairns to him endear me yet."

MAJOR JAMES MERCER.

1734—1803.

BY SYLVESTER DOUGLAS, LORD GLENBERVIE, M.P.

FORMERLY LORD OF THE TREASURY AND GOVERNOR OF
CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

MAJOR JAMES MERCER was born on the 27th February, 1734, and was the eldest son of two sons of Thomas Mercer, Esq., a gentleman of Aberdeen. The Major received his education, first at the High School of Aberdeen, and afterwards at the Marischal College. As a poet Major Mercer displayed much judgment, great choice, correctness and purity, both of style and versification; and his measures and the interchange of his rhymes are rich and varied without pedantry or affectation, while his language holds a middle place between the recondite phraseology of some, and the homely and prosaic simplicity of other modern poets. Major Mercer was widely known as the friend of Beattie. He eventually joined an English regiment during the Seven Year's War, and was present at the Battle of Minden, 1739. He was promoted to command a company in the 'Queen's,' and served afterwards in Ireland with the 49th. Shortly after this he settled for a few years in Aberdeen, enjoying the literary society then to be found in that city, but afterwards accepted a commission in a fencible regiment, and held it during the greater part of the American War. Major Mercer died at Aberdeen on November 18th, 1803, six years after the publication of his volume of poems, which was entitled 'Lyric Poems.'

Elegy on the Death of a Young Bullfinch.

FAREWELL. sweet bird and art thou dead?
Thy voice extinct thy spirit fled!—
O loss, beyond repair!
Could nought avail? the tears of Fan?
Nor all my anxious care.



O hadst thou, beauteous fool, divined
For what fair lot thou wast designed,
 What future bliss was near,
Thou hadst not then resigned thy breath,
That thought had power to vanquish death,
 Thy heaven sweet bird was here.

Thee gentle Ann had called her own ;
Her alabaster hand thy throne,
 Her breast had been thy nest ;
And sure a mistress so divine,
So tender and so fair as thine,
 No bullfinch e'er possessed.

But peace be with thy lovely shade,
Thy grave no plough shall e'er invade ;
 And each revolving year,
In silent grief shall Ann and I
While plaint we hertles murmur nigh
 Bedew thee with a tear.

WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.

1734—1788.

BY WALTER J. KAYE, M.A.

BORN in 1734 WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE (or MEIKLE) was the son of the Rev. Alexander Meikle, minister of the parish of Langholm in Dumfriesshire. His early teaching and training was received from his father, after whose death young Mickle went to reside with an aunt, Mrs. Myrtle, in Edinburgh, and whilst there had the excellent tuition of the High School for some years. At sixteen years of age, the responsibility of keeping the accounts of a large brewery business was placed upon him by Mrs. Myrtle, and very shortly a share in the concern was given to him. He was, however, unfortunate in trade and became a bankrupt. Without waiting to interview his creditors, the young man hurriedly left Edinburgh for the southern capital, that great hiding place for men overtaken by misfortune.

In London Mickle tried versifying, and introduced himself to Lord Lyttleton, but could make no headway. He was appointed, at a small salary, corrector to the Clarendon Press, Oxford. Here, with time on his hands, he published short poems, and made a name amongst literary men. He even entered the lists as a controversialist against Voltaire. To obtain complete leisure he withdrew himself to a small farm house at Forest Hill, and most assiduously applied himself to literary efforts, and in 1775 published an English translation of the Lusiad by Camoens. This work was well received by an appreciative public; a second edition was issued in 1779.

In this year, his friend Mr. Johnston, formerly governor of South Carolina, was appointed commander of the Romney, man-of-war, and as his secretary Mickle had the unexpected opportunity of visiting the shores of Spain and Portugal. During a stay of six months at Lisbon he received very flattering marks of public attention. At this time was written his best poem, 'Almada Hill,' published in 1781. A considerable share of prize money fell to him as a result of the Romney's successful cruise. In 1782 William Mickle married a wife "with a fortune," and now settled down to a life of literary leisure at Wheatley in Oxfordshire. Though by no means a voluminous writer, Mickle's writings show him to have had great power to please in verse, combined with energy of thought. At 54 years of age he died after a short illness, 25th October, 1788.

Extract from "There's Nae Luck About the House."

AND are ye sure the news is true ?
 And are ye sure he's weel ?
 Is this a time to think o' wark ?
 Ye jauds, fling by your wheel.
 Is this a time to think o' wark,
 When Colin's at the door ?
 Rax me my cloak,—I'll to the quay,
 And see him come ashore.
 For there's nae luck about the house,
 There's nae luck at a' ;
 There's little pleasure in the house
 When our gudeman's awa'.

And gi'e to me my biggonet,
 My bishop's satin gown ;
 For I maun tell the bailie's wife
 That Colin's come to town.
 My turkey slippers maun gae on,
 My hose o' pearl blue ;
 'Tis a' to please my ain gudeman,
 For he's baith leal and true.

Rise up and mak' a clean fireside ;
 Put on the muckle pot ;
 Gi'e little Kate her button gown,
 And Jock his Sunday coat :
 And mak' their shoon as black as slaes,
 Their hose as white as snaw ;
 It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
 For he's been lang awa'.

There's twa fat hens upon the bauk,
 They've fed this month and mair ;
 Mak' haste and throw their necks about,
 That Colin weel may fare ;
 And spread the table neat and clean,
 Gar ilk a thing look braw ;
 For wha can tell how Colin fared
 When he was far awa'.

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,
 His breath like caller air ;
 His very foot has music in't
 As he comes up the stair.
 And will I see his face again ?
 And will I hear him speak ?
 I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,—
 In troth, I'm like to greet.

DAVID MACBETH MOIR, M.D.

1798—1851.

BY A. RAMAGE, M.D. L.R.C.P. L.R.C.S. EDIN.

FORMERLY ACTING SURGEON, BRADFORD BOROUGH POLICE.

THIS author was the celebrated "Delta" of *Blackwood's Magazine*. He was born at Musselburgh, on January 5th, 1798. His elementary education was received at a private seminary, and the Grammar School of that town. He subsequently attended the medical classes at Edinburgh University, and received his Surgeon's Diploma when only a few weeks turned eighteen. When only fifteen years of age he wrote good poetry, and at the same time, he contributed some prose essays to *The Cheap Magazine*, a small periodical published in Haddington. In 1824 he published "The Legend of Genevieve; with other Tales and Poems," and the same year commenced his "Autobiography of Mausie Wauch," originally supplied in a series of chapters to *Blackwood's Magazine*. This was afterwards issued in a separate form and materially increased his reputation as an author. In 1831 appeared his "Outlines of the Ancient History of Medicine," and about the same time he received the freedom of his native place, and was elected a member of the Town Council. When Dr. Moir had taken out his surgeon's license, he entered into partnership with Dr. Brown; in 1834 he succeeded to the practice. In 1843 he issued a second volume of poems entitled "Domestic Verses." In 1851 he delivered at the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh, a series of six lectures entitled "The Poetical Literature of the past half-century," which Blackwood's afterwards published in an elegant volume. Unfortunately about this time the Doctor's health became seriously impaired. He set out on a journey through Ayrshire and Dumfriesshire for the benefit of his health on July 1st, 1851, hoping to derive good by a change of scene and climate. On the 6th of the same month however, whilst on a visit to his friend Thomas Aird, [q. v.] he died at the King's Arms Inn, Dumfries. His remains were interred, at a public funeral, in the burying ground of Musselburgh, where a statue has been erected to his memory. His friend Aird wrote an excellent memoir of him, which was prefixed to a collected edition of his best poems issued by Blackwood's the year after his death, (2 vols). Says Mr. Aird of Dr. Moir, "In Delta's earlier strains, there are generally fancy and feeling, and musical rhythm, but not much thought. His love of poetry, however,

never suffered abatement and as a "maker" he was improving to the very last. To unsated freshness of heart he was adding riper thought, such was one of the prime blessings of his pure nature and life. Reserve and patience were what he wanted in order to be a greater name in song than he is." Dr. Moir, in addition to the works above mentioned wrote several pamphlets and also wrote biographies of M'Nish, of Glasgow, Galt, Sir David Milne, etc.

When Thou at Eve art Roaming.

WHEN thou at eve art roaming
 Along the elm-o'ershadowed walk,
 Where fast the eddying stream is foaming,
 And falling down—a cataract,
 'Twas there with thee I wont to talk ;
 Think thou upon the days gone by,
 And heave a sigh.

When sails the moon above the mountains,
 And cloudless skies are purely blue,
 And sparkle in her light the fountains,
 And darker frowns the lonely yew,
 Then be thou melancholy too,
 While pausing on the hour I proved
 With thee beloved.

When wakes the dawn upon thy dwelling,
 And lingering shadows disappear,
 As soft the woodland songs are swelling
 A choral anthem on thine ear,
 Muse, for that hour to thought is dear,
 And then its flight remembrance wings
 To by-past things.

To me, through every season, dearest ;
 In every scene, by day, by night,
 Thou, present to my mind appearest
 A quenchless star, for ever bright ;
 My solitary, sole delight ;
 Where'er I am, by shore—at sea—
 I think of thee.



JAMES MONTGOMERY.

1771—1854.

BY J. A. LANGFORD, LL.D. F.R.G.S.

AUTHOR OF "A CENTURY OF BIRMINGHAM LIFE," "HISTORY OF
STAFFORDSHIRE AND WARWICKSHIRE,"
"SHELLEY, AND OTHER POEMS," "CHILD LIFE," "THE LAMP OF LIFE,"
"POEMS OF THE FIELD AND TOWN," "PLEASANT SPOTS AND
FAMOUS PLACES," ETC., ETC.

THIS poet occupies a well-earned and not insignificant place among the singer of Scotland. He was one of the most kindly-hearted and loving of men, and his poems, more especially his hymns, have still a power to charm and delight all whose minds are open to receive, and whose hearts can feel the pleasure which springs from pure, simple, and natural poetry. The spirit of one who loved man and nature breathes through all he wrote; and though he rarely, if ever, dazzles by displays which carry the reader out of himself, he gives us many of those songs which

"—have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come, like the benediction,
Which follows after prayer."

James Montgomery was born at Irvine, in Ayrshire on November 4th, 1771, and has therefore, the good fortune of being a native of the same country as the greater and more completely inspired of his countryman, the immortal Robert Burns. He was the son of a Moravian minister, and was educated at their school at Fulneck, near Leeds. When he left school, most uncongenial employment was found for him in a chandler's shop; from which however, he soon escaped by running away. A more pleasant place, and one which gratified his early taste for reading, was as a clerk to a bookseller in Leeds. But this did not satisfy the literary aspirations of the future poet, and in 1792, a young man of 21, he became assistant editor of the *Sheffield Register*. Montgomery was now in his true element. His active and aspiring nature found a fitting field for the exercise of his talents, and the fulfilment of his hopes. He had only been two years engaged on the paper, when in 1794, he became proprietor and editor of the *Register*, and changed its name to that of the *Iris*. The spirit in which he entered upon his new vocation will be best

appreciated by quoting his own words. He began his important and responsible labours with "a plain determination—come wind or sun, come fire or water—to do what was right."

They were perilous times in which the young enthusiast commenced his public career. England was at that time in the throes of the panic caused by the French Revolution. Only a few ardent spirits welcomed the advent of this terrible social and political upheaval as the dawn of an age of liberty and justice. Of these few James Montgomery, like all the poets of those early years, was one. His resolution to do what was right, come what might, soon produced a government prosecution; the only method then known of checking, or at least, of punishing the men who owned to be Liberals, and to form the forlorn-hope of the army of Reformers. It mattered not that Montgomery was absolutely innocent of the charge brought against him, it sufficed that he was the proprietor and editor of the *Iris*, and one of that pernicious and dangerous set of Radicals who were setting the world on fire, and undermining the power of King, Church, and Law.

It appears that before our author took possession of the plant of his newspaper, a ballad celebrating the fall of the Bastile, written by an Irish clergyman, had been set up in the office, and printed as a broadside, and sold in the streets. Of this ballad, or its publication, Montgomery was entirely ignorant. This fact had no effect on the terrified magistrates of those evil days. He was charged with having printed and issued a seditious publication; was found guilty, and sentenced to be imprisoned for three months, and to pay a fine of £20. Nor was this the only prosecution which the ardent Reformer and poet had to suffer. In 1796, there was a great riot in Sheffield, and in describing this in the *Iris*, some severe strictures were passed on the conduct of the authorities in suppressing it. For this audacity he was again brought before those who "sat in the high places," and sentenced this time to be imprisoned for six months, and to pay a fine of £30. So perilous was it to do right in the "good old times."

All this persecution, imprisonment, and pecuniary mulcts, were not able to quench the poetic spirit of our sufferer for conscience sake; and we turn with pleasure to this the "best portion of a good man's life." It must be remembered that while he produced the poems which we are about to enumerate he was working laboriously and unsuccessfully at his newspaper, and discharging public duties of considerable importance. Many short and charming poems had been published in the *Iris*, but his first volume, the well-known and highly appreciated "The Common Lot," did not appear until 1805. Then followed in rapid succession, "The Wanderer in Switzerland," 1806; "The West Indies," 1809; "The World Before the Flood," 1813; "Greenland," 1819; and "The Pelican Island," 1827. In 1824, our author also published two delightful volumes entitled "Prose, by a Poet." Of his poems it has been truly said that they are "characterised by depth of feeling, simplicity of taste, purity of diction, and picturesque beauty, as well as by sincere, simple, and unsectarian piety." In 1835, his merits were recognised by the Government, and Sir Robert Peel placed his name on the Civil List for a pension of £150 a year.

James Montgomery's fame is ensured to English-speaking people by his beautiful hymns. These are, indeed, the most poetical and the most truly cherished of all his works. Many of them are to be found in the hymnals of

nearly all Nonconformist Congregations, and are especial favourites. Such hymns as "God is my strong Salvation," "Go to dark Gethsemane," "Hail to the Lord's Anointed," "Prayer is the Soul's sincere Desire," and many others, are not likely to be forgotten as long as men assemble to sing the praises of God.

Montgomery was never married. He died at Sheffield on April 30, 1854, at the ripe age of nearly 83, beloved by all who knew him, and honoured by all who knew him only through his works. In 1854-56, his life by John Holland and James Everett was published. This biography, "By merit raised to that loud eminence," has been declared to be "perhaps the worst life in the language." This verdict will be emphatically confirmed by all who have been compelled to read through, and sympathetically by all who have tried to read through, the seven volumes in which the authors have stretched out what might have been better told in one.

Our poet was also an admirable lecturer. In November and December, 1838, the present writer had the pleasure of hearing him deliver a course of lectures on the English Poets, in the Theatre of the Birmingham Philosophical Society. It is one of the pleasantest reminiscences of his life.

Home.

THERE is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside ;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night ;
A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth ;
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air ;
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole ;
For in this land of heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,

Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
 His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
 While in his softened looks benignly blend
 The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend ;
 There woman reigns ; the mother, daughter, wife,
 Strew with fresh flowers the narrow way of life !
 In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
 An angel guard of loves and graces lie ;
 Around her knees domestic duties meet,
 And fireside pleasures gamble at her feet.
 Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found ?
 Art thou a man ? a patriot ?—look around,
 O, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
 That land *thy* country, and that spot *thy* home !

Night.

NIGHT is the time for rest !
 How sweet, when labours close,
 To gather round an aching breast
 The curtain of repose,—
 Stretch the tired limbs, and lay the head
 Down on our own delightful bed !

Night is the time for dreams !
 The gay romance of life,
 When truth that is, and truth that seems,
 Mix in fantastic strife :
 Ah ! visions less beguiling far
 Than waking dreams, by daylight, are !

Night is the time for toil !—
 To plough the classic field,
 Intent to find the buried spoil
 Its wealthy furrows yield ;
 Till all is ours that sages taught,
 That poets sang, and heroes wrought.



Night is the time to weep!—
 To wet with unseen tears
 Those graves of memory, where sleep
 The joys of other years,—
 Hopes, that were angels at their birth,
 But died when young, like things of earth!

Night is the time to watch!—
 O'er ocean's dark expanse,
 To hail the Pleiades,—or catch
 The full moon's earliest glance;
 That brings into the home-sick mind
 All we have loved, and left behind!

Night is the time for care!
 Brooding on hours mis-spent,
 To see the spectre of despair
 Come to our lonely tent,—
 Like Brutus, 'midst his slumbering host,
 Summoned to die by Cæsar's ghost!

Night is the time to think!
 When, from the eye, the soul
 Takes flight,—and, on the utmost brink
 Of yonder starry pole,
 Discerns, beyond the abyss of night,
 The dawn of uncreated light!

Night is the time to pray!—
 Our Saviour oft withdrew
 To desert mountains far away;—
 So will His followers do;
 Steal from the throng to haunts untrod,
 And commune there alone with God!

Night is the time for death!—
 When all around is peace,
 Calmly to yield the weary breath,—
 From sin and suffering cease,—
 Think of heaven's bliss—and give the sign
 To parting friends.—Such death be mine!

Prayer.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Utter'd or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,—
The falling of a tear,—
The upward glancing of an eye
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infants lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath—
The Christian's native air,
His watch-word at the gates of death—
He enters Heaven with prayer.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways,
While angels on their wings rejoice,
And say,—“Behold, he prays!”

The saints in prayer appear as one
In word, and deed, and mind,
When with the Father, Spirit, Son,
Sweet fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is heard on earth *alone*,
The Holy Spirit pleads,
And Jesus on the eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes.

O Thou by whom we come to God!
The Life—the Truth—the Way!
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod,—
Lord, teach us how to pray!



THE MARQUIS OF MONTROSE.

1612—1650.

By WALTER J. KAYE, M.A.

JAMES GRAHAM, the celebrated Marquis of Montrose, was born in the year 1612, and when only fourteen succeeded his father John, Earl of Montrose. Although his education was hardly well begun, he was induced to marry early, yet with the assistance of resident tutors and by dint of hard study, he soon gained a fair mastery of Latin and Greek. For several years he travelled on the continent and became proficient in modern languages.

Returning to Scotland in 1633, with the reputation of being one of the most accomplished gentlemen of the age, he considered his reception at court not equal to his deserts, and decided to join the "Tables" at Edinburgh, that is the committees for directing the cause of the people in their struggles for religion and liberties, popularly known as the "Covenanters." An able and energetic man at all times, Montrose threw himself heartily into the quarrel. For some slight reason probably, he soon transferred his interests to the side of King Charles I.; was imprisoned by the Covenanters, but released in 1642. In 1644 he was created Marquis of Montrose, and constituted Captain-General and Commander-in-chief of all the forces to be raised in Scotland for the king's service under Prince Rupert. Remarkable for dash and rapidity of movement, he gained a series of victories with comparatively little carnage.

The last was the battle of Kilsyth, fought August, 1645. Montrose then advanced towards the borders, presuming on the continued success of his arms. He was, however, mistaken; at Philiphaugh, near Selkirk, he was surprised by General Leslie on September 13, 1645, and defeated with fearful slaughter. Montrose regained the Highlands with a few followers; and on the king's surrender to the Scots capitulated, and was permitted to embark in a small vessel for Norway, September 3, 1646.

He remained abroad till the death of Charles I., when he received a commission from the exiled Charles II. for a new invasion of his native country. In his first encounter with the enemy, however, his forces were utterly routed. He escaped to the house of M'Leod of Assynt, by whom he was delivered up to General Leslie, and was then conducted to Edinburgh, where he received sentence of death, and on Tuesday, May 21, 1650, was hanged.

Woo'd and Married and A'.

THE girse had no freedom of growing
 As long as she was no awa',
 Nor in the town could there be stowing
 For wooers that wanted to ca'.
 For drinking and dancing and bronlzie's
 And boxing and shaking of fa's,
 The town was ever in toulzie's;
 But now the lassie's awa'.

Woo'd and married and a'
 Married and woo'd and a'
 The dandilly toss of the parish
 Is now by the hand and awa'.

But had they kent her as I did
 Their errand would have been but sma',
 She neither kent spinning nor carding
 Nor baking nor brewing awa';
 For all her can lay in her dressing
 But if anes her braws were awa',
 She soon turn out of the fashion
 And knit up her moggans with straw.

Woo'd, etc.

He'll roose her but little that's gotten her
 Tocher and ribbons and a'
 And wish I fear he had miscarried
 E'er he had been married and a'.
 The wooers gad a made upon her
 Because she was bonny and braw
 And sae will be seen upon her
 When she's by hand and awa'.

Woo'd, etc.

Yesterday I went to see her
 And vow she was wonderous bra',
 She called wher husband to give her
 An ell of new ribbon or twa

He up and he sat down aside her
 A reel and a wheelie to ca'.
 She said was he this gate to guide her
 Syne up to the gate and awa.

Her next road was hame to her mother
 Who speared at her now how gaes a',
 She said was it for nae ither,
 That she was married awa',
 But for to sit down at a wheelie
 And at it both wallup and ca',
 And syne to ha'et reelt by a chielie
 Who was ever crying to draw—

Her mother says till her, hey lassie
 He's wisest I fear of the twa,
 There'll be little to put in the bassie
 If ye be so backward to draw
 For now ye should work like a tyger
 And at it both day and night ca
 As long as ye hae youth and vigour
 And littleans and debt keep awa'.

Then swaith awa hame to your hadden
 Mair fool that when ye came awa'
 Ye manna be ilke day wedding
 Nor gang sae while fingered and bra
 For ken wi' a neiper ye're yoket
 And ye at the end o't man dra',
 Or else ye deserve to be docket
 Sae that's an answer for a'.

You luckie now sees herself nithered
 And wistna' well what way to ca,'
 But syne wi herself she considered,
 That hameward was better to draw.
 And e'en take her chance of her landing
 However the matter might fa',
 Folks needs no on strets be standing ;
 That's woo'd and married and a'.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

1797—1835.

BY SIR ROBERT DOUGLAS, BART.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL—a prominent figure among those who took part in the Romantic Movement of the end of the last and the beginning of the present century—was born at Glasgow,—the son of an ironmonger, but descended of a good old family who had been for many generations the hereditary millers of Dundaff, in Stirlingshire. He was sent to school in Edinburgh (whither his parents had removed), and there made the acquaintance of Jane Morrison, a little girl of about his own age, who afterwards became the heroine of his celebrated poem. She is described as a pretty child, neat in her dress, of good capacity, mild temper, and unassuming manners. Her eyes were dark, and had a sweet and gentle expression. She is stated to have made a great impression upon Motherwell, aged then about eleven: she, however, continued at the same school with him during but one half-year; after which they never met again. Whilst a schoolboy, Motherwell enjoyed a great reputation as a teller of never-ending stories about “castles, robbers, and strange, out-of-the-way adventures.” When his education was complete, he was placed as apprentice in the office of the Sheriff-Clerk of Paisley, where he varied the dryness of his labours by producing clever sketches of men in armour, and fed his antiquarian taste by deciphering crabbed ancient legal documents. At twenty-one he became Sheriff-Clerk Depute of Renfrewshire. The same year he edited a local miscellany entitled *The Harp of Renfrewshire*; and in 1827 he published his *Minstrelsy: Ancient and Modern*, a collection of Scottish ballads prefaced by an historical introduction, which has taken rank as a standard work. Soon after this, having applied himself to journalism, he became editor first of the *Paisley Advertiser*, and then, after resigning his legal appointment, of the *Glasgow Courier*. He was still employed in the latter capacity at the time of his death, which occurred from apoplexy at the age of thirty-eight. Three years previously his own poems had been published. The two most popular of Motherwell’s poems, inspirations of a somewhat too tearful Muse, are not his best. Of the remainder, some exhibit touches of the excess and *bizarrie* which attend Romantic Revivals in literature. The poet is fond of copying archaic forms, and at times employs an odd, or obsolete, word in the midst of everyday language. Yet a goodly body of genuine poetry underlies the flaws of the surface. It has been claimed for Motherwell that he was one of the first in our literature to draw themes from Scandinavian mythology. He was a very laborious poetic artificer, and is said to have elaborated “Jeanie Morrison” over a period of twenty years. He declined to read modern history, and was a believer in ghosts. In politics he was a Tory. [Motherwell was born in Glasgow, October 13th, 1797, and died in that city, November 1st, 1835.—ED.]

**Extract from "The Solemn Song of a Righteous
Heartie."**

AFTER THE FASHION OF AN EARLY ENGLISH POET.

COULDST thou spurn Virtue meanly clad,
As if 'twere spotted Infamy,
And prayse as Good what is most Bad—
This Worldes for Thee.
Sithence thou canst not will it soa,
Poor Flutterer, goe !

If Head with Hearte could so accord,
In bond of perfyte Amitie,
That Falsehood raigned in Thought, Deed, Word—
This Worldes for Thee.
But scorning guile, Truth-plighted one !
Thy race is run.

Couldst thou lauge loude, when grieved hearts weep
And Fiendlyke probe theire Agonye,
Rich harvest here thou soon wouldest reap—
This Worldes for Thee ;
But with the Weeper thou must weepe,
And sad watch keep.

Couldst thou smyle swete when Wrong hath wrung
The withers of the Poore but Prowde,
And by the rootes pluck out the tongue
That dare be lowde
In Righteous cause, whate'er may be—
This Worldes for Thee.

This canst thou not ! Then fluttering thing
Unstained in thy puritey,
Sweep towards heaven with tireless wing—
Meet Home for Thee.
Feare not, the crashing of Lyfe's Tree—
God's Love guides Thee.

And thus it is :—these solemn bells,
Swinging in the turret free,
And tolling forth theire sad farewells,
O'er Land and Sea,
Tell how Hearts breake, full fast, and then
Growe whole againe.

BARONESS NAIRNE.

1766—1845.

BY WALTER J. KAYE, M.A.

CAROLINA OLIPHANT was born in the old mansion of Gask, Perthshire, on the 16th July, 1766. She was the third daughter of Lawrence Oliphant, of Gask, who had espoused his cousin, Margaret Robertson, a daughter of Duncan Robertson, of Strowan, and his wife, a daughter of the second Lord Nairne. Her ladyship was named Carolina in honour of Prince Charles Edward, and her father's prevailing topic of conversation was the reiterated expression of his hope "that the King would get his ain." He would not permit the names of the reigning monarch and his Queen to be mentioned in his presence; and when impaired eyesight compelled him to seek the assistance of his family in reading the newspapers, he angrily reproved the reader if the "German lairdie and his leddy" were designated otherwise than by the initial letters "K and Q." This extreme Jacobitism, at a period when the crime was scarcely to be dreaded, was reported to George III. who sent the Laird his compliments as *Elector of Hanover*, with a message testifying respect for the steadiness of his principles. In her youth our authoress was singularly beautiful, and was known in her native district by the poetical designation of "The Flower of Strathearn." She was as remarkable for the precocity of her intellect as she was celebrated for the elegance of her person. In the application of her poetical talents she was influenced by a most humane incentive. A loose ribaldry tainted the songs and ballads which circulated among the peasantry, and she was convinced that the diffusion of a more wholesome minstrelsy would elevate the moral tone of the community. Thus, while still young, she began to purify the older melodies, and to compose new songs, which were ultimately destined to occupy an ample share of the national heart. Her brother Lawrence, entertaining the Gask tenantry to dinner, when called on for a song, gave with much spirit a new version of "The Ploughman" which he said he had received from the writer. It was received with warm approbation, and was speedily set to music. She had many suitors for her

hand, but gave preference to Captain William Murray Nairne, her second cousin, who, but for an attainder, would have been fifth Lord Nairne. The marriage was celebrated on June 2nd, 1806. She gave birth to her only child in 1808. By an Act of Parliament, which received the royal sanction on the 17th June, 1824, her husband (who had some years before this been brevetted major) was restored to his rank in the peerage, and the subject of this sketch became Baroness Nairne. Lord Nairne only survived this honour six years—dying on the 9th July, 1830. Eighteen months after this her son was seized with influenza at Baden, and died at Brussels on the 7th December. This second blow almost overwhelmed her ladyship, and many of her relatives feared that she would never thoroughly overcome her heavy bereavement. But after the first burst of grief, she yielded to her loss with a calm resignation, and began to engage even more assiduously than before in works of Christian philanthropy. From this period to the close of her life, her charities were munificent. Lady Nairne's literary life commenced in 1792, in which year she composed "The Ploughman." "The Laird o' Cockpen" was written about the same period. In 1798 she produced "The Land o' the Leal" in testimony of her affectionate sympathy with an early friend on the death of her first-born. Some time previous to 1821 she entrusted to a gentlewoman in Edinburgh the secret of her authorship, and Mr. Robert Purdie of that city resolved to publish a series of the more approved national songs, accompanied by suitable melodies. Informed by a friend of Purdie's project, our authoress consented to render every assistance, on her *incognita* being preserved. The condition was readily acceded to; and, though the publication of "The Scottish Minstrel" extended over three years, and Lady Nairne had several personal interviews and much correspondence with the publisher and his editor (Robert Archibald Smith), both these individuals remained ignorant of her real name. She had assumed the signature of "B.B." in the "Minstrel" and in her correspondence with Mr. Purdie, who appears to have been entertained by the discovery, communicated in confidence, that the name of his contributor was "Mrs. Bogan, of Bogan," and by this designation he subsequently addressed her. After the death of her son, and till within two years of her own death, Lady Nairne resided chiefly on the continent. Her health had for several years been considerably impaired, and latterly she had recourse to a wheeled chair. In the mansion of Gask, on Sunday the 26th October, 1845, she gently sunk into her rest, at the advanced age of seventy-nine years. After her ladyship's death her relatives could no longer see any reason to preserve her *incognita* and determined that full justice should be done to her memory by the publication of a collected edition of her songs. This scheme was partly executed in an elegant folio, entitled "Lays from Strathearn." In 1868 the Rev. Dr. Chas. Rogers, F.S.A. undertook chiefly at the solicitation of the excellent gentlewoman to whom Lady Nairne had entrusted the secret of her authorship, to edit the whole of her lyrical compositions, along with a memoir of her life. Dr. Rogers received every assistance from Lady Nairne's relatives, who, by an examination of the family correspondence, procured for him abundant matter for the excellent biography which precedes "The Life and Songs of the Baroness Nairne." The work soon passed into a second edition, and excited much interest among the lovers of Scottish minstrelsy both at home and abroad.

The Land o' The Leal.

I'm wearin' awa', John,
Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, John,
I'm wearin' awa'
 To the land o' the leal.
There's nae sorrow there, John,
There's neither cauld nor care, John,
The day is aye fair
 In the land o' the leal.

Our bonnie bairn's there, John,
She was baith guude and fair, John,
And oh! we grudg'd her sair
 To the land o' the leal.
But sorrow's sel' wears past, John,
And joy's a-comin' fast, John,
The joy that's aye to last
 In the land o' the leal.

Sae dear's that joy was bought, John,
Sae free the battle fought, John,
That sinfu' man e'er brought
 To the land o' the leal.
Oh! dry your glist'ning e'e, John,
My saul lang's to be free, John,
And angels beckon me
 To the land o' the leal.

Oh! haud ye leal and true, John,
Your day it's wearin' thro', John,
And I'll welcome you
 To the land o' the leal.
Now fare ye weel, my ain John,
This warld's cares are vain, John,
We'll meet, and we'll be fain,
 In the land o' the leal.

Charlie is My Darling.

TWAS on a Monday morning
Right early in the year,
When Charlie cam' to our toun,
The young Chevalier.
Oh! Charlie is my darling,
My darling, my darling,
Oh! Charlie is my darling,
The young Chevalier.

As he cam' marching up the street,
The pipes play'd loud and clear,
And a' the folk cam' running out,
To meet the Chevalier.
Oh! Charlie is my darling, &c.

Wi' Hieland bonnets on their heads
And claymores bright and clear,
They cam' to fight for Scotland's right
And the young Chevalier.
Oh! Charlie is my darling, &c.

They've left their bonnie Hieland hills,
Their wives and bairnies dear,
To draw the sword for Scotland's lord,
The young Chevalier.
Oh! Charlie is my darling, &c.

Oh! there were many beating hearts,
And many a hope and fear,
And many were the prayers put up
For the young Chevalier.
Oh! Charlie is my darling,
My darling, my darling,
Oh! Charlie is my darling,
The young Chevalier.

The Laird O' Cockpen.

THE Laird o' Cockpen he's proud and he's great,
 His mind is ta'en up with the things o' the State ;
 He wanted a wife his braw house to keep,
 But favour wi' wooin' was fashious to seek.

Down by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,
 At his table-head he thought she'd look well ;
 At 'Clish's ae daughter O'Claverse-ha' Lee,
 A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

His wig was weel pouther'd, and as gude as new ;
 His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue ;
 He put on a ring, a sword, and cock'd hat,
 And wha' could refuse the Laird wi' a that ?

He took the grey mare, and rade cannily—
 And rapp'd at the yett o' Claverse-ha' Lee ;
 "Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben,
 She's wanted to speak to the Laird o' Cockpen."

Mistress Jean was makin' the elder-flower wine,
 "An' what brings the Laird at sic' a like time ?"
 She put off her apron, and on her silk gown,
 Her mutch wi' red ribbons, and gaed awa' down.

And when she cam' ben, he bowed fu' low,
 And what was his errand he soon let her know ;
 Amazed was the Laird when the lady said "Na" ;
 And wi' a laigh curtsie she turned awa'.

Dumfounder'd he was, nae sigh did he gi'e ;
 He mounted his mare—he rade cannily ;
 And aften he thought, as he gaed through the glen,
 She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen."

And now that the Laird his exit had made,
 Mistress Jean she reflected on what she had said ;
 "Oh ! for ane I'll get better, it's waur I'll get ten,
 I was daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen.

Next time that the Laird and the lady were seen,
 They were gaun arm-in-arm to the kirk on the green ;
 Now she sits in the ha' like a weel-tappit hen,
 But as yet there's nae chickens appear'd at Cockpen.

ROBERT NICOLL.

1814—1837.

BY J. GAUNT, B.A. B.Sc. F.S.A.

FELLOW OF THE GUILD OF LETTERS, LONDON; AUTHOR OF "EVENTIDE,"
"MAYNALL AND SON," "MEDORA," ETC.; VICE-PRESIDENT
YORKSHIRE LITERARY SOCIETY.

AT an age when most writers have scarcely commenced in earnest their literary career, this talented youth had laid aside his pen for ever; and had left behind him a collection of songs, ballads and poems which will be held in reverence and esteem as long as the vernacular of his loved Scotland shall be spoken. ROBERT NICOLL was but twenty-three at the time of his death, and as many of his poems were written some years previous to that sad event, and he himself almost entirely self-educated, he may be fitly described as a genius. Indeed it is not too much to say that in all the list of Scottish bards, there is no one who so nearly approaches Burns in style and treatment of simple, homely subjects. The character of all his poems are fitly described by himself in the following extract from a letter to a friend:—"I have written my *heart* in my poems; and rude, unfinished, and hasty as they are, it can be read there." His poems are, indeed, a history of the hopes, fears, love, ambition, sympathy, and all the kindred feelings that influenced his brief career. As such they appeal to the reader and touch many a sympathetic chord in his heart. In this, together with a simplicity of diction and homeliness of style lies the charm of his works.

Robert Nicoll was born at the farm house of Tulliebeltane, in the parish of Auchtergaven, in Perthshire, on January 7th, 1814. At that time his father was a well-to-do farmer, but shortly afterwards he lost all his money and property by the absconding of a relative for whom he was security; and in consequence he became a labourer on the farm which had but recently been his own. Thus it was that from his earliest days Robert knew the meaning of poverty. His mother taught him reading, and at five years of age he was able to read from the Bible. When six years of age he was sent out herding. At twelve he was employed with a gardener, and whilst here he began to write rhymes and to spend every spare moment in reading. At thirteen he

was apprenticed to a grocer in Perth, and whilst in this position his first production appeared in print. It was a tale entitled "Il Ziuqara" and was published in *Johnstone's Magazine*. From this time until his twenty-second year he was extremely poor, and harassed himself very much because he was unable to free himself from debt. In 1836 he was appointed editor of the *Leeds Times* at a salary of £100 per annum. He was eminently successful in this capacity, and the circulation of the paper continued increasing from the time he undertook the post. But hard and incessant work, coupled with the confinement in a little office, had such an effect upon his health that he was ordered by the doctor to return to his native land if he meant to live. He did so, but consumption had already claimed him for its own, and after a few weeks' rest, during which he was gradually fading, the spirit of the gentle youth passed away on the 9th December, 1837. In the previous year he had married a young lady to whom he was ardently attached, Miss Alice Suter, of Dundee, but she was delicate likewise and did not long survive him. Ebenezer Elliott, who had become very friendly with Nicoll during his stay in Yorkshire, pays him this graceful tribute:—"Unstained and pure, at the age of twenty-three, died Scotland's second Burns; happy in this, that without having been a blasphemer, a persecutor, and infurious, he chose, like Paul, the right path; and when the terrible angel said to this youth, 'Where is the wise? where is the disputer, hath not God made foolish the wisdom of this world?'—he could and did answer, 'By the grace of God, I am what I am.'"

Nicoll issued in 1835 a volume of poems entitled "Poems and Lyrics," which, with considerable additions, have on several occasions been reprinted.

The Bonnie Hieland Hills.

Oh! the bonnie Hieland hills,
Oh! the bonnie Hieland hills,
The bonnie hills o' Scotland O!
The bonnie Hieland hills.

There are lands on the earth where the vine ever blooms,
Where the air that is breathed the sweet orange perfumes:
But mair dear is the blast the lane shepherd that chills
As it wantons along o'er our ain Hieland hills.
 Oh! the bonnie Hieland hills.

There are rich garden lands wi' their skies ever fair;
But o' riches or beauty we mak' na our care;
Wherever we wander ae vision aye fills
Our hearts to the bursting—our ain Hieland hills.
 Oh! the bonnie Hieland hills.

In our lone and deep valleys fair maidens there are,
Though born in the midst o' the elements' war;
O sweet are the damsels that sing by our rills,
As they dash to the sea frae our ain Hieland hills.
 Oh! the bonnie Hieland hills.

On the moss-cover'd rock wi' their broadswords in hand,
 To fight for fair freedom, their sons ever stand ;
 A storm-nursed bold spirit each warm bosom fills,
 That guards frae a' danger our ain Hieland hills.

Oh ! the bonnie Hieland hills,
 Oh ! the bonnie Hieland hills,
 The bonnie hills o' Scotland O !
 The bonnie Hieland hills.

The Muir o' Gorse An' Broom.

I WINNA bide in your castle ha's,
 Nor yet in your lofty towers ;
 My heart is sick o' your gloomy hame,
 An' sick o' your darksome bowers ;
 An' oh ! I wish I were far awa'
 Frae their grandeur an' their gloom,
 Where the freeborn lintie sings its sang
 On the Muir o' Gorse an' Broom.

Sae weel as I like the healthfu' gale
 That blaws fu' kindly there,
 An' the heather brown, an' the wild blue-bell
 That wave on the muirland bare ;
 An' the singing birds, an' the humming bees,
 An' the little lochs that toom
 Their gushing burns to the distant sea
 O'er the Muir o' Gorse an' Broom.

Oh ! if I had a dwallin' there,
 Biggit laigh by a burnie's side,
 Where ae aik tree, in the summer time,
 Wi' its leaves that hame might hide ;
 Oh ! I wad rejoice frae day to day,
 As blythe as a young bridegroom ;
 For dearer than palaces to me
 Is the Muir o' Gorse an' Broom.

In a lanely cot on a muirland wild,
 My mither nurtured me ;
 O' the meek wild flowers I playmates made,
 An' my hame wi' the wandering bee.
 An' oh ! if I were far awa'
 Frae your grandeur an' your gloom,
 Wi' them again, an' the bladden gale,
 On the Muir o' Gorse an' Broom.

O S S I A N.

1738—1796.

BY JOSEPH IRVING, F.S.A.

EDITOR "THE DICTIONARY OF EMINENT SCOTSMEN," AUTHOR OF
"ANNALS OF OUR TIME," HISTORY OF DUMBARTONSHIRE.

JAMES MACPHERSON, translator of Ossian, or as some think, Ossian himself, was born in Badenoch, Inverness-shire, in 1738. In 1752, with a view of studying for the church, he entered King's College, Aberdeen. He afterwards proceeded to Edinburgh, printing there a poem in six cantos entitled "The Highlander." Pressed by Home, Blair, and other friends, to translate certain pieces of ancient Gaelic poetry, of which he alleged he had become possessed, Macpherson commences the great literary controversy of the day by publishing a small volume of the "Fragments," with an introduction by Dr. Blair, 1760. Encouraged by Edinburgh critics, in whose judgment Macpherson would appear to have had confidence, he set out on a fresh tour of discovery through the Highlands, and in 1762 published the result of his mission dedicated to Lord Bute, in the form of "Fingal" in six books next year; "Temora" appeared as another epic, in eight books, both professing to be compositions of Ossian, son of Fingal, a Gaelic Prince of the fourth century, and to be translated from the Gaelic. The controversy for a time was unusually bitter, Blair and Gregory being among the most prominent on one side, and later, Malcolm Laing, who was judged by many to have completed the case against the antiquity of the pieces. A Gaelic version by the Highland Society, was published in accordance with Macpherson's will, 1807. In 1764 he became private secretary to Captain Johnstone, and accompanied him to Pensacola; wrote afterwards "Antiquities of the Scottish Gael," 1771; a feeble translation of the "Iliad," a "History of Great Britain," two pamphlets defending Government against American colonists, and acted as agent for the Nabob of Arcot, obtaining in connection therewith a seat in the House of Commons for Camelford. Macpherson died at his residence, Belville, Inverness-shire, February 17th, 1796.

Extract from "Fingal."

BOOK VI.

The clouds of night came rolling down. Darkness rests on the steeps of Cromla. The stars of the north arise over the rolling of Erin's waves: they show their heads of fire through the flying mist of heaven. A distant wind roars in the wood. Silent and dark is the plain of death! Still on the dusky Lena arose in my ears the voice of Carril. He sung of the friends of our youth; the days of former years; when we met on the banks of Lego; when we sent round the joy of the shell. Cromla answered to his voice. The ghosts of those he sung came in their rustling winds. They were seen to bend with joy, towards the sound of their praise!

Be thy soul blest, O Carril! in the midst of thy eddying winds. O that thou wouldest come to my hall, when I am alone by night! And thou dost come, my friend. I hear often thy light hand on my harp, when it hangs on the distant wall, and the feeble sound touches my ear. Why dost thou not speak to me in my grief, and tell when I shall behold my friends? But thou passest away in thy murmuring blast; the wind whistles through the gray hair of Ossian!

Now, on the side of Mora, the heroes gathered to the feast. A thousand aged oaks are burning to the wind. The strength of the shells goes round. The souls of warriors brighten with joy. But the king of Lochlin is silent. Sorrow reddens in the eyes of his pride. He often turned toward Lena. He remembered that he fell. Fingal leaned on the shield of his fathers. His gray locks slowly waved on the wind, and glittered to the beam of night. He saw the grief of Swaran, and spoke to the first of bards.

'Raise, Ullin, raise the song of peace. O soothe my soul from war! Let mine ear forget, in the sound, the dismal noise of arms. Let a hundred harps be near to gladden the king of Lochlin. He must depart from us with joy. None ever went sad from Fingal. Oscar! the lightning of my sword is against the strong in fight. Peaceful it lies by my side when warriors yield in war.'

A N D R E W P A R K ,

1807—1863.

By CHAS. F. FORSHAW, LL.D.

ANDREW PARK was born at Renfrew on March 7th, 1807. His preliminary tuition was received at Renfrew Parish Schools, after which he proceeded to Glasgow University. At the age of fifteen he was employed in a commission warehouse at Paisley, and whilst there he wrote his first poem, entitled "The Vision of Mankind." At the age of twenty he went to Glasgow and was engaged in the hat business. About this time he published several volumes of poems. Shortly after this he migrated to the metropolis, but returned in 1841 and having purchased the stock of the poet Dugald Moore, recently deceased, he became a bookseller in Ingram Street, Glasgow. This speculation was not successful and Park ultimately retired from the concerns of business. In 1856 he visited Egypt and other eastern countries, and the following year he published a volume entitled "Egypt and the East." Mr. Park died at Glasgow on December 27th, 1863. In all he issued twelve volumes of poetry, but one entitled "Silent Love," became the most popular. It was got up in a most lavish manner, utterly regardless of cost, and was illustrated by Sir Noel Paton, LL.D. [q.v.] Amongst his best known songs are "Hurrah for the Highlands," "Old Scotland, I Love Thee," and "The Banks of Clyde." They are either humorous, sentimental or patriotic, and possess such beauty and power as to make them highly popular. A handsome bronze bust has been erected in Paisley cemetery in honour of the poet's memory.

Let Glasgow Flourish.

LET Glasgow flourish by the word
And might of every merchant lord,
And institutions which afford
 Good homes the poor to nourish ;
A place of commerce, peace and power,
With wealth and wisdom as her dower,
May still her tree majestic tower—
 Hurra ! Let Glasgow Flourish.
Here's to the tree that never sprung,
Here's to the bell that never rung,
Here's to the bird that never sung,
And here's to the caller salmon !

Behold her structures rise sublime,
 Her stately ships from every clime,
 Her spinning wheels more swift than time,
 Along fair Clutha's waters.
 Her science, literature and arts,
 Her towering stalks, her crowded marts,
 The starry eyes and glowing hearts
 That bless her lovely daughters.
 Here's to the, etc.

For social men and maidens fair,
 What spot on earth can once compare ?
 What tyrant loon our rights would dare,
 Let him his head beware o't.
 We're linked together hand in hand,
 The guardian spirits of our land,
 While thistles bloom and mountains stand,
 Of war he'd have his share o't.
 Here's to the, etc.

Where has Scotia found her Fame.

Where has Scotia found her fame ?
 Why is she enshrined in glory ?
 By the deeds of many a name,
 Long the theme of deathless story !
 By her mountains wild and grand ;
 By her lakes so calmly flowing ;
 By the peace that rules the land,
 And her heart so warm and glowing ;
 By the freedom she can claim,
 And her ancient bards so hoary—
 There has Scotia found her fame—
 There has Scotia found her glory !

Where has Scotia found her fame ?
 Ever brave she rides the ocean !
 Where's the dastard dare declaim ?
 Nations own her high promotion !
 Maidens beautiful as fair ;
 Love as warm as summer weather ;
 Sons that will all danger dare,
 Roam among the blooming heather,
 Arts and science crown her name,
 Genius and romantic story—
 There has Scotia found her fame—
 There has Scotia found her glory !

SIR JOSEPH NOEL PATON, R.S.A. LL.D.

1821.

By G. WASHINGTON MOON, F.R.S.L.

EDITOR "MEN OF THE TIME," ETC.

SIR JOSEPH NOEL PATON, R.S.A. LL.D., was born at Dunfermline, Fife-shire, in 1821, was admitted a student of the Royal Academy of London in 1843, and first became known to the public by his outline etchings illustrative of Shakspere and Shelley. His fresco of the "Spirit of Religion" gained one of the three premiums awarded at the Westminster Hall competition of 1845, and his oil-pictures of "Christ Bearing the Cross," and "Reconciliation of Oberon and Titania"—the former of colossal size, the latter small—jointly gained a prize, in the second class, of £300, in 1847. The latter picture, prior to its exhibition in London, was bought by the Royal Scottish Academy for the Scottish National Gallery, and "The Quarrel of Oberon and Titania," painted in 1849, and purchased for £700, also for the Scottish National Gallery, by the Association for the Promotion of the Fine Arts in Scotland, was exhibited in the Paris Exhibition of 1855, where it received honourable mention. Amongst his numerous pictures and sketches from the works of the poets, may be mentioned "Dante meditating the Episode of Francesca," in 1852; and "The Dead Lady," in 1854. His large allegory, since engraved, "The Pursuit of Pleasure," was exhibited in 1855; "Home," which has been engraved, and of which a replica was executed by command of her Majesty, at the Royal Academy Exhibition in 1856; "In Memoriam," which has been engraved, and of which a photograph was executed for the Queen, in 1858; and "Dawn: Luther at Erfurt," considered by many his finest work, in 1861. Mr. Noel Paton executed, in the spring of 1860, a series of six pictures illustrative of the old border ballad, "The Dowie Dens of Yarrow," painted for the Association for the Promotion of the Fine Arts in Scotland. It was engraved by that body for their subscribers. In 1863 he executed illustrations

of "The Ancient Mariner," for the Art Union of London; and in 1866 painted "Mors Janua Vitæ" (engraved). He was appointed the Queen's Limner for Scotland in 1865 and received the honour of knighthood April 12, 1867. In the latter year appeared "A Fairy Raid," and in 1868 "Caliban listening to the Music." Of his subsequent pictures the more important are, "Faith and Reason," 1871 (engraved); "Christ and Mary at the Sepulchre," and "Oskold and the Elle-Maids," 1873; "Satan watching the Sleep of Christ," 1874; "The Man of Sorrows," 1875; "The Spirit of Twilight," and "Christ the Great Shepherd," 1876; and "The Man with the Muck-rake," 1877. He is the author of two volumes of poems, and in 1876 received from the University of Edinburgh the honorary degree of LL.D.

Sir Launcelot,

PAST sleeping thorp and guarded tower,
By star-gleams and in moonlight pale,
By mount and mere, through shine and shower,
Flasht the wan lightning of his mail.

But loose the jewelled bridle hung,
And backward listless drooped the spear—
God's holy name was on his tongue,
Thine in his heart—Queen Guenivere.

Deep in the wood at dead of night
He felt the white wings winnowing by,
He saw the flood of mystic light,
He heard the chanting clear and high.

"O, heal me, blood of Christ!" he said—
A low voice murmured in his ear,
And all the saintly vision fled.
The voice was thine—Queen Guenivere.

Bravest of all the brave art thou—
Of guileless heart—of stainless name;
But, traitor to thy sacred vow,
Thou rid'st to ruin and to shame.

No joy on earth for evermore!
No rest for thee but on thy bier!—
Ah! blessed Lord, our sins who bore,
Save him—and sinful Guenivere!

REV. ROBERT POLLOK.

1799—1827.

By WALTER J. KAYE, M.A.

THIS remarkable man was born in 1799 at Muirhouse, in the parish of Eaglesham, Renfrewshire. After gaining the elements of a sound education at Langlee, Mearns, and Fenwick, such as is given in country schools, he was sent to the university of Glasgow. Here he passed through a systematic course of literary and philosophical study, passed the necessary examinations, and for five years enjoyed the excellent tuition given by the Rev. Dr. Dick, at that time sole professor of theology in the United Secession Church. On finishing his course of study under this accomplished professor, Robert Pollok was licensed by the united associate presbytery of Edinburgh to preach the Gospel in the spring of 1825. The only time he ever preached was when he occupied the pulpit in Rose Street, Edinburgh, in the former chapel of Mr. John Brown.

Before receiving his license, Pollok had prepared for the press his religious poem "The Course of Time," extending to ten books in blank verse. This publication soon gained for the youthful author a merited popularity, more especially amongst the more serious and dissenting classes in Scotland. Even those who but seldom troubled to read modern poetry, were tempted to peruse a work which embodied their favourite theological tenets set off with the graces of poetical fancy and description; while to the ordinary readers of imaginative literature, the poem possessed force of originality enough to challenge an attentive perusal. Written in a style more really approaching that of Milton than that employed by any later bard, the object of the poet is to describe the spiritual life and immortal destiny of man. He varies his religious speculations with episcopal pictures and narratives to illustrate the effect of Virtues or Vice. Pollok's sentiments are strongly Calvinistic, and in this respect, as well as in a certain crude ardour of imagination and devotional enthusiasm, the poem reminds us of the old Scottish theologians. It is often harsh, vehement, and deformed by a gloomy piety which repels the reader, in spite of many fine passages which are scattered throughout the

work. With much of the spirit and opinions of Cowper, Pollok lacked the taste of the author of the *Task*. Time might have mellowed the fruits of his genius. But the man who could form and execute such a design, at such a period of life, must have possessed not only an intellect of the first order of power, but also a character of the first order of strength. "The Course of Time," said Professor Wilson, "though not a poem, overflows with poetry;" and on his recommendation Pollok's "Course of Time" was published again in 1827 by Mr. Blackwood.

Some time after leaving College, he wrote a series of three "Tales of the Covenanters," in prose, which were published anonymously under the titles of "Ralph Gemmell," "Helen of the Glen," and the "Persecuted Family."

Pollok's application to his studies brought on symptoms of pulmonary disease, and shortly after he had become a licentiate, in the spring of the year 1827, it was too apparent that his health was in a precarious and dangerous state. The preparation of his poem for publication served only to emphasize this; and he spent the greater part of the summer of that year with the Rev. Dr. Belfrage of Slateford, under whose hospitable roof he enjoyed every advantage which medical skill, called forth into active exertion by cordial friendship, could furnish.

The disease was obviously gaining ground, and Dr. Abercromby, and other eminent physicians, suggested removal to a more genial climate, during the approaching winter, as the only probable means of prolonging a life so full of promise.

With as little delay as possible, Pollok set out for Italy, the means for such an undertaking being readily supplied by the admirers of his genius. Leaving Edinburgh at the commencement of autumn, accompanied by his sister, he travelled by sea to London. Here he remained for a short time and was the guest of John Pirie, Esq., afterwards Lord Mayor. His medical advisers, fearing Robert Pollok would never reach Italy, recommended his immediate removal to the south-west of England, and he left for Shirley Common, near Southampton. Here he lived but a few weeks. He died on the 15th September, 1827, and was buried in the churchyard of Millbrook.

Some of the poet's admirers have erected over his grave an obelisk, bearing the dates of his birth and death, and this simple inscription:—

The Grave
of
ROBERT POLLOK, A.M.,
AUTHOR OF "THE COURSE OF TIME."

—
HIS IMMORTAL POEM IS HIS MONUMENT.





SIR THEODORE MARTIN, K.C.B.



ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.



SIR NOEL PATON, R.S.A. LL.D.



PROFESSOR J. S. BLACKIE



GEORGE MACDONALD, M.A. LL.D.



ANDREW LANG, M.A. LL.D.



CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D.



Extract from "The Course of Time."

BOOK III.

The gentle flowers
Retired, and, stooping o'er the wilderness,
Talked of humility, and peace, and love.
The dews came down unseen at evening-tide,
And silently their bounties shed, to teach
Mankind unostentatious charity.
With arm in arm the forest rose on high,
And lesson gave of brotherly regard.
And on the rugged mountain-brow exposed,
Bearing the blast alone, the ancient oak
Stood, lifting high his mighty arm, and still
To courage in distress exhorted loud.
The flocks, the herds, the birds, the streams, the breeze,
Attuned the heart to melody and love.
Mercy stood in the cloud, with eye that wept
Essential love! and from her glorious bow,
Bending to kiss the Earth in token of peace,
With her own lips, her gracious lips, which God
Of sweetest accent made, she whispered still,
She whispered to Revenge, Forgive, forgive.
The Sun, rejoicing round the earth, announced
Daily the wisdom, power, and love of God.
The Moon awoke, and from her maiden face,
Shedding her cloudy locks, looked meekly forth,
And with her virgin stars walked in the heavens,
Walked nightly there, conversing, as she walked,
Of purity, and holiness, and God.
In dreams and visions, sleep instructed much.
Day uttered speech to day, and night to night
Taught knowledge. Silence had a tongue; the grave,
The darkness, and the lonely waste had each
A tongue, that ever said, Man! think of God!
Think of thyself, think of eternity!—
Fear God, the thunder said; Fear God, the waves.
Fear God, the lightning of the storm replied.
Fear God, deep loudly answered back to deep.
And in the temples of the Holy One,
Messiah's messengers, the faithful few,
Faithful 'mong many false, the Bible opened,
And cried, Repent! repent, ye sons of men!
Believe, be saved; and reasoned awfully

Of temperance, righteousness, and judgment soon
To come, of ever-during life and death :
And chosen bards from age to age awoke
The sacred lyre, and full on folly's ear
Numbers of righteous indignation poured :
And God omnipotent, when mercy failed,
Made bare His holy arm, and with the stroke
Of vengeance smote ; the fountains of the deep
Broke up, heaven's windows opened, and sent on men
A flood of wrath, sent plague and famine forth ;
With earthquake rocked the world beneath, with storms
Above laid cities waste, and turned fat lands
To barrenness ; and with the sword of war
In fury marched, and gave them blood to drink.
Angels remonstrated, Mercy beseeched,
Heaven smiled and frowned, Hell groaned, Time fled, Death
shook
His dart, and threatened to make repentance vain,—
Incredible assertion ! men rushed on
Determinedly to ruin ; shut their ears,
Their eyes, to all advice, to all reproof ;
O'er mercy and o'er judgment, downward rushed
To misery ; and, most incredible
Of all ! to misery rushed along the way
Of disappointment and remorse, where still,
At every step, adders, in Pleasure's form,
Stung mortally ; and Joys—whose bloomy cheeks
Seemed glowing high with immortality,
Whose bosoms prophesied superfluous bliss—
While in the arms received, and locked in close
And riotous embrace, turned pale and cold,
And died, and smelled of putrefaction rank ;
Turned, in the very moment of delight,
A loathsome heavy corpse, that, with the clear
And hollow eyes of death, stared horribly.

All tribes, all generations of the earth,
Thus wantonly to ruin drove alike.
We heard, indeed, of golden and silver days,
And of primeval innocence unstained ;
A Pagan tale ! but by baptiséd bards,
Philosophers, and statesmen, who were still
Held wise and cunning men, talked of so much,
That most believed it so, and asked not why.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

1686—1758.

By THE REV. J. TAYLOR, D.D.

ALLAN RAMSAY was born October 15th, 1686, at Leadhills in Lanarkshire, where his father was employed as manager of Lord Hopetoun's lead mines. There was good blood in Allan's veins, however; for, as he boasted, he was of the "auld descent" of the Ramsays of Dalhousie, and also collaterally "sprung from a Douglas loin." He had the misfortune to lose his father while he was in his infancy; and his mother, who was of an English family, married for her second husband a small landowner of the district. Allan was educated at the village school, which he attended till he reached his fifteenth year. On leaving school in 1701 he was apprenticed by his stepfather to a periwig-maker in Edinburgh, and continued to follow this occupation with industry and success till 1716, when he adopted that of a bookseller, which must have been much more congenial to his taste. His poetical talent did not display itself at an early age, and he did not commence writing till 1712, when he had reached his twenty-sixth year. His earliest production is an epistle to the "Easy Club," a convivial society composed of young men entertaining Jacobite opinions, with which the poet himself sympathised. He then wrote various pieces, chiefly of a local and humorous description, which were sold in some instances by hawkers at a penny each, and became exceedingly popular. A more important production was a continuation of King James's "Christ's Kirk on the Green," which displayed genuine humour and fancy, and attracted no small attention. In 1719 he published his well known

collection of Scottish songs, partly his own, entitled the "Tea Table Miscellany," which ran through twelve editions in a very few years. The "Evergreen," a collection of ancient Scottish poems, appeared in 1724. He included in this volume two pieces of his own, one of which, "The Vision," exhibits poetical powers of no mean order. But he was not well qualified for the task of editing works of this kind, and in many cases he has taken unwarrantable liberties with the originals. His celebrated pastoral drama, "The Gentle Shepherd," appeared in 1725, and was received with universal approbation. His reputation was now extended beyond his native country. His works were reprinted both in London and in Dublin. Pope expressed his admiration of this exquisite drama, and when Gay visited Scotland, in company with the Duke and Duchess of Queensbury, he made the author's shop a favourite lounge, and obtained from him an explanation of the Scottish phrases in the "Gentle Shepherd," that he might communicate it to the bard of Twickenham. Ramsay now removed to a better shop at the east end of the Luckenbooths, where he established a circulating library—the first in Scotland. He published a second volume of his poems in 1728, and a collection of fables in 1730. He had a taste for balls, music, and theatricals; and there being at this time no theatre in Edinburgh, he fitted up one in 1736 at a considerable expense. But the magistrates availed themselves of the licensing act which was passed in the following year, and shut up the obnoxious establishment, thus involving the luckless patron of the drama in a heavy pecuniary loss; and to add to his mortification, some of the poctasters of the day assailed him with personal satires and lampoons for his unsuccessful attempt to introduce the "hell-bred playhouse comedians" into Scotland. Ramsay, however, soon by prudence and industry surmounted his loss, and acquired a moderate independence. About 1743 he erected a villa of somewhat peculiar construction on the north side of the Castlehill, which still bears his name; and here he spent the closing years of his life in the enjoyment of competency, leisure, and the society of his friends, among whom he numbered not a few men of rank, as well as some of the most distinguished writers of the day. A scurvy in the gums put a period to his life in 1758, at the age of seventy-two. He was buried in the Greyfriars' Churchyard, Edinburgh. Ramsay was small in stature, with dark but expressive features. His disposition was cheerful and good-humoured, and he possessed a large share of good sense and prudence. His poetical genius was of a somewhat homely order, but his poetry contains many touches of tenderness and simplicity, as well as of rustic humour and comic satire. His songs as a whole are decidedly inferior to those of Burns, but some of them are still favourites with his countrymen. His masterpiece, "The Gentle Shepherd," is probably the finest pastoral drama in the world. It is a genuine and most delightful picture of Scottish rural life and character, and will continue to be admired as long as the language in which it is written shall be understood. "Like the poetry of Tasso and Ariosto," says Campbell, "that of the 'Gentle Shepherd' is engraved on the memory of its native country. Its verses have passed into proverbs, and it continues to be the delight and solace of the peasantry whom it describes." Ramsay married in 1712 Christian Ross, the daughter of a writer or attorney, with whom he lived happily for more than thirty years. His eldest son attained to considerable eminence as a portrait painter.

Lochaber.

FAREWELL to Lochaber ! farewell to my Jean !
Where heartsome wi' her I have many a day been ;
To Lochaber no more, to Lochaber no more,
We'll maybe return to Lochaber no more !

These tears that I shed, they are a' for my dear,
And no for the dangers attending on weir ;
Though borne on rough seas to a far bloody shore,
Maybe we'll return to Lochaber no more.

Though hurricanes rise, though rise every wind,
No tempest can equal the storm in my mind ;
Though loudest of thunders on louder waves roar,
There's naething like leavin' my love on the shore.

To leave thee behind me my heart is sair pained,
But by ease that's inglorious no fame can be gained ;
And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,
And I maun deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeannie, may plead my excuse ;
Since honour commands me, how can I refuse ?
Without it, I ne'er can have merit for thee,
And losing thy favour, I'd better not be.

I gae then, my love, to win honour and fame !
And if I should chance to come glorious hame,
I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

Extract from "The Vision."

Bedown the bents of Banquo brae,
 My lane I wandered waif and wae,
 Musing our main mischance ;
 How by the foes we are undone,
 That stole the sacred stane frae Scone,
 And led us sic a dance :
 While England's Edwards take our towers,
 And Scotland first obeys ;
 Rude ruffians ransack royal bowers,
 And Baliol homage pays ;
 Through feidom, our freedom
 Is blotted with this score,
 What Romans', or no man's,
 Pith could e'er do before,

The air grew rough with bousteous thuds,
 Bauld Boreas branglit outthrow the clouds,
 Maist like a drunken wight ;
 The thunder crack'd, and flauchts did rift
 Frae the black vizard of the lift ;
 The forest shook with fright :
 Nae birds aboon their wing exten',
 They dought not bide the blast ;
 Ilk beast bedeen bang'd to their den,
 Until the storm was past :
 Ilk creature in nature
 That had a spunk of sense,
 In need then, with speed then,
 Methought cried, " IN DEFENCE !"

To see a morn in May sae ill,
 I deem'd dame Nature was gane will
 To roar with reckless reil ;
 Wherefore to put me out of pain,
 And sconce my scap and shanks frae rain,
 I bore me to a biel,
 Up a high craig that hungit alaft,
 Out owre a canny cave,

A curious crove of nature's craft,
 Which to me shelter gave ;
 There vexed, perplexed,
 I lean'd me down to weep ;
 In briſt there, with grief there,
 I dotter'd owre on ſleep.

Here Somnus in his ſilent hand
 Held all my ſenses at command,
 While I forgot my care ;
 The mildeſt meed of mortal wights,
 Who paſſ in peace the private nights,
 That, waking, finds it rare ;
 So in ſoft ſlumbers did I lie,
 But not my wakerife mind,
 Which ſtill ſtood watch, and could eſpy
 A man with aspect kind,
 Right auld-like, and bauld-like,
 With beard three-quarters scant,
 Sae brave-like, and grave-like,
 He ſeem'd to be a sanct.

Great daring darted frae his eye,
 A broadſword ſhogled at his thigh,
 On his left arm a targe ;
 A ſhining ſpear fill'd his right hand,
 Of stalwart make in bone and braun,
 Of just proportions large ;
 A various rainbow-coloured plaid
 Owre his left ſpaul he threw,
 Down his braid back, frae his white head,
 The ſilver wimples grew ;
 Amazed, I gazed,
 To ſee, led at command,
 A ſtrampant and rampant
 Fierce lion in his hand,
 Which held a thistle in his paw,
 And round his collar grav'd I ſaw
 This poesy, pat and plain :
 “*Nemo me impune lacess-*
Et.” In Scots, “ Nane ſhall opprefſſe
 Me, unpunished with pain ! ”
 Still shaking, I durſt naething ſay,
 Till he, with kind accent,
 Said, “ Fere ! Let not thy heart affray,
 I come to hear thy plaint ;
 Thy groaning, and moaning,
 Hath lately reach'd mine ear ;
 Debar then, afar then,
 All eiriness or fear.

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

1226—1299.

BY THE REV. A. H. RIX, LL.D. F.G.S. EDIN.

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THE proper designation, place and time of birth, and authentic writings of the “day-starre of Scottish poetry,” are alike enveloped in the shades of antique mystery. Called Thomas Rymer, of Erceldon, by his son, he has also been styled Thomas Erceldonne or Erceldon, and Sir Thomas Sermont. The popular epithet, however, which identifies the subject of the present sketch is that of Thomas the Rhymer.

To the early part of the thirteenth century, and to the borderland north of the Tweed, we must look for the nativity of this famous poet and romancer. Fixing the date, according to Sir Walter Scott, [q.v.] at about 1226, we may also name the village of Earlston on the Leader, formerly called Ercildonne, as the probable birthplace and residence of the poet. At the south-western extremity of this hamlet the ruins of an ancient tower are still to be seen, bearing the name of “Rymer’s Castle.” The inscription on the front wall of the church at Earlston—

“Auld Rymer’s race
Lies in this place”—

although a modernised copy of a more ancient stone, is also an additional memorial of one whose name is deservedly venerated by his countrymen.

The popular belief in the prophetic genius of Thomas the Rhymer is traceable in the first instance to the works that emanated from his own pen. To this fact, if to no other, tradition bears uniform testimony. As prophet and poet—thus he was celebrated at the time of his death, and thus he has been described by Wyntoun, Harry the minstrel, and other writers of subsequent dates. Only by the fact that he assumed the character of a seer can we reasonably account for the forged and perverted productions which have appeared from time to time in association with his name. These compositions, bearing as they do upon political events, and the trials and fortunes of the Scottish race, must have drawn their inspiration, primarily, from the works of Thomas the Rhymer himself. In this connection it will be interesting to revert to the popular legend relating to the secret of his power to foretell future events. The story is well told by Sir Walter Scott, and we give it in his words. “The popular tale bears, that Thomas was carried off, at an early

age, to the Fairy Land, where he acquired all the knowledge which made him afterwards so famous. After seven years' residence, he was permitted to return to the earth, to enlighten and astonish his countrymen by his prophetic powers; still, however, remaining bound to return to his royal mistress, when she should intimate her pleasure. Accordingly, while Thomas was making merry with his friends, in the tower of Ercildoun, a person came running in, and told, with marks of fear and astonishment, that a hart and hind had left the neighbouring forest, and were composedly and slowly parading the street of the village. The prophet instantly arose, left his habitation, and followed the wonderful animals to the forest, whence he was never seen to return. According to the popular belief, he still "drees his weird" in Fairy Land, and is expected one day to re-visit earth."

As the author of the first classical English romance, Thomas will be chiefly remembered by the literati of the two (now united) countries. In this way he was commemorated by his great English contemporary, Robert de Brunne. This celebrated romance, entitled "Sir Tristrem," was rescued from oblivion at the beginning of the present century, when a copy of it—the only copy known to exist—was discovered in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, and published, with introduction and notes, by Sir Walter Scott. In or about the year 1299, the prophetic soul of Thomas the Rhymer passed away.

Extract from "Sir Tristrem."

In numbers high, the witching tale
The prophet pour'd along;
No after bard might e'er avail
Those numbers to prolong.
Yet fragments of the lofty strain
Float down the tide of years,
As, buoyant on the stormy main,
A parted wreck appears.
He sung King Arthur's table round :
The warrior of the lake ;
How courteous Gawaine met the wound,
And bled for ladies' sake.
But chief, in gentle Tristrem's praise,
The notes melodious swell ;
Was none excell'd, in Arthur's days,
The knight of Lionelle.
For Marke, his cowardly uncle's right,
A venom'd wound he bore ;
When fierce Morholde he slew in fight,
Upon the Irish shore.

With gentle hand and soothing tongue,
 She bore the leech's part ;
 And, while she o'er his sick-bed hung,
 He paid her with his heart.

O fatal was the gift, I ween !
 For, doom'd in evil tide,
 The maid must be rude Cornwall's queen,
 His cowardly uncle's bride.

Their loves, their woes, the gifted bard
 In fairy tissue wove ;
 Where lords, and knights, and ladies bright,
 In gay confusion strove.

The Garde Joyeuse, amid the tale,
 High rear'd its glittering head ;
 And Avalon's enchanted vale
 In all its wonders spread.

Brengwain was there, and Segramore,
 And fiend-born Merlin's gramarye ;
 Of that famed wizard's mighty lore,
 O who could sing but he ?

Through many a maze the winning song
 In changeful passion led,
 Till bent at length the listening throng
 O'er Tristrem's dying bed.

His ancient wounds their scars expand ;
 With agony his heart is wrung :
 O where is Isolde's lily hand,
 And where her soothing tongue ?

She comes, she comes ! like flash of flame
 Can lover's footsteps fly :
 She comes, she comes !—she only came
 To see her Tristrem die.

She saw him die : her latest sigh
 Join'd in a kiss his parting breath :
 The gentlest pair that Britain bare,
 United are in death.

There paused the harp ; its lingering sound
 Died slowly on the ear ;
 The silent guests still bent around,
 For still they seem'd to hear.

No art the poison might withstand ;
 No medicine could be found,
 Till lovely Isolde's lily hand
 Had probed the rankling wound.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

1771—1832.

By SAMUEL JAMES CAPPER.

AUTHOR OF "SKETCHES OF AND FROM JEAN PAUL RICHTER;"
"WANDERINGS IN WAR-TIME" "THE SHORES AND
CITIES OF THE BODEN SEE."

WALTER SCOTT first appeared in print in 1796 in a translation of Bürger's "Leonora"; in 1805 he published the "Lay of the Last Minstrel"; in 1814 "Waverley" saw the light. Between the former date, 1796, and 1832, or for thirty-six years, the life of Scott presents, perhaps, the most extraordinary spectacle of literary activity that the world has ever seen. Poem followed poem in rapid succession, and when the novels achieved a far greater success than the poems, novel followed novel. Nor was this all; he produced an uninterrupted stream of review articles, criticisms, biographies, and histories, as though he were not at the same time exercising a prodigious creative activity. In 1797 he married Miss Carpenter. In 1826 by the failure of Constable & Co., and Ballantyne & Co., of which firms he was a partner, he found himself involved in the enormous load of debt of £147,000. He would not hear of any composition or arrangement with his creditors, nor did he despair; like his own *Fitz James*—

His back against a rock he bore
And firmly placed his foot before.

or, like the noble Scots clustered around James IV. at Flodden
No thought was there of dastard flight.

He determined to pay off the whole debt, and, in order to do it, redoubled his already phenomenal literary activity. In spite of the great literary fecundity of Anthony Trollope, or the huge book manufactory of Alexander Dumas the elder, the world has probably never witnessed such a combination of plodding unswerving industry with the continual exercise of the highest gifts of the imagination. "Gentlemen," he said to his creditors, "Time and I "against any two. Let me take this good ally into my company, and, I "believe, I shall be able to pay you every farthing." The strain was too great, he sank, worn out and paralysed, a prematurely old man at sixty-two, but he was victor; from the profits of the complete edition of his works the whole of the enormous debt was paid shortly after his death. Told in two words, this is the story of the life of Scott, a sad and yet an heroic story. In the

room where Shakespeare first saw the light in Stratford-on-Avon, on one of the window frames is cut with a diamond the signature of Walter Scott. It is fitting it should be there, and that thus, after a fashion, the two great masters should seem to come into touch. Shakespeare passed out of fashion, and was regarded as a sort of barbarian by the wits of the eighteenth century, and it is largely owing to the taste and critical faculty of Germany that we owe the universal recognition of his unrivalled supremacy. Carlyle spoke slightlying of Scott, and an able writer in the Penny Cyclopædia in 1841 says: "How much of the European fame of Scott has been a consequence of "genuine poetical power, and likely to endure, how much of it has been the "result of accidental circumstances, and soon to die away, it is yet too early "to decide. The contemporaries of a man of genius are no more able to "estimate his intellectual stature and proportions aright than the man who "stands close under the wall of Westminster Abbey would be to decide upon "its architectural merits. Time alone can decide how much of his writings "will survive, and what place they will permanently occupy in the estimation "of the literary world." Since these words were penned half a century has gone, and nearly two generations of men have passed away since his death, but the fame of the mighty master has suffered no shadow of eclipse. In spite of all competitors for the favour of the reading public, men and women of the present day who can treat of things as they are with the intense interest of actuality, edition after edition of Sir Walter Scott's works is constantly issuing from the press, each vieing with its predecessor in beauty or in cheapness, and as these lines are written a notice appears that a library edition will shortly be issued, with critical notes, from the pen of Mr. Andrew Lang. The Duchess of Rutland remarks in a recent paper that every well-educated person in Germany is expected to be familiar with all Scott's characters. Probably there is no civilized language into which his works have not been translated and in which they are not at this moment largely read. In 1841 we were too near to the magician to judge whether or no his fame was evanescent; in 1891 we are in no such difficulty. The verdict is given by the common consensus of three generations of men "that he is worthy on fame's eternal bede-roll to be filed."

What can be said more?

Deprecatory and adverse criticism still continues, as an illustration of which take W. M. Rosetti's prefatory notice to an edition of his poems recently published, where *i.a.* we find: "It is not untrue to say that Scott, "though continually spirited, is also very frequently tame, and not free from "tameness even in his distinctively spirited passages. His phrases, when you "pause upon them are full of common place. He is not, and never can be, "the poet of literary readers." This may all be true, but in spite of every defect, his genius charms us in our early boyhood, and in the sham and stress of the battle of life it soothes us as few other writers can, and when life's struggles lie mostly behind us, the interests of the creation of Sir Walter Scott still remain. Amid the uncertainty and doubt by which we are surrounded, one thing is certain—the law of heredity—that like begets like, and the study of his ancestry throws much light upon the genius and the moral and intellectual character of Scott.

He says "My birth was neither distinguished nor sordid. According to 'the prejudices of my country it was esteemed gentle.'" The Scotts in a direct line had been cattle rearers and border chiefs for many generations, one famous ancestor being Walter Scott, commonly called "Bearded," and another still further back Auld Watt, of Harden. "No bad genealogy for a border minstrel," he says. His father was the painstaking and very methodical attorney, while his mother was the daughter of a medical man of some distinction, Dr. Rutherford. It is curious that both on his father's and his mother's side there is a strain of quaker ancestry. His poetry is said to be the most Homeric since Homer, yet he had not the slightest possible knowledge of Greek. But the feuds and forays of the border clans, their loves and hates, their martial joys, and battle estacies and agonies, were all akin to the similar emotions of the Greeks and Trojans of whom Homer sang.

Scott had a memory of marvellous retentiveness, and from his earliest boyhood he had been an "intense and omnivorous student." The "extempore speed" with which he wrote was then simply the rapid pouring out of what all life long he had been storing. In this slight sketch it is impossible to speak of his many sided character. Most forbearing tender husband, unselfish and generous father, intense patriot if somewhat narrow and fanatical political partisan, which did not, however, prevent him from sympathising with all sorts and conditions of men and women, with the stern unbending gloomy covenanter, as well as the, to him, much more congenial gay cavalier. Probably no man ever had better right to use the noble utterance of Terence "Homo sum humani nihil a me alienum puto."

One or two anecdotes and this sketch must close. Home, [q.v.] the once famous author of *Douglas*, when very old remarked to an aunt of Sir Walter Scott's at Bath, "I quite grieve for that poor little fellow with the withered 'limb. What a painful sight to his anxious parents to witness a loved one so 'suddenly doomed to a life of inertness and mortification.'" Niebuhr the great historian, spoke of him a few years later as "dull in appearance and intellect." Yet probably it was that withered limb that shaped his destiny and fashioned his genius. But for that physical drawback he would undoubtedly have adopted the profession of arms, and he might have given up to his country "what was meant for mankind." Likely enough his career would have closed in the breach at Badajos, or on some blood red field of Spain. Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, tells the following:—"He, Jeffery "Curwen Southey and some other body—query the Shepherd himself—were "sailing one fine day on Derwent Water when Jeffery to amuse the party "took from his pocket, the manuscript of his review of *Marmion* for the "Edinburgh Review and read it throughout. This I think was honest in "Jeffery but the rest of the company were astonished at his insolences, and "at some pages did not know which way to look. When he had finished he "said: 'Well Scott what think you of it? what shall be done about it?' "At all events I have taken my resolution what to do' said Scott 'I'll just "sink the boat.'" The review was modified.

It was an odd fancy of Scott to keep the authorship of the *Waverley* Novels a secret. My late friend Archdeacon Philpott, who died at the age of 98, in 1889, was present at the banquet given by George IV. at Leith on the occasion of his memorable progress to Scotland shortly after his coronation,

when, putting some grapes on a plate, the King addressed a gentleman in attendance and commanded him to hand them to the author of *Waverley*. Scott accepted the grapes, and thus for the first time openly acknowledged the authorship. The author being for years unknown, enabled Scott to adopt the questionable practice of at least once reviewing his own works in the *Quarterly Review*, but the world is prepared to ratify the judgment he then passed upon himself.

"The volume which this author has studied is the great book of nature. "He has gone abroad into the world in quest of what the world will certainly "and abundantly supply, but what a man of discrimination alone will find, "and a man of the very highest genius will alone digest after he has discovered it. The characters of Shakespere are not more exclusively human "nor more perfectly men and women as they live and move, than those of this "mysterious author." Some of us would prefer to part with Sir John Falstaff rather than with Sir Dugald Dalgetty.

The last scene of his life is a sad one. He had conquered in his determination to maintain his integrity and pay off every shilling of debt, but the long-sustained and the tremendous effort had cost him his life. The Whig Government, to which he had always given a consistent and unmitigated hostility, chivalrously put a vessel of war at his service to take him to sunny Italy, if that might yet restore his health. In vain; and as he felt the end approaching, he felt in the words of Matheson—

"I long to see once more before I die
The fields in which I wandered when a child ;
Where all the happy dreams of opening life
Around me hovered."

He longed with unspeakable longing to see Abbotsford again, and to hear the splash of the Tweed, and his wish was granted.

He reached home but only to die. "I remember," says the faithful Laidlaw, "that one fine afternoon when the sun was shining bright into his "bedroom, but he was very low, I said, 'Cheer up, Sir Walter, you used to "say Time and I against any two,' upon which he raised himself on his elbows pushed back his nightcap, and merely saying "vain boast," fell back upon his pillow.

ALAS! ALAS! FOR HUMAN GREATNESS.

SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI.

Lochinvar.

OH, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best ;
And save his good broadsword he weapons had none,
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none ;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late,
For a laggard in love and a dastard in war
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
Among bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all :
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
" Oh, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar ? "

" I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied ;—
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide ;
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet : the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lip, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
" Now tread we a measure ! " said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a gilliard did grace :
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume ;
And the bride-maidens whispered, " 'Twere better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall door, and the charger stood near ;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung !
" She is won ! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur ;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan ;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran ;
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee.
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love and so dauntless in war,
Have you e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar ?

Extract from the "Death of Marmion."

SHE filled the helm, and back she hied,
And with surprise and joy espied

A monk supporting Marmion's head ;
A pious man, whom duty brought
To dubious verge of battle fought,
To shrive the dying, bless the dead.

Deep drank Lord Marmion of the wave,
And, as she stooped his brow to lave—
"Is it the hand of Clare ?" he said,
"Or injured Constance, bathes my head ?"
Then as remembrance rose,—

" Speak not to me of shrift or prayer !
I must redress her woes.

Short space, few words, are mine to spare ;
Forgive and listen, gentle Clare."

"Alas !" she said, "the while !
Oh, think of your immortal weal !
In vain for Constance is your zeal ;
She—died at Holy Isle."

Lord Marmion started from the ground,
As light as if he felt no wound,
Though in the action burst the tide
In torrents from his wounded side.

"Then it was truth," he said ; "I knew
That the dark presage must be true.—
I would the Fiend, to whom belongs
The vengeance due to all her wrongs,

Would spare me but a day !
For wasting fire, and dying groan,
And priests slain on the altar-stone,

Might bribe him for delay.

It may not be !—this dizzy trance—
Curse on yon base marauder's lance,
And doubly cursed my failing brand !
A sinful heart makes feeble hand."

Then, fainting, down on earth he sunk,
Supported by the trembling monk.

With fruitless labour, Clara bound
And strove to stop the gushing wound :
The monk, with unavailing cares,
Exhausted all the Church's prayers.
Ever he said, that, close and near,

A lady's voice was in his ear,
And that the priest he could not hear,
For that she ever sung,
“*In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle with groans of the dying!*”
So the notes rung:—
“Avoid thee, Fiend!—with cruel hand
Shake not the dying sinner's sand;
Oh, look, my son, upon your sign
Of the Redeemer's grace divine;
Oh, think on faith and bliss,
By many a death-bed I have been,
And many a sinner's parting seen,
But never aught like this.”
The war, that for a space did fail,
Now trebly thundering swelled the gale,
And—STANLEY! was the cry.
A light on Marmion's visage spread,
And fired his glazing eye;
With dying hand, above his head
He shook the fragment of his blade,
And shouted “Victory!—
Charge, Chester, charge! on, Stanley, on!”
Were the last words of Marmion.

Time,

TIME rolls his ceaseless course. The race of yore,
Who danced our infancy upon their knee,
And told our marvelling boyhood legends store
Of their strange ventures happ'd by land or sea,
How are they blotted from the things that be!
How few, all weak and withered of their force,
Wait on the verge of dark eternity,
Like stranded wrecks, the tide returning hoarse,
To sweep them from our sight! Time rolls his ceaseless course.

The Bible.

WITHIN that awful volume lies
 The mystery of mysteries.
 Happiest they of human race
 To whom God has granted grace
 To read, to fear, to hope, to pray,
 To lift the latch, and force the way ;
 And better had they ne'er been born
 Who read to doubt, or read to scorn.

Constancy,

WHEN the tempest's at the loudest,
 On its gale the eagle rides ;
 When the ocean rolls the proudest,
 Through the foam the sea-bird glides—
 All the rage of wind and sea
 Is subdued in Constancy.

Gnawing want and sickness pining,
 All the ills that men endure,
 Each their various pangs combining,
 Constancy can find a cure :
 Pain, and Fear, and Poverty,
 Are subdued by Constancy.

Bar me from each wonted pleasure,
 Make me abject, mean, and poor ;
 Heap on insults without measure,
 Chain me to a dungeon floor—
 I'll be happy, rich, and free,
 If endowed with Constancy.

Rebecca's Hymn.

WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage cam',
Her fathers' God before her moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame.
By day, along the astonished lands
The clouded pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answered keen,
And Zion's daughters pour'd their lays,
With priest's and warrior's voice between.
No potents now our foes amaze,
Forsaken Israel wanders lone:
Our fathers would not know **THY** ways,
And **THOU** hast left them to their own.

But present still, though now unseen;
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of **THEE** a cloudy screen
To temper the deceitful ray.
And oh, when stoops on Judah's path
In shade and storm the frequent night,
Be **THOU**, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light!

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,
The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn;
No censer round our altar beams,
And mute our timbrel, harp, and horn.
But **THOU** hast said, The blood of goat,
The flesh of rams I will not prize;
A contrite heart, a humble thought,
Are mine accepted sacrifice.

The Greenwood.

'Tis merry in greenwood,—thus runs the old lay,—
 In the gladsome month of lively May,
 When the wild birds' song on stem and spray
 Invites to forest bower;
 Then rears the ash his airy crest,
 Then shines the birch in silver vest,
 And the beech in glistening leaves is drest,
 And dark between shows the oak's proud breast,
 Like a chieftain's frowning tower;
 Though a thousand branches join their screen,
 Yet the broken sunbeams glance between,
 And tip the leaves with lighter green,
 With brighter tints the flower;
 Dull is the heart that loves not then
 The deep recess of the wildwood glen,
 Where roe and red deer find sheltering den,
 When the sun is in his power.

Less merry, perchance, is the fading leaf
 That follows so soon on the gathered sheaf
 When the greenwood loses the name;
 Silent is then the forest bound,
 Save the redbreast's note, and the rustling sound
 Of frost-nipt leaves that are drooping round,
 Or the deep-mouthèd cry of the distant hound
 That opens on his game;
 Yet then, too, I love the forest wide,
 Whether the sun in splendour ride,
 And gild its many-coloured side;
 Or whether the soft and silvery haze,
 In vapoury folds, o'er the landscape strays,
 And half involves the woodland maze
 Like an early widow's veil,
 Where wimpling tissue from the gaze
 The form half hides, and half betrays,
 Of beauty wan and pale.

WILLIAM B. SCOTT.

1811—

BY JAMES GRANT WILSON.

WILLIAM BELL SCOTT was born at St. Leonard's, near Edinburgh, September 12, 1811. The house then inhabited by his father Robert Scott, a landscape-engraver, was an old-fashioned villa, standing by itself, with a coat of arms over the doorway, both outside and inside of the house showing the characteristics of by-past days. Here his boyhood was passed with his two elder brothers and a sister younger than himself, who died when he was still in his teens. His father had at this time a large workshop in Edinburgh, which the boys were in the habit of frequenting; and David the eldest having learned to engrave and etch, finally became a painter, the same course being followed by William. The boys were educated at the high-school of their native city; but our author, who in after years has written so much in biography, criticism, and poetry, does not appear to have been distinguished as a pupil.

The earliest metrical compositions of William are described as of a very ambitious character, his first being a tragedy of the wildest description, which he diffidently persuaded his companions he had picked up in the street! His first published poem was the "Address to P. B. Shelley," revised and reprinted in his late illustrated volume. It appeared in *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine* in 1831-32, and was followed by other pieces, and by several in the "Edinburgh University Souvenir," published at Christmas, 1834. This volume, emulating the annuals then fashionable, was written and produced by a few students in the theological section, these being the most intimate friends of Scott at this time, although he had long before entered the Trustees' Academy of Art, and had determined his path in life.

At the age of twenty-five he resolved to leave Edinburgh, and proceeded to London in September, 1836. He here became acquainted with Leigh Hunt, who was then editing the *Monthly Repository*, in which Scott printed a poem of considerable length called "Rosabell," afterwards rechristened "Mary Anne," by which he became favourably known. In 1838, when he

was beginning to exhibit at the British Institution and elsewhere, he issued his first book, a very small one, called "Hades, or the Transit," two poems with two etchings by himself. This little volume, like his later ones the "Year of the World" and "Poems by a Painter," both of which in their original form were to some extent illustrated with designs by himself, is now an object of rarity and prized as such, although we believe the author would rather it had never been published at all, as the second of the two poems is a juvenile expression of the fact that there is a progress in human affairs as represented by history; and as this formed the motive in the scheme of the only large poem he has produced, the "Year of the World," which is so able and splendid as a whole, he would rather that the latter had stood quite alone.

Before the "Year of the World" was produced Scott had taken a step which seriously militated against his position as a historical painter, by connecting himself with the newly-formed Government Schools of Design, and by leaving London, the centre of the arts in England. Having organized the School of Art at Newcastle-on-Tyne, however, he was fortunate to be commissioned by Sir Walter Trevelyan to paint eight important pictures for the saloon of his large house at Wallington. These pictures, four of the ancient and four of the later "History of the English Border," are among the few excellent monumental works in painting yet existing in England.

Morning.

FAIR morn, whose promise never dies,
 Distributor of gifts, fair morn!
 She seems to blow a magic horn,
 From the conscious tops of hills,
 That makes the world lift glad fresh eyes.
 All the trees quiver, and the rills
 Leap forward with a child's surprise :
 The spell of dreams
 Fades before that magic voice
 Nature calling to rejoice,
 Everything in earth or air,
 Answers everywhere,
 Making rainbows span the skies,
 Scattering flowers on hastening streams,
 Fulfilling prophecies.

REV. JOHN SKINNER.

1721—1807.

By REV. S. H. PARKES, M.A. F.R.A.S.

JOHN SKINNER was born at Balfour, in the parish of Birse, Aberdeen, on October 3rd, 1721. He was educated at Marischal College, Aberdeen, and was for some years schoolmaster at Kemnay and Monymusk. Whilst at the latter place he attracted the attention of Lady Archibald Grant, who obtained for him her husband's patronage. He ultimately became an inmate of their mansion, and had the unrestricted use of their family library. His residence there was eventually the means of his joining the Episcopal Ministry, into which he was ordained by Bishop Dunbar, at Peterhead, in November 1742. He was then appointed to the pastoral charge of the people of Longside, where he officiated for the long period of sixty-five years, residing all that time in a small thatched cottage at Linshart. During the rebellion, his chapel was destroyed by the soldiers of the Duke of Cumberland, who accused him of not having subscribed to the oath of allegiance, and, not satisfied with this wanton act of sacrilege, they detained Mr. Skinner in the jail at Aberdeen for six months. He died at the residence of his son—the Rev. John Skinner, Bishop of Aberdeen—on June 16th, 1807. His remains were interred in the church-yard of Longside, and his congregation marked his resting place by a handsome monument, bearing on a marble tablet an elegant tribute to the remembrance of his kindly and genial virtues. As a poet, Mr. Skinner had courted the Muse of his country, and from early youth had composed poetry in the Scottish dialect. Whilst still a lad he took delight in repeating the long poem by James I. [q.v.] of "Christ Kirk on the Green," which he translated into Latin verse. He was on terms of intimacy with and a regular correspondent of Burns. He wrote an "Ecclesiastical History of Scotland," 1788, in two volumes; several "Theological Essays;" and "An Essay towards a literal or true radical exposition of the Song of Songs." Bishop Skinner, two years after his father's death, issued his "Miscellaneous works, with a memoir;" after which a third volume was added, containing the author's compositions in Latin verse, and his fugitive songs and ballads in the Scottish dialect. In 1859 Mr H. G. Reid published at Peterhead, Mr. Skinner's "Songs and Poems," to which he affixed a well written biography.

Tullochgorum.

COMR gie's a sang, Montgomery cried,
 And lay your disputes all aside ;
 What signifies 't for folks to chide
 For what was done before them ?
 Let Whig and Tory all agree,
 Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory,
 Whig and Tory all agree,
 To drop their Whig-mig-morum ;
 Let Whig and Tory all agree
 To spend the night wi' mirth and glee,
 And cheerful sing alang wi' me
 The Reel o' Tullochgorum.

O Tullochgorum's my delight,
 It gars us a' in ane unite,
 And ony sumph that keeps a spite,
 In conscience I abhor him :
 For blythe and cheerie we'll be a'
 Blythe and cheerie, blythe and cheerie,
 Blythe and cheerie we'll be a',
 And mak' a happy quorum :
 For blythe and cheerie we'll be a',
 As lang as we hae breath to draw,
 And dance, till we be like to fa',
 The Reel o' Tullochgorum.

What needs there be sae great a fraise
 Wi' dringing dull Italian lays ?
 I wadna gie our ain Strathspeys
 For half a hunder score o' them ;
 They're dowf and dowie at the best,
 Dowf and dowie, dowf and dowie,
 Dowf and dowie at the best,
 Wi' a' their variorum ;
 They're dowf and dowie at the best,
 Their *allegros* and a' the rest,
 They canna please a Scottish taste,
 Compared wi' Tullochgorum.

Let warldly worms their minds oppress
Wi' fears o' want and double cess,
And sullen sots themsells distress
 Wi' keeping up decorum :
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
 Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,
 Sour and sulky shall we sit,
 Like old philosophorum ?
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,
Nor ever try to shake a fit
 To th' Reel o' Tullochgorum.

May choicest blessings aye attend
Each honest, open-hearted friend,
And calm and quiet be his end,
 And a' that's good watch o'er him ;
May peace and plenty be his lot,
 Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,
 Peace and plenty be his lot,
 And danties a great store o' them :
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Unstain'd by any vicious spot,
And may he never want a groat,
 That's fond o' Tullochgorum !

But for the sullen, frumpish fool,
That loves to be oppression's tool,
May envy gnaw his rotten soul,
 And discontent devour him ;
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
 Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow,
 Dool and sorrow be his chance,
 And nane say, Wae's me for him !
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
Wi' a' the ills that come frae France,
Wha e'er he be that winna dance
 The Reel o' Tullochgorum.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

1774—1810.

By GEORGE NEWNES, M.P.

EDITOR "TIT-BITS," THE "STRAND MAGAZINE," ETC.

ROBERT TANNAHILL was born in Paisley, June 3, 1774. After leaving school he was apprenticed to the weaving trade, and some of his best songs were composed while sitting at the loom. About 1800 he came to England, where he worked for two years as a weaver at Bolton. He afterwards returned to Paisley, where he lived for the remainder of his life. In 1807 the first edition of his poems and songs was published. In a fit of despondency he destroyed all his unpublished songs, and the improved versions of those he had already published. In the end he seems to have become a little deranged in his mind, and on the 17th May, 1810, he put an end to his own life by throwing himself into a pool in which he was drowned. Dr. Rogers says of Tannahill: "The 'victim of disappointments which his sensitive temperament could not endure, Tannahill was naturally of an easy and cheerful disposition. As a child, his exemplary behaviour was so conspicuous, that mothers were satisfied of their children's safety if they learned that they were in company with 'Bob Tannahill.' Inoffensive in his own disposition, he entertained every respect for the feelings of others. He enjoyed the intercourse of particular friends, but avoided general society; in company, he seldom talked, and only with a neighbour; he shunned the acquaintance of persons of rank, because he disliked patronage, and dreaded superciliousness. His conversation was simple; he possessed, but seldom used, considerable powers of satire; but he applied his keenest shafts of sarcasm against the votaries of cruelty. In performing acts of kindness he took delight, but he was scrupulous of accepting

favours; he was strong in the love of independence, and had saved twenty pounds at the period of his death. His general appearance did not indicate intellectual superiority; his countenance was calm and meditative, his eyes were grey, and his hair a light-brown. In person, he was under the middle size. Not ambitious of general learning, he confined his reading chiefly to poetry. His poems are inferior to his songs: of the latter will be found admirers while the Scottish language is sung or understood. Abounding in genuine sweetness and graceful simplicity, they are pervaded by the gentlest pathos.

The Midges Dance Aboon the Burn,

THE midges dance aboon the burn,
The dews begin to fa',
The patricks down the rushy holm
Set up their e'enig ca'.
Now loud and clear the blackbird's sang
Rings through the briery shaw,
While flitting gay, the swallows play
Around the castle wa'.

Beneath the golden gloamin' sky
The mavis mends her lay;
The redbreast pours his sweetest strains
To charm the ling'ring day.
While weary yeldrens seem to wail
Their little nestlings torn,
The merry wren frae den to den
Gaes jinking through the thorn.

The roses fauld their silken leaves,
The foxglove shuts its bell,
The honeysuckle and the birk
Spread fragrance through the dell.
Let others crowd the giddy court
Of mirth and revelry;
The simple joys that nature yields
Are dearer far to me.

Jessie, the Flower o' Dumblane.

THE sun has gane down o'er the lofty Benlomond,
 And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene,
 Whileланely I stray in the calm simmer gloamin'
 To muse on sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.
 How sweet is the brier, wi' its saft faulding blossom,
 And sweet is the birk, wi' its mantle o' green;
 Yet sweeter and fairer, and dear to this bosom,
 Is lovely young Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.

She's modest as ony, and blythe as she's bonny;
 For guileless simplicity marks her its ain;
 And far be the villain, divested of feeling,
 Wha'd blight, in its bloom, the sweet flower o' Dumblane.
 Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the e'enig,
 Thou'rt dear to the echoes of Calderwood glen;
 Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,
 Is charming young Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.

How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jessie,
 The sports o' the city seem'd foolish and vain;
 I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear lassie,
 Till charm'd with sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.
 Though mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,
 Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain;
 And reckon as naething the height o' its splendour,
 If wanting sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.

The Braes o' Balquhither,

LET us go, lassie, go
To the braes o' Balquhither,
Where the blaeberrys grow
'Mang the bonnie Highland heather;
Where the deer and the rae,
Lightly bounding together,
Sport the lang summer day
On the braes o' Balquhither.

I will twine thee a bower
By the clear siller fountain,
And I'll cover it o'er
Wi' the flowers o' the mountain;
I will range through the winds,
And the deep glens sae dreary,
And return wi' their spoils
To the bower e' my dearie.

When the rude wintry win'
Idly raves round our dwelling,
And the roar of the linn
On the night breeze is swelling;
So merrily we'll sing,
As the storm rattles o'er us,
Till the dear sheiling ring
Wi' the light lilting chorus.

Now the summer is in prime,
Wi' the flow'rs richly blooming,
And the wild mountain thyme
A' the moorlands perfuming;
To our dear native scenes
Let us journey together,
Where glad innocence reigns,
'Mong the braes o' Balquhither.

While the Grey-Pinion'd Lark.

WHILE the grey-pinion'd lark early mounts to the skies
 And cheerily hails the sweet dawn,
 And the sun, newly ris'n, sheds the mist from his eyes
 And smiles over mountain and lawn,—
 Delighted I stray by the fairy wood-side,
 Where the dew-drops the crowflowers adorn,
 And Nature array'd in her midsummer's pride
 Sweetly smiles to the smile of the morn.

Ye dark waving plantings, ye green shady bowers,
 Your charms ever varying I view ;
 My soul's dearest transports, my happiest hours,
 Have owed half their pleasures to you.
 Sweet Ferguslie, hail ! thou the dear sacred grove
 Where first my young Muse spread her wing :
 Here Nature first waken me to rapture and love,
 And taught me her beauties to sing.

Langsyne, Beside the Woodland Burn.

LANGSYNE, beside the woodland burn,
 Amang the broom sae yellow,
 I lean'd me, 'neath the milk-white thorn,
 On nature's mossy pillow :
 A' round my seat the flowers were strew'd
 That frae the wild-wood I had pu'd,
 To weave myself a summer snood,
 To pleasure my dear fellow.

I twined the woodbine round the rose,
 In richer hues to mellow ;
 Green sprigs of fragrant birk I chose
 To bush the sedge sae yellow ;
 The crawflower blue and meadow pink
 I wove in primrose-braided link ;—
 But little, little did I think
 I should have wove the willow.

WILLIAM TENNANT, LL.D.

1784—1848.

By JAMES GRANT WILSON.

WILLIAM TENNANT, LL.D., an accomplished linguist and poet, was born at Anstruther, in Fifeshire, May 15, 1784. Although born without any personal malformation, in infancy the future poet and professor lost the use of both his feet, and was obliged to move upon crutches for the rest of his life. The lame boy was educated at the burgh school of Anstruther, and was sent afterwards to the University of St. Andrews. In his twentieth year he went to Glasgow, where he was employed as clerk to his brother, a corn-factor in that city. His business was afterwards removed to Anstruther, but proving unsuccessful, he suddenly disappeared, leaving William to endure incarceration as if he had been the real debtor. The introductory stanzas of "Anster Fair" are said to have been written whilst he was in durance. After sustaining unmerited reproach he was set free, when he returned to his father's roof, and devoted himself in earnest to authorship. The result was "Anster Fair," which was issued from the obscure press of an Anstruther publisher in 1812. Another little production deserves to be mentioned, as showing the cheerfulness with which he bore the calamity of his lameness—"The Anster Concert," a

brochure of twelve pages, written in 1810, and published at Cupar in January, 1811, purporting to be by *W. Crookley*. In a few years "Anster Fair" found its way to Edinburgh, and attracted the notice of Lord Woodhouselee, who wrote to the publisher for the name of the author, which he said could not long remain concealed; and Lord Jeffrey, in a criticism in the *Edinburgh Review*, declared the poem one of the most talented and remarkable productions of its kind that had yet appeared.

As it was not by literature that Tennant meant to maintain himself, he became a schoolmaster, the occupation for which he was educated. His first school was in the parish of Denino, a few miles from St. Andrews. It speaks not a little for his contented spirit and moderate wishes, that he accepted a situation yielding but £48 per annum at a time when he had obtained celebrity as a poet, and was known as one of the ablest linguists of the land. But, for the time being, he was content with his humble cottage, and access to the library of St. Andrews College; and here, without any other teacher than books, he made himself master of the Arabic, Persian, and Syriac languages. His next situation was the more lucrative one of parish schoolmaster at Lasswade, where he remained until January, 1819, when he was appointed a teacher of the classical and oriental languages in the newly established and richly endowed institution of Dollar.

Tennant's next publication was a poem called "Papistry Storm'd, or the Dingin' Doun o' the Cathedral," followed in 1822 by an epic under the title of the "Thane of Fife," having for its theme the invasion of the east coast of Fife by the Danes in the ninth century. The year after appeared "Cardinal Beaton, a Tragedy in five acts," and in 1825 he published another poem entitled "John Baliol." None of these publications met with success, nor did they add anything to the author's reputation. In 1831 the chair of oriental languages in St. Mary's College, St. Andrews, became vacant, and Tennant offered himself as a candidate, but Dr. Scott, of Corstorphine, a rival candidate, was preferred. He remained three years longer at Dollar, when the professorship again becoming vacant by the death of Dr. Scott, he was appointed to it. In this way, by a series of steps, he ascended from the lowest to one of the highest grades of Scottish academical distinction. Tennant's last work, published in 1845, was entitled "Hebrew Dramas, founded on Incidents in Bible History," and consisted of three dramatic compositions. He was also the author of a Syriac and Chaldee grammar, and of a memoir of Allan Ramsay, published with his works, which he put forth as the pioneer of an edition of the Scottish poets. As a prose writer he never attained any distinction. He contributed numerous articles to the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, none of which, however, exhibit any peculiar excellence. Tennant usually spent his summer months at his own villa of Devongrove, near Dollar, and here he breathed his last, October 15, 1848, in his sixty-fourth year. A memoir of his life and writings by Matthew Foster Conolly appeared in 1861.

Ode to Spring.

DAUGHTER of God ! that sits on high,
Amid the dances of the sky,
And guidest with thy gentle sway
The planets on their tuneful way ;
Sweet Peace ! shall ne'er again
The smile of thy most holy face,
From thine ethereal dwelling-place
Rejoice the wretched weary race
Of discord-breathing men ?
Too long, O gladness-giving queen !
Thy tarrying in heaven has been ;
Too long o'er this fair blooming world
The flag of blood has been unfurled,
Polluting God's pure day ;
Whilst, as each maddening people reels,
War onward drives his scythed wheels,
And at his horse's bloody heels
Shriek murder and dismay.

Oft have I wept to hear the cry
Of widow wailing bitterly ;
To see the parent's silent tear
For children fallen beneath the spear ;
And I have felt so sore
The sense of human guilt and woe,
That I, in virtue's passioned glow,
Have cursed (my soul was wounded so)
The shape of man I bore !
Then come from thy serene abode,
Thou gladness-giving child of God !
And cease the world's ensanguined strife,
And reconcile my soul to life ;
For much I long to see,
Ere to the grave I down descend,
Thy hand her blessed branch extend,
And to the world's remotest end
Wave love and harmony !

WILLIAM THOM.

1789—1848.

BY THE REV. BENJAMIN MAYOU.

ASSOCIATE IN THEOLOGY, KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON; FORMERLY
VICAR OF BADDESLEY, ENSOR.

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WILLIAM THOM was born at Aberdeen in 1789. At the age of ten he was put to a cotton manufacturer as apprentice, with whom he remained four years. When "out of his time" he was engaged by Messrs. Gordon, Barron & Co. at their large weaving factory. Losing this employment after twenty years' servitude, owing to commercial depression, he was compelled to sell his household furniture, and with the proceeds of the sale he commenced the precarious career of a pedlar. Always of a poetical turn of mind, some of the verses he had composed in early manhood were printed as broadsides, and these he sold during his wanderings over the district he travelled. Tiring of this kind of existence, Thom resought employment as a weaver in Aberdeen, where he remained till 1840. He then proceeded to Inverury, and whilst there composed some beautiful verses entitled "The Blind Boy's Pranks." These first appeared in the columns of the *Aberdeen Herald*, and were immediately copied into several prominent newspapers. His status as a poet owing to this fact was permanently ensured, he gained the title of the "Inverury Poet," and friends arose on every hand. A gentleman of Aberdeenshire (Mr. Gordon of Knockespock) made him a handsome donation, and eventually took him to London and introduced him to the fashionable and literary circles of the metropolis. In 1844 he issued a volume of poems with a memoir, entitled "Rhymes and Recollections of a Hand Loom Weaver." This volume was a success in every particular, and on his second visit to the metropolis Thom was entertained to a public dinner by many distinguished literary persons. He then attempted to settle in London in connection with the press, but this step met with no success. He then returned to Scotland, and went to reside at Dundee. He here met with further reverses, and after a period pregnant with hardship and want of the most stringent character, he died February 29th, 1848.

The Mitherless Bairns.

WHEN a' ither bairnies are hush'd to their hame
 By aunty, or cousin, or frecky grand-dame,
 Wha stands last and lanely, an' naebody carin' ?
 'Tis the puir doited loonie—the mitherless bairn !

The mitherless bairn gangs to his lane bed,
 Nane covers his cauld back, or haps his bare head ;
 His wee hackit heelies are hard as the airm,
 An' lithelss the lair o' the mitherless bairn.

Aneath his cauld brow siccans hover there,
 O' hands that wont kindly to kame his dark hair ;
 But mornin' brings clutches, a' reckless an' stern,
 That lo'e nae the locks o' the mitherless bairn !

Yon sister that sang o'er his saftly-rock'd bed
 Now rests in the mools where her mammie is laid ;
 The father toils sair their wee bannock to earn,
 An' kens na' the wrangs o' his mitherless bairn.

Her spirit that pass'd in yon hour o' his birth,
 Still watches his wearisome wanderings on earth ;
 Recording in heaven the blessings they earn,
 Wha couthilie deal wi' the mitherless bairn !

Oh ! speak him na' harshly—he trembles the while,
 He bends to your bidding, and blesses your smile ;
 In their dark hour o' anguish the heartless shall learn
 That God deals the blow for the mitherless bairn !

JAMES THOMSON.

1700—1748.

BY REV. JAMES TAYLOR, D.D.

JAMES THOMSON, the author of "The Seasons," was born at Ednam, near Kelso, in Roxburghshire, on the 11th of September, 1700. His father was minister of that parish, and subsequently of Southdean, near Jedburgh, and his mother, Beatrice, was the daughter and co-heiress of Mr. Trotter, of Fogo, in Berwickshire. Thomson at an early age attracted the attention of the Rev. Robert Riccaltoun, minister of the adjoining parish of Hobkirk, who furnished him with books, and superintended his education at the grammar-school of Jedburgh, which he entered when he was about twelve years of age. Here he received many marks of kindness from Sir William Bennet of Chesters, Lord Cranstoun, and Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto; and encouraged by their approbation, he wrote numerous pieces, which, however, he committed to the flames on every new year's day. As he was intended for the church, Thomson was sent to the University of Edinburgh in 1715. He had the misfortune to lose his father very suddenly under peculiarly painful circumstances in 1718, and his widowed mother having raised what money she could on a small property of which she was co-heiress, removed to Edinburgh with her nine orphan children. James entered the divinity hall in 1719, and in the following year his first published verses appeared in a volume entitled the *Edinburgh Miscellany*, published by a club called the Athenian Society. He prosecuted his theological studies for the usual period of four years; but discouraged by the unfavourable criticism which Mr. Hamilton, the professor of divinity, pronounced upon a flowery and exuberant paraphrase of the 104th Psalm (27th October, 1724), he resolved to try his fortune in the English metropolis. He reached London in the spring of 1725, and obtained, through the influence of Lady Grizel Baillie, the office of tutor in the family of her son, Lord Binning; but he left this situation in the course of a few months, and was reduced to such straits that he had to borrow a few pounds from his friend Cranstoun, pending the sale of the little property in Roxburghshire which fell to him on the death of his mother. He was at this time engaged in the composition of his "Winter," which had been suggested to him by a poetical piece of his

early friend Riccaltoun on the same subject. The poem when completed was sold to a bookseller named Millar for the small sum of three guineas, and was published in March, 1726. It was dedicated to Sir Spencer Compton, speaker of the House of Commons, afterwards Earl of Wilmington, who presented the author with twenty guineas. At this period of his career Thomson was much indebted to his college friend Mallet, [q.v.] who was then tutor to the sons of the Duke of Montrose, and was well qualified to instruct his shy, modest countryman in the art of pushing his fortune. He also obtained the notice and assistance of Aaron Hill, whom he addressed in return in a strain of adulation which Dr. Johnson terms servile. In 1727 appeared "Summer," which was followed by "A Poem sacred to the Memory of Sir Isaac Newton." In the following year Thomson published his "Spring," for which he received fifty guineas; but he must still have been in straitened circumstances, for it is supposed to have been about this time that he was relieved from a spunging-house by the generosity of Quin the actor. Some say, however, that this incident occurred on the loss of his place in 1737. In 1729 Thomson produced his "Britannia," and shortly after (February, 1729-30) his first tragedy, "Sophonisba," was acted at Drury Lane before a crowded and eagerly-expectant audience, but with very moderate success. His series on the seasons was completed by the addition of the fourth, "Autumn," inscribed to Speaker Onslow, in 1730, and the whole was collected and brought out by subscription in a quarto volume. Thomson was now at the height of his fame, and his poetical labours were for a time agreeably interrupted by an invitation, obtained through the influence of Dr. Randle, to attend the eldest son of Lord Talbot in his travels through France and Italy. On his return to England about the close of 1731, he commenced the poem of "Liberty," the first part of which was published in December, 1734, and the last in 1736. Meanwhile Lord Talbot was appointed Chancellor in November, 1733, and immediately conferred upon Thomson the office of secretary of briefs in the Court of Chancery, of which, however, he was deprived on the death of his patron in 1737. But he was to some extent compensated for this loss by receiving from the Prince of Wales a pension of £100 a year. In 1738 he produced his play of "Agamemnon," which was dedicated to the prince, and patronised by a crowd of influential friends, but it proved a failure. In the following year he tried the stage again, but with even less success, for his play, "Edward and Eleonora," was prohibited by the Lord Chamberlain, probably because it contained a flattering portrait of the Prince of Wales, who was in open opposition to the court and the ministry. In 1740 he wrote in conjunction with Mallet the masque of "Alfred," which contains the famous song of "Rule Britannia," generally ascribed to Thomson. In 1744 he was appointed by Mr. Lyttleton to the sinecure office of surveyor-general of the Leeward Isles, which brought him £300 a year. His next production was the tragedy of "Tancred and Sigismunda," the most successful of his dramatic efforts, which was performed at Drury Lane in 1745. His last works were "The Castle of Indolence" and the tragedy of "Coriolanus." The former, which had been in progress for fifteen years, is the most highly finished and poetical of his works. It was published in May, 1748. "Coriolanus" was not produced till after his death, which took place at Richmond on the 27th of August, 1748, in consequence of a fever brought on by imprudent exposure to cold, when he had nearly completed his forty-eighth year. He was buried in Richmond Church.

A monument was erected to his memory, in 1762, in Westminster Abbey from the profits of a splendid edition of his works, which were devoted to this purpose by his "much lov'd friend," Mr. Millar the bookseller. The character of Thomson stands high both as a poet and as a man. His taste was not always equal to his genius, and his diction is frequently redundant and ambitious; but, as Johnson observes, "he thinks in a peculiar train, and he thinks always as a man of genius; he looks round on nature and life with the eye which nature bestows only on a poet—the eye that distinguishes in everything presented to its view whatever there is on which imagination can delight to be detained, and with a mind that at once comprehends the vast, and attends to the minute." His sentiments are of the purest and most elevating character, and, as Lord Lyttelton has justly remarked, his poems contain

"No line which, dying, he could wish to blot."

All his friends agree in stating that benevolence, kindness, amiability, and simplicity were the prominent features of his character. He was careless about money, generous, and unselfish; affectionate and liberal to his relations; and steady in his attachment to his friends. He was, however, fond of repose and somewhat indolent in his habits. In person he was above the middle size and rather stout, and was considered handsome in his youth.

A Hymn on Solitude.

HAIL, mildly pleasing solitude,
Companion of the wise and good !
But from whose holy piercing eye
The herd of fools and villains fly.

Oh ! how I love with thee to walk,
And listen to thy whisper'd talk,
Which innocence and truth imparts,
And melts the most obdurate hearts.

A thousand shapes you wear with ease,
And still in every shape you please.
Now wrapt in some mysterious dream,
A lone philosopher you seem ;
Now quick from hill to vale you fly,
And now you sweep the vaulted sky.
A shepherd next, you haunt the plain,
And warble forth your oaten strain :—
A lover now, with all the grace
Of that sweet passion in your face :
Then, calm'd to friendship, you assume
The gentle-looking Hartford's bloom,

As, with her Musidora, she,
(Her Musidora fond of thee)
Amid the long withdrawing vale,
Awakes the rival'd nightingale.
Thine is the balmy breath of morn,
Just as the dew-bent rose is born ;
And while meridian fervours beat,
Thine is the woodland dumb retreat ;
But chief, when evening scenes decay,
And the faint landscape swims away,
Thine is the doubtful soft decline,
And that best hour of musing thine.

Descending angels bless thy train,
The virtues of the sage, and swain ;
Plain Innocence, in white array'd,
Before thee lifts her fearless head :
Religion's beams around thee shine,
And cheer thy glooms with light divine :
About thee sports sweet Liberty ;
And rapt Urania sings to thee.

Oh, let me pierce thy secret cell,
And in thy deep recesses dwell !
Perhaps from Norwood's oak-clad hill,
When meditation has her fill,
I just may cast my careless eyes
Think of its crimes, its cares, its pain,
Then shield me in the woods again.

The Happy Man.

He's not the happy man, to whom is given
A plenteous fortune by indulgent Heaven ;
Whose gilded roofs on shining columns rise,
And painted walls enchant the gazer's eyes :
Whose table flows with hospitable cheer,
And all the various bounty of the year ;
Whose valleys smile, whose gardens breathe the spring,
Whose carved mountains bleat, and forests sing ;
For whom the cooling shade in summer twines,
While his full cellars give their generous wines ;

From whose wide fields unbounded autumn pours
 A golden tide into his swelling stores :
 Whose winter laughs ; for whom the liberal gales
 Stretch the big sheet, and toiling commerce sails ;
 When yielding crowds attend, and pleasure serves ;
 While youth, and health, and vigour, string his nerves.
 Even not all these, in one rich lot combined,
 Can make the happy man, without the mind ;
 Where judgment sits clear sighted, and surveys
 The chain of reason with unerring gaze ;
 Where fancy lives, and to the brightening eyes,
 His fairer scenes, and bolder figures rise ;
 Where social love exerts her soft command,
 And plays the passions with a tender hand ;
 Whence every virtue flows, in rival strife,
 And all the moral harmony of life.

Nor canst thou, Dodington, this truth decline,
 Thine is the fortune, and the mind is thine.

— — — — —

Charity inspired by Spring,

— — — — —

Hence ! from the bounteous walks
 Of flowing Spring, ye sordid sons of earth,
 Hard and unfeeling of another's woe !
 Or only lavish to yourselves ; away !
 But come, ye generous minds, in whose wide thought,
 Of all his works, creative Bounty burns
 With warmest beam ; and on your open front
 And liberal eye, sits, from his dark retreat
 Inviting modest Want. Nor, till invoked
 Can restless goodness wait : your active search
 Leaves no cold wintry corner unexplored ;
 Like silent-working Heaven, surprising oft
 The lonely heart with unexpected good.
 For you the roving spirit of the wind
 Blows Spring abroad ; for you the teeming clouds
 Descend in gladsome plenty o'er the world ;
 And the sun sheds his kindest rays for you,
 Ye flower of human race ! In these green days,
 Reviving sickness lifts her languid head :
 Life flows afresh ; and young-eyed Health exalts
 The whole creation round. Contentment walks
 The sunny glade, and feels an inward bliss
 Spring o'er his mind, beyond the power of kings
 To purchase.

A Hymn.

THESE, as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, Thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields ; the softening air is balm ;
Echo the mountains round ; the forest smiles ;
And every sense and every heart is joy.
Then comes Thy glory in the Summer months,
With light and heat resplendent. Then Thy sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year ;
And oft Thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks ;
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales,
Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In Winter awful Thou ! with clouds and storms
Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd.
Majestic darkness ! on the whirlwind's wing
Riding sublime, Thou bidd'st the world adore,
And humblest Nature with thy northern blast.
Mysterious round ! what skill, what force divine,
Deep felt, in these appear ! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combined,
Shade, unperceived, so softening into shade,
And all so forming an harmonious whole,
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,
Man marks not Thee, marks not the mighty hand
That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres ;
Works in the secret deep ; shoots, steaming, thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring ;
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day ;
Feeds every creature ; hurls the tempest forth ;
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature, attend ! join every living soul
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join ; and, ardent, raise
One general song ! To him, ye vocal gales,
Breathe soft, whose spirit in your freshness breathes ;
Oh, talk of him in solitary glooms !
Where o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake the astonish'd world, lift high to heaven
The impetuous song, and say from whom you rage,
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills,
And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound,
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale ; and thou, majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound his stupendous praise ; whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits and flowers,
In mingled clouds to Him ; whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
Ye forests, bend, ye harvests, wave to Him ;
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
Great source of day ! best image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On nature write with every beam His praise.
The thunder rolls ; be hush'd the prostrate world ;
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
Bleat out afresh, ye hills : ye mossy rocks,
Retain the sound : the broad responsive low,
Ye valleys, raise ; for the Great Shepherd reigns,
And His unsuffering kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands all, awake : a boundless song
Burst from the groves ! and when the restless day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds, sweet Philomela, charm
The listening shades, and teach the night His praise.
Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,
At once the head, the heart, the tongue of all,
Crown the great Hymn ! In swarming cities vast,
Assembled men, to the deep organ join

The long-resounding voice, oft breaking clear,
At solemn pauses, through the swelling base ;
And, as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardour rise to heaven.
Or if you rather chose the rural shade,
And find a fane in every sacred grove ;
There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still sing the God of Seasons as they roll !
For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blows, the Summer ray
Russets the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams,
Or Winter rises in the blackening east ;
Be my tongue mute, may Fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat !

Should fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song ; where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on the Atlantic isles ; 'tis nought to me :
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste as in the city full ;
And where He vital breathes there must be joy.
When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey ; there, with new powers,
Will rising wonders sing : I cannot go
Where Universal Love not smiles around,
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns ;
From seeing Evil still educating Good,
And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in Him, in Light Ineffable !
Come then, expressive Silence, muse His praise.

A Paraphrase on the Latter Part of the Sixth
Chapter of St. Matthew.

WHEN my breast labours with oppressive care,
And o'er my cheek descends the falling tear ;
While all my warring passions are at strife,
Oh, let me listen to the words of life !
Raptures deep-felt his doctrine did impart,
And thus he raised from earth the drooping heart :
 Think not, when all your scanty stores afford
Is spread at once upon the sparing board ;
 Think not, when worn the homely robe appears,
While, on the roof, the howling tempest bears ;
What farther shall this feeble life sustain,
And what shall clothe these shivering limbs again.
Say, does not life its nourishment exceed ?
And the fair body its investing weed ?
 Behold ! and look away your low despair——
See the light tenants of the barren air :
To them, nor stores, nor granaries, belong,
Nought but the woodland, and the pleasing song ;
Yet, your kind heavenly Father bends his eye
On the least wing, that flits along the sky.
To him they sing when Spring renews the plain,
To him they cry in Winter's pinching reign ;
Nor is their music nor their plaint in vain :
He hears the gay, and the distressful call,
And with unsparing bounty fills them all.
 Observe the rising lily's snowy grace,
Observe the various vegetable race :
They neither toil, nor spin, but careless grow,
Yet see how warm they blush ! how bright they glow !
What regal vestments can with them compare !
What king so shining ! or what queen so fair :
 If, ceaseless, thus the fowls of heaven he feeds ;
If o'er the fields such lucid robes he spreads ;
Will he not care for you, ye faithless, say ?
Is he unwise ? or, are ye less than they ?

The Traveller Lost in the Snow,

As thus the snows arise ; and foul and fierce,
All Winter drives along the darken'd air ;
In his own loose-revolving fields, the swain
Disaster'd stands : sees other hills ascend,
Of unknown joyless brow ; and other scenes,
Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain ;
Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid
Beneath the formless wild ; but wanders on
From hill to dale, still more and more astray ;
Impatient flouncing through the drifted heaps,
Stung with the thoughts of home ; the thoughts of home
Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul !
What black despair, what horror, fills his heart !
When for the dusky spot, which fancy feign'd
His tufted cottage rising through the snow,
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
Far from the track and blest abode of man ;
While round him night resistless closes fast,
And every tempest, howling o'er his head,
Renders the savage wilderness more wild.
Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,
Of covered pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire descent ! beyond the power of frost ;
Of faithless bogs ; of precipices huge,
Smooth'd up with snow ; and, what is land, **unknown**,
What water of the still unfrozen spring,
In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.
These check his fearful steps ; and down he sinks
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
Mix'd with the tender anguish nature shoots
Through the wrung bosom of the dying man,
His wife, his children, and his friends, unseen.
In vain for him th' officious wife prepares
The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm ;
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling storm, demand their sire,
With tears of artless innocence. Alas !
Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold,
Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve
The deadly winter seizes ; shuts up sense ;
And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
Lays him along the snows, a stiffen'd corse,
Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blast.

The Miseries of Indolence,

“Ye impious wretches,” quoth the knight in wrath
 “Your happiness behold!”—Then straight a wand
 He waved, an anti-magic power that hath
 Truth from illusive falsehood to command.
 Sudden the landskip sinks on every hand ;
 The pure quick streams are marshy puddles found ;
 On baleful heaths the groves all blacken’d stand ;
 And, o’er the weedy foul abhorred ground,
 Snakes, adders, toads, each loathsome creature, crawls around.

And here and there, on trees by lightning scathed,
 Unhappy wights who loathed life yhung ;
 Or, in fresh gore and recent murder bathed,
 They weltering lay ; or else, infuriate flung
 Into the gloomy flood, while ravens sung
 The funeral dirge, they down the torrent roll’d :
 These, by distemper’d blood to madness stung,
 Had doom’d themselves ; whence oft, when night controll’d
 The world, returning hither their sad spirits howl’d.

Meantime a moving scene was open laid ;
 That lazarus-house, I whilom in my lay,
 Depainted have, its horrors deep display’d,
 And gave unnumber’d wretches to the day,
 Who tossing there in squalid misery lay.
 Soon as of sacred light th’ unwonted smile
 Pour’d on these living catacombs its ray,
 Though the drear caverns stretching many a mile,
 The sick up-raised their heads and dropp’d their woes awhile.

“O, heaven! (they cried) and do we once more see
 Yon blessed sun, and this green earth so fair?
 Are we from noisome damps of pest-house free?
 And drink our souls the sweet ethereal air?
 O, thou! or knight, or god! who holdest there
 That fiend, oh, keep him in eternal chains!
 But what for us, the children of despair,
 Brought to the brink of hell, what hope remains?
 Repentance does itself but aggravate our pains.”

DAVID VEDDER.

1790—1854.

By CHAS. F. FORSHAW, LL.D.

THIS bard was born at Kirkwall, in the parish of Burness, Orkney, in 1790. At an early age he was deprived by death of both parents, and at the age of twelve he shipped on board a small coasting vessel as cabin boy. He made rapid progress in this occupation, and when still a mere youth was successful in obtaining the command of a trading ship in which he made several voyages. In 1815 he was appointed a first officer on an armed cruiser in the British Revenue, and at the age of thirty was promoted to the position of trade-surveyor of customs, successively discharging the duties of the office at the ports of Dundee, Kirkcaldy, Montrose, and Leith. In 1852 he was placed on the retired list, when he took up his residence in Edinburgh, at which city he died, February 11th, 1854. Vedder, from his boyhood had been a writer of verse, but his first work did not appear until 1826, when he issued "The Covenanter's Communion, and other Poems." This was followed in 1832 by "Orcadian Sketches," and in 1839 he edited an edition of the "Poetical Remains of Robert Fraser." In 1841 he issued "Poems, Legendary, Lyrical, and Descriptive." He also produced a "Life of Sir Walter Scott," and conjointly with his son-in-law, Frederick Schenck, a lithographer, a volume entitled "Lays and Lithographs." His last work was a new English version of the old German story "Reynard the Fox."

Song of the Scottish Exile.

Oh ! the sunny peaches glow,
And the grapes in clusters blush ;
And the cooling silver streams
From their sylvan fountains rush ;
There is music in the grove,
And there's fragrance on the gale ;
And there's nought so dear to me
As my own Highland vale.

Oh ! the queen-like virgin rose,
Of the dew and sunlight born,
And the azure violet,
Spread their beauties to the morn ;
So does the hyacinth,
And the lily pure and pale ;
But I love the daisy best
In my own Highland vale.

Hark ! hark ! those thrilling notes !
'Tis the nighingale complains ;
Oh ! the soul of music breathes
In those more than plaintive strains ;
But they're not so dear to me
As the murmur of the rill,
And the bleating of the lambs
On my own Highland hill.

Oh ! the flow'rets fair may glow,
And the juicy fruits may blush,
And the beauteous birds may sing,
And the crystal streamlets rush ;
And the verdant meads may smile,
And the cloudless sun may beam,
But there's nought beneath the skies
Like my own Highland home.

The First of May?

Now the beams of May morn
On the mountains are streaming,
And the dews on the corn
Are like diamond-drops gleaming ;
And the birds from the bowers
Are in gladness ascending ;
And the breath of sweet flowers
With the zephyrs is blending.

And the rose-linnet's thrill,
Overflowing with gladness,
And the wood-pigeon's bill,
Though their notes seem of sadness ;
And the jessamine rich
Its soft tendrils is shooting,
From pear and from peach
The bright blossoms are sprouting.

And the lambs on the lea
Are in playfulness bounding,
And the voice of the sea
Is in harmony sounding ;
And the streamlet on high
In the morning beam dances,
For all Nature is joy
As sweet summer advances.



JOHN VEITCH, M.A. LL.D.

1829.

BY BUTLER WOOD.

PROFESSOR JOHN VEITCH, M.A. LL.D., was born at Peebles, on October 24th, 1829, and received his education in the Grammar School of that town. In 1845 he entered the University of Edinburgh, where he distinguished himself by taking honours in Logic and Moral Philosophy. The University conferred upon him the honorary degree of M.A. in 1857, and he was the recipient of the honorary degree of LL.D. in 1872. One of the first of his literary efforts was a scholarly translation of Descartes' "Method," which was published in 1850. This was followed in 1853 by a translation of the "Meditations," and Selections from the "Principles of Philosophy," by the same author. Dr. Veitch was called to the Professorship of Logic and Metaphysics at St. Andrew's in 1860, succeeding Professor Spalding; and in 1864 to a similar post in the University of Glasgow, where he succeeded Professor R. Buchanan. Dr. Veitch has published the following works in addition to the above mentioned:—Joint editor with Professor Mansel of Sir W. Hamilton's "Lectures on Metaphysics and Logic," 1859-60. "Memoir of Sir William Hamilton," 1869. "Lucretius and the Atomic Theory," 1875. "Descartes," new edition, 1879. "Hamilton," 1882. "Institutes of Logic," 1885. "Knowing and Being," 1889. In the domain of poetry he is represented by "Hillside Rhymes," 1872. "The Tweed and other Poems," 1875. "History and Poetry of the Scottish Border," 1877. "Feeling for Nature in Scottish Poetry," 2 v., 1887, and "Merlin and other Poems," 1889. Reviewing his "Poetry of the Scottish Border," the *Saturday Review* says:—"His book is neither one of those collections of ballads, of which there are so many, nor an historical account of the lyrics of national life. He looks at his subject from a geological point of view. Every foot of the ground is familiar to him, and he has the somewhat rare faculty of describing the scenes which are so dear to himself in language that conveys a clear and distinct impression to the reader." The *Academy* also refers to "The Feeling for Nature in Scottish Poetry" in the following terms:—"Professor Veitch leads us through a charming country in these two volumes, prepares us before we start with a lecture on what we are to look for, and entertains us with much excellent discourse by the way." He has also written "The Theism of Wordsworth," and contributed to the journal of the now defunct Wordsworth Society.

Among the Hills! Away!

FAR along the empurpled heights,
 Where dews have wreathed the green,
 The mists transfigured pass, sun-smit,
 In folds of radiant sheen.
 The north-west wind is up in might,
 With clouds for speeding wings ;
 His gentle bride, the blue clear morn,
 High o'er the hills he brings.
 Lo ! strength and beauty rare are wed,
 Wed in the sky to-day ;
 There's hurrying joy in heaven o'erhead ;
 Among the hills ! Away !

High on the moors the sportive wind
 Kisses the blooming heath ;
 He plays with the harebell's graceful form,
 Steals the thyme's fragrant breath !
 He speeds in gleam, he glides in shade,
 Joy and grief are at play ;
 The blue clear morn looks loving on ;
 Among the hills ! Away !

The Cloud-berry.

(FROM ON THE SCRAPE.)

AROUND me cluster quaint cloud-berry flowers,
 That love the moist slopes of the highest tops,
 Pale white, and delicate, and beautiful,
 Yet lowly growing 'mid the black peat moss,—
 No life with darker root and fairer bloom :
 As if the hand of God had secret wrought
 Amid the peaty chaos and decay
 Of long deep buried years, and from the moss
 Entombed, unshaped, unsunned, and colourless,
 Set free a form of beauty rare and bright,
 To typify the glory and the grace
 Which from the dust of death He will awake,
 In course of time, on Resurrection morn !

PROFESSOR JOHN WILSON.

1785—1854.

BY PROFESSOR JAMES FREDERICK FERRIER, M.A. LL.D.

PROFESSOR OF HISTORY, EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY,
AND OF METAPHYSICS AND POLITICAL ECONOMY, UNIVERSITY OF
ST. ANDREW'S. AUTHOR OF "INSTITUTES OF METAPHYSICS," "THEORY
OF KNOWING AND BEING."

JOHN WILSON, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, "Christopher North" of *Blackwood's Magazine*, and for many years the principal contributor to that periodical, was born at Paisley on the 18th of May, 1785. The house in which he was born, called Prior's Croft, was taken down soon after his birth, when the family removed to a newer tenement on the same property, which was six or eight acres in extent, and laid out in a garden and pleasure grounds. He was the eldest son of John Wilson, a prosperous manufacturer. His mother, Margaret Sym, was closely related to the Dunlops of Garnkirk, an ancient family, said to be descended by the female side from the great Marquis of Montrose [q.v.] Young John showed a very precocious predilection for three things which in later life occupied much of his attention—oratory, angling, and ethics. When he was six or seven years old he was transferred from Paisley to the manse of the Rev. Dr. George M'Latchie, minister of the neighbouring parish of the Mearns. How happily the days at the Mearns went by—what sports and adventures Wilson and his companions engaged in—are glowingly recorded by himself in "Christopher in his Sporting Jacket," "Our Parish," and "May Day"—(see "Recreations of Christopher North"). His father died in 1797. In the same year he went to Glasgow College, where he boarded in the house of Dr. Jardine, the kindly and efficient professor of logic. He came to college well grounded in Latin and Greek, and was soon fired with the ambition of intellectual distinction. He studied hard, his leanings being towards poetry; but that the graver pursuits of science were not neglected. The *Lyrical Ballads* were published in 1798-1800. Wilson's reverence for the

genius of Wordsworth clung to him throughout life. Conversing in his latter days about the great Lake poet, he said : " I fell down on my knees to him, sir, when I was a boy, and I have never risen since." In 1803 Wilson proceeded to Oxford. He entered Magdalen College as a gentleman commoner. Here his intellectual renown was equalled by his fame as an athlete. He read deeply in Plato and Aristotle—Shakespeare and Milton were his continual study. He carried off the Newdigate prize for English poetry. His examination for his degree (1807) was said by those who heard it to have been " the most illustrious within the memory of man." Soon after leaving Oxford Wilson purchased the small estate of Elleray, on the banks of the Windermere. Here he married, in 1811, Miss Jane Penny, the daughter of a wealthy Liverpool merchant, a lady adorned with every feminine grace, and thoroughly able to appreciate the genius of her husband. About this time his first poem, "The Isle of Palms," was written ; it was published in 1812. This poem, rich in melody and radiant with the softest hues of the imagination, floats before the fancy like a dream. To sail on the Windermere during midnight storms was one of his favourite recreations. This varied life of adventurous activity and domestic quietude lasted from 1811 to 1815. It was then brought somewhat abruptly and unpleasantly to a close. When Wilson's father died in 1797, besides providing for his widow he left a clear estate of fifty or sixty thousand pounds, the bulk of which was settled on his eldest son John. But through the mismanagement or misfortunes of the trustee the money gradually disappeared. So long as Wilson got what he wanted—and he had been liberally though not extravagantly supplied—he made no inquiry as to how his funds were invested. He placed implicit confidence in the trustee, who was his own near relation ; and when the truth broke upon him at last, and he found that his whole fortune was lost, he uttered not a murmur, but rather contributed what he could to support the declining years of the man through whose default he had been ruined. This happened in 1815. It then became necessary that he should choose a profession, and accordingly he passed at the Scottish bar, and fixed his residence in Edinburgh. Briefs were few and far between, and at length they ceased altogether. Literature seemed to be a surer card. In 1816 he published the "City of the Plague," a poem which contained some sublime passages, and has more substance and vigour than his earlier effusion. But the gem of the volume is "The Address to the Wild Deer."

For the ten following years his industry never flagged. About 1836 it became somewhat intermittent, although until near the close of life it was still powerfully exerted. "Dies Boreales" were the last contributions from his pen to *Blackwood's Magazine*.

In 1820 the chair of moral philosophy in the University of Edinburgh became vacant through the death of Dr. Thomas Brown. Wilson offered himself as a candidate for the appointment, which, after a keen contest, a war in fact of political parties, he gained against a formidable and well-qualified rival, the late Sir William Hamilton. For thirty years he discharged the duties of the chair with the most conscientious assiduity and the most triumphant success.

Wilson's literary and professional avocations now detained him for the most part in Edinburgh, yet during the summer months he occasionally escaped to Ellary with his family. One such visit took place in 1825, when,

as admiral of the regatta on Windermere, he headed his magnificent ten-oared barge—a relic of his former extensive flotilla—a radiant procession of inferior craft, carrying with him a brilliant party, of which Mr. Canning, Sir Walter Scott, Mr. Wordsworth, and Mr. Lockhart were the chief ornaments.

In the summer of 1832 he enjoyed a long cruise with the experimental squadron on board H.M.S. *Vernon*, under Sir F. Collier. His wife died in 1837. Professor Wilson's health began to give way in 1851, and it became obvious that his academical chair must be resigned. Through the kindness of the Lord Advocate Moncrieff and the liberality of the Whig Government under Earl Russell a pension of £300 a year was settled on him by Her Majesty. He continued slowly but perceptibly to decline, suffering, however, no great pain; and although his spirits were frequently dejected, his faculties were never overthrown. He expired placidly in his house, Gloucester Place, at midnight, 2nd April, 1854.

The works of Professor Wilson, collected principally from *Blackwood's Magazine*, and edited by his son-in-law, Professor Ferrier, have been published in twelve volumes by Messrs. Blackwood. They contain "Noctes Ambrosianae," 4 vols.; "Essays, Critical and Imaginative," 4 vols.; "Recreations of Christopher North," 2 vols.; "Tales," 1 vol.; "Poems," 1 vol. His life, in two volumes, entitled "Christopher North: A Memoir of John Wilson," has been written by his daughter, Mrs. Gordon.

The Voice of the Mountain.

LIST! while I tell what forms the mountain's voice!

The storm are up; and from yon sable cloud
Down rush the rains; while 'mid the thunder loud
The viewless eagles in wild screams rejoice.

The echoes answer to the unearthly voice
Of hurling rocks, that, plunged into the lake,
Send up a sullen groan: from clefts and caves,
As of half-murder'd wretch, hark; yells awake,
Or red-eyed phrensy as in chains he raves.

These form the mountain's voice; these, heard at night,
Distant from human being's known abode,
To earth some spirits bow in cold affright
But some they lift to glory and to God.

Written on the Sabbath Day.

When by God's inward light, a happy child,
I walk'd in joy, as in the open air,
It seem'd to my young thought the Sabbath smiled
With glory and with love. So still, so fair,
The Heavens look'd ever on that hallow'd morn,
That, without aid of memory, something there
Had surely told me of its glad return.
How did my little heart at evening burn,
When, fondly seated on my father's knee,
Taught by the lip of love, I breathed the prayer,
Warm from the fount of infant piety!
Much is my spirit changed, for years have brought
Intenser feeling and expanded thought;
Yet, must I envy every child I see!

The Evening-Cloud.

A cloud lay cradled near the setting sun,
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow;
Long had I watched the glory moving on
O'er the still radiance of the lake below.
Tranquil its spirit seem'd and floated slow!
Even in its very motion, there was rest:
While every breath of eve that chanced to blow,
Wafted the traveller to the beauteous West.
Emblem, methought, of the departed soul!
To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given;
And by the breath of mercy made to roll.
Right onward to the golden gates of Heaven,
Where, to the eye of Faith, it peaceful lies,
And tells to man his glorious destinies.

REV. ANDREW WYNTOUN.

1350—1420.

By WALTER J. KAYE, M.A.

ANDREW WYNTOUN, the third, as regards date, of the great Scottish poets of whom we have any data, was born about the year 1350, though we have no precise information as to its accuracy. He was one of the Canons-Regular of St. Andrew's, which at that period was considered the most important religious institution in the kingdom. In or about the year 1395, he was elected Prior of the Monastery of St. Serf, in Lochleven. Wyntoun, thus speaks of himself in one part of his "Orygynale Cronykil of Scotland":—

"Of my defaute it is my name
Be baptisme, Andrewe of Wyntoune,
Of Sanct Andrew a chanoune
Regulare; bot, roucht for thi
Of thaim all the lest worthy.
Bot of thair grace and their favoure
I was but meryt, made prioure
Of the Ynkle within Lochlevyne."

In St. Andrew's priory there are several public instruments by Wyntoun as Prior of Lochleven, dated between the years 1395 and 1413, and in the last pages of his "Crony Kil," he makes mention of the Council of Constance which began November 16th, 1414, and terminated May 24th, 1418. Wyntoun is supposed to have died two years after this latter date. For 300 years, notwithstanding its great historical value, Wyntoun's poem remained utterly neglected, but towards the close of the last century there was published a portion of it which related more immediately to the affairs of Scotland. This contained copious and valuable notes by David Macpherson. As a picture of ancient manners, as a repository of historical anecdotes, and as a specimen of the literary attainments of our ancestors, the chronicle of Wyntoun is most valuable. The student of history will find in it an account of numerous transactions in Scottish story, many of them given from

Wyntoun's own knowledge, or from the reports of eye witnesses. Wyntoun was evidently a man of considerable culture of which his poem gives ample evidence, containing as it does quotations from Aristotle, Cicero, Livy, and other ancient authors, besides mentioning Augustine, Cato, Dionysius, Homer, Virgil, and others. David Laing edited, in 1872, a new edition of the Chronicle, containing those portions of it which had not previously appeared in print. The extract from the "Cronykil" is taken from the twenty-sixth chapter of the eighth book.

The Chronicle of Scotland.

Ande, or all this tyme wes gone,
 The yhowng Erle aff Murrawe Jhon,
 And Schyre Archebald off Dowglas,
 That brodyr till Schyre Jamy's was,
 Purchasyd thame a cumpany,
 A thowsand wycht men and hardy.
 Till Anand in a [tranowntyng]
 Thai come on thame in the dawyng !
 Thare war syndry gud men slayne.
 Schyre Henry the Ballyoll thame agayne,
 Wyth a staffe fawcht sturdyly,
 And dyntis delt rycht dowchtyly,
 That men hym envyd efftyr his day.
 Thare deyde Schyre Jhone than the Mowbray :
 And Alysawndyre the Brws wes tame,
 Bot the Ballyoll his gat is gane
 On a barme hors wyth leggys bare :
 Swa fell, that he ethchapyd thare.
 The lave, that ware noucht tane in hand,
 Fled, qwhare thai mycht fynd warrand ;
 Swa that all that cumpany
 Dyscumfyd ware all halylly.

The Scottis men syne, that hade dredyng,
 That Schyre Edward, aff Ingland Kyng,
 Suld cum wyth fors in till oure land.
 (As he dyd, nowcht a gayne standand
 The pese, that sworne wes, and made,
 And confermyd wyth selys brade);

Made ordynawns thare land to save,
 To the Erie Patryk thai gave
 The Caxtell o' Berwyke ine kepyng ;
 And syne the town in governyng
 Thai gave till Alysawndyr off Seytown,
 That wes a knycht aff gud renown.
 Schyre Andrew aff Murrawe gud and wycht.
 That was a bald and a stowt knycht,
 That name bettyr wes in his day,
 Fra the gud kynd Robert wes away,
 Was made Wardane aff all the land.
 And fra he tuk that state on hand,
 He gert sownownd his folk in hy :
 And thai assemblyd hastily.
 And wyth that folk he held his way
 Till Roxburgh, quhare the Ballyoll lay,
 That had befor in Ingland bene,
 Off sergeandyd thare and knychtis kene
 He gat a gret cumpany.
 Schyre Andrew theddyor cam hym hy ;
 Hys men held nouch and all gud array ;
 Swn yhowng men, as I herd say,
 Come ane the bryg ; bot Inglis men
 Swa gret debate made wyth thame then,
 That thai welle sune war put away ;
 The bryg syne occupyid thai.
 And in defens aff Rawff Goldyng,
 That wes borne downe on a myddyng,
 Schyre Andrew Murrawe owt aff his stale,
 That wend, that all his menyhe hale
 Had folowyd, bot thai dyd noucht swa
 (For swnae aff thame war fere hym fra).




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